ASPECTS OF MODERN DRAMA

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ASPECTS OF MODERN DRAMA

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THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO

ASPECTS OF MODERN DRAMA

BY

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PROFESSOR AND DEAN IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1914

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PREFACE

The chapters contained in this volume are based upon lectures delivered at Columbia University and the University of Cincinnati at various times from the spring of 1911 to the winter of 1914. Since, in the first instance, they were designed to be fairly popular in appeal, they make no pretence, as here reproduced, to be more than suggestive and informal discussions of an important topic. In no other department of literature have recent developments been so significant as in the drama. If many of our plays be without literary merit, and if most be inferior to the major productions in this kind of ancient Greece, seventeenth-century Spain, or Elizabethan England, the best, nevertheless, powerfully render the thought and feeling of a time when old forms of art are changing and the life of man is being reflected from new angles.

In dealing with this subject, it has seemed wise to consider certain themes, artistic kinds, and ideas, rather than to offer estimates of the work of individuals, man by man. Thus, the plays of Maeterlinck, Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Wilde, Pinero, Echegaray, or d'Annunzio are not here described together; but particular plays, composed by these and other writers, are grouped as exemplifying conceptions and modes of expression characteristic of the stage to-day.

Specifically, the attempt has been made, through the works of those of different race, to illustrate the dramatic treatment of such characters as the wayward woman and the priestly hero, of such *motifs* as the tyranny of love, the influence of heredity and environment, and the ideal of honor; of such situations as are commonly involved in plays presenting scenes from married life; of such a plot as 'the eternal triangle' of husband, wife, and a third; of such social problems as those of sex, divorce, racial antagonisms, and the

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relations of the rich and the poor; and of such artistic varieties as the naturalistic, the romantic, the symbolic, and the poetic drama. In two chapters—those concerned with the Irish plays—, a national movement is described; and in most of the others there will be found, incidentally, some indication of the national, as well as the personal, peculiarities of writers, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Scandinavian, Russian, or English. Wherever, as in the first and last chapters, attention centres, by exception, upon single playwrights, these are regarded as the exponents of certain dramatic methods. Thus Shaw is considered, in the last chapter, as representative of the drama of satire, and Ibsen, in the first, as master of the drama of ideas.

This is essentially a study, therefore, not of dramatists, but of dramas; not of dramatic history, but of dramatic kinds and moods. So far, at least, its treatment is novel. The author hopes, moreover, that his analyses of some two hundred and eighty typical plays, together with his bibliography of such plays and of critical works that treat of them, may prove useful to the general reader and to the college student.

F. W. C.

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ASPECTS OF MODERN DRAMA

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CHAPTER I

THE DRAMA OF IDEAS: IBSEN

I. Ibsen, the chief exponent of the modern drama of ideas; a deductive rather than an inductive dramatist, yet an artist as well as a thinker. The drift toward ideas in the recent drama due to the intellectual preoccupations of the time. Upholders and opponents of this drama uniting to recognize in Ibsen its ablest writer.

II. Ibsen's twenty-eight plays in general; his social dramas as a group,—their characteristics.

III. Ibsen as artist. His simplified technic: his contraction of the stage, his avoidance of rhetoric, his emphasis upon inner life rather than outer action, and his beginning of the play close to the catastrophe. Ibsen's realism: his matter-of-fact scenes, situations, and people; his character-gallery. Ibsen's symbolism; his achievement that of a reflective rather than a representative dramatist. The danger of extreme divergence between primary and secondary meanings in allegory; "The Master Builder" a case in point; this play an enigma with many answers; other examples of symbolism less pronounced; Ibsen's distinctive combination of symbolism with realism.

IV. Ibsen as thinker: a satirist, an individualist, and a 'subjectivist.' Ibsen, the satirist: his assault upon false ideals; his satire upon the ideal of sacrifice and upon compromisers and the uncompromising, in "Brand;" his social and political satire, in "The League of Youth," "The Pillars of Society," and "An Enemy of the People;" his satire on conventional ideals of marriage in "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts."

V. Ibsen, the individualist: his reaction against democracy, in Brand, Stockmann, and Nora; his mistaken individualists,—Peer Gynt, Hedda Gabler, Solness, Borkman; his view of the limits to be imposed upon individualism, in "Little Eyolf" and "Rosmersholm."

VI. Ibsen, the 'subjectivist:' his belief in salvation as a state of soul; his aversion to objective formulas shown in "The Wild Duck," his doctrine of subjective choice in "The Lady from the Sea;" his warning against the bartering of spiritual integrity for material advantages

in "Peer Gynt," "John Gabriel Borkman," and "When We Dead Awaken."

VII. Ibsen's limitations: his extreme egoism, and his anarchistic views of state, church, and family. Ibsen's significance as a great artist and a stimulating thinker, the dramatist who has best adjusted story to idea.

I

Of the modern drama of ideas the chief exponent is Henrik Ibsen. He writes primarily for the intellectual. He wishes to do more than stir the feelings or win esthetic approval. He is interested in certain truths by which he believes men and women should be guided in their conduct. Having conceived such a truth, he develops a plot and characters to render it explicit. And because he is an artist, as well as a thinker, Ibsen creates no mere mechanism of abstractions but a world of human beings whose feelings, thoughts, and deeds are of intrinsic interest. His personages are so natural, their circumstances are set forth so sympathetically, that we thrill before the spectacle of life, and only upon reflection perceive that we have been called upon to witness a laboratory experiment. Ibsen, the master chemist, has manipulated the elements of human nature to the end that their reactions may reinforce his preconceived idea.

Now the business of every art is to rearrange experience, to impose upon it an order in accordance with the underlying truth of life. But some artists are prone to accentuate the facts of experience, whereas others are prone to accentuate the truths which the facts illustrate. Ibsen belongs in the latter category. He is a deductive rather than an inductive dramatist. Having conceived a truth, he then, and only then, invents a marquetry of selected facts, which will vitalize that truth in a drama. With Ibsen the idea transcends the story in importance, whereas with Shakespeare the story and the characters stand supreme.

The recent drift toward the drama of ideas, so largely determined by Ibsen, may be accounted for by the preoccupation of the time with matters scientific and humanitarian. Even in our esthetic pleasures we cannot relinquish the quest for truth—a truth, too, crystallized into formulas. Through

art we desire to be informed and directed. The modern dramatist is not content, like Molière, simply to present a type of character such as Harpagon or Tartuffe in order to expose the folly of avarice or hypocrisy. He is not content, like Terence, in "The Brothers," merely to suggest that the indulgent rearing of children may result more happily than a stricter control. The modern dramatist, when he chooses for the theme of his play some general idea, upholds and applies it far more rigorously than his forbears. Nor does he hesitate to specialize to an extent undreamt of hitherto. He deals with contemporary issues, with questions involving the relations of husband and wife, parent and child, workman and employer. He takes sides in debating the problems of divorce, disease, honor, the right of the artist to follow his instincts, the struggle of age to uphold its own against youth, the superiority of maternal to filial duty. Men like Brieux and Hervieu direct each piece that comes from their pens to the support of some special thesis.

To the question, Should the drama teach or prove anything? those devoted to the drama of ideas answer, Yes. "If you inculcate an idea in your play," wrote Clyde Fitch, "so much the better for your play and for you and for your audience." In the same vein, Augustus Thomas has declared that the theatre is vital only when visualizing some idea in the public mind at the moment; and Professor Richard Burton, in discussing "Idea in Drama," has remarked that, "A play without an opinion of life beneath it is a flabby invertebrate." He maintains that "the rational pleasure in any piece of work that gets a hearing in the playhouse is in ratio to the idea it contains, the criticism of life it offers, the oneness of purpose in steadily revealing it, and the skill with which it is made manifest."

Others, however, are as flatly opposed to the didactic drama. Like the Irish playwright, Synge, they insist that the drama is didactic only in its infancy and its decadence. "We should not go to the theatre as we go to a chemist's or a dram-shop," wrote Synge, "but as we go to a dinner, where the food we need is taken with pleasure and excitement." So, Norman Hapgood deplores the modern tendency toward

emphasizing analytic thought at the expense of beautiful forms. He declares that it is not possible in art, as in philosophy and science, to separate success of thought from exhilaration and joy: "The only ideas of value in tragedy," he writes, "are the ideas whose light is beauty."

In the same spirit, Professor Thomas H. Dickinson draws up an indictment of our serious theatre. "Modern drama is concerned with ideas first and foremost. It has been created out of a world of thought, peopled by speculative mannikins, circumscribed in a technic prescribed by logic and directed to the understanding. It may safely be said that every great modern play can be stated first in terms of abstract ideas, and only secondarily in terms of personal living. In modern drama, life has been reduced to formulas. Now every great drama from Æschylus to Synge has at its heart a modicum of ideas. It has been characteristic of modern drama to isolate and specify its ideas rather than to submerge and imply them."

Whatever be the attitude of the critic or the playwright toward the new drama of ideas, he will readily acknowledge that its ablest writer is Ibsen. For Ibsen has the genius and the skill to compose pieces which, however abstract in purpose, are richly individualized. His personages are almost never simple types. As Bernard Shaw has said, they do not furnish the actor with straight character parts. At the same time, Ibsen unquestionably offers a certain criticism of life, and a criticism more thoughtful, systematic, and influential than that set forth by any other modern dramatist. Positively, then, Ibsen excels as a writer of the drama of ideas; negatively, also, he excels by avoiding the excesses of mere intellectualism and abstraction into which some of his imitators have fallen. It is in Ibsen, therefore, that the modern drama of ideas may be studied to best advantage.

II

The theatre of Ibsen consists of twenty-eight plays, the last written about fifty years after the first, and the series extending through the second half of the nineteenth century. He began as a romanticist, and his earliest themes he found in the past. His first play, celebrating Catiline, as a noble Roman rebel, was followed by pieces dealing with the history of his own land, drawn from ballad and saga. Here, with a freedom of fancy and procedure quite foreign to his later productions, he breathed artistic life into heroic personages—Lady Inger of Östraat, Sigurd, and Skule.

These saga dramas were followed by three great romantic works, which, like "Faust," are dramatic in form but epic in quality. "Brand" is the tragedy of a priest who, in a world of compromise, clings to an impossible ideal. His strength of will is admirable; it is only his ideal that is mistaken. "Peer Gynt" is the tragi-comedy of the opposite type of man, the adventurer, who determines to get on just by compromising. He must remain himself at all costs by adjusting his conduct to the exigencies of each moment; but, by this pliability of will, he violates his true self and becomes fit for nothing better than to be melted up in the ladle of the button-moulder, Death. "Emperor and Galilean" ("Kejser og Galilæer") is an epic of the conflict between Christianity and Paganism, and the tragedy, also, of a self-doubter. Here, although Julian the Apostate learns from a seer of a third spiritual empire that shall be neither all Pagan sense nor all Christian renunciation, yet, in his rebellion against the Christian renouncers, he endeavors to reinstate Paganism, and fails. He fails because it is impossible to make real again an outworn ideal, and because his persecutions only fan the flame of Christianity.

Two other works wholly different in style belong to Ibsen's long period of preparation. Both are realistic and satirical, and the scene in both is modern. "The Comedy of Love" ("Kærlighedens Komedie") is a Shelleyan attack upon marriage. The legal sanctions of marriage, says Ibsen, tend to destroy love. The moment love becomes a conventionalized

duty, it dies. So, Ibsen shows two lovers who, rather than imperil their affection by marriage, determine to part and to live only in its sweet memory. That his play was composed shortly after Ibsen's own marriage is perhaps significant. Ten years later, in "The League of Youth" ("De Unges Forbund"), Ibsen wrote a second satire upon modern society, here assailing political hypocrisy rather than the hypocrisy of marriage. Stensgård is a demagogue who swings from the radicals to the conservatives and from sweetheart to sweetheart, as he thinks it will advantage him. He and his friends and his foes are all compromisers; they prate of the public good, but think only of private gain; they are Peer Gynts of prosaic reality.

Both "The Comedy of Love" and "The League of Youth" were experiments in a new type of play that Ibsen was soon to perfect. They are first studies for that drama of social revolt and individual awakening with which his name is most often associated. Upon the persistent cultivation of this drama he entered, with ripened powers, in 1877, when "The Pillars of Society" ("Samfundets Stötter") appeared. Ibsen was now in his fiftieth year. He had already composed more than half his total theatre, sixteen pieces,—saga plays, philosophic epics, and realistic satires. At last, he had found his true vocation in art, and henceforth he kept to it. Naturally, therefore, the dozen dramas ushered in by "The Pillars of Society" possess a certain solidarity. In aim, in subject-matter, and in technic, they are much alike. They are written in prose; their construction is compact; they are comparatively brief; and their characters are usually few. They deal with contemporary Norwegian life. They reflect the doings of families and of small communities. In one sense, they are provincial. Though they satirize politics occasionally, they are less political than domestic, and less domestic than individual. It is upon individuals in conflict with institutions that they focus attention. It is by the revelation of states of soul rather than by the unfolding of an outer spectacle that they compel our interest. With these later works especially in view, let us consider Ibsen in two aspects,—as artist, and as thinker.

III

Ibsen is an artist of distinction, a master of dramatic technic. At first, a disciple of the French, he develops by degrees methods all his own. As Professor Brander Matthews has pointed out, it was Scribe who first perfected the machinery of the well-made play, and it was Dumas *fils* who, adopting that machinery, simplified it somewhat and furnished the grist for it to grind—certain ideas essential to the work and delivered to the audience in finished form by a *raisonneur*.

Now Ibsen takes over from Scribe and Dumas their machinery, but he makes it run more smoothly, thrusting most of the complications of plot into the unseen preworkings of the play. He observes Dumas's reliance upon ideas, yet such ideas he diffuses through his dramas, instead of leaving them as abstract sermons in the mouth of a *raisonneur*. Moreover, unlike Dumas, he builds up in his several plays a doctrine that is fairly consistent. Whereas Dumas presents in each piece an idea sufficient unto itself, Ibsen links play with play, exhibiting in each some phase of a central philosophy of life. And it is this philosophy that determines the ideas to be expressed.

Since Ibsen is concerned with ideas rather than with story, his art disdains the spectacular. It eschews the stagily artificial; it refuses to make use of convenient *coups de théâtre*. It takes little or no account of the romantic paraphernalia of disguises, concealments, stolen documents, overheard confidences, monologues, asides, flights of rhetoric. It is simplicity itself.

As Ibsen progressed, his stage contracted. A scene or two sufficed him. He preferred the action of a few hours. He returned to the classic unities of time and place, not out of respect for them as laws of theatrical art, but because instinctively he felt their value for his purpose. His subject is the inner life, not the outer; and the bustle and confusion of the older stage could but distract attention from the true centre of his interest, the soul of man. It is this soul at a crisis that he portrays. His scene is generally a room. Some-

times he shows a garden, once or twice a waterside or a mountain slope; but, except in the symbolic pieces, the action passes indoors. And how little action there is! The turbulent speech-making scenes in "The Pillars of Society" and "An Enemy of the People" are exceptions. As a rule, little is done upon the stage. There are no murders or suicides there, and, save in "Borkman" and "When We Dead Awaken," there are no deaths. In "Ghosts," the curtain falls before young Alving's end; in "The Wild Duck," little Hedwig shoots herself off stage in a garret, as does Hedda Gabler behind a curtain. The fall to death of the Master Builder is not seen by the audience; the drowning of Little Eyolf is merely reported. This is the method of Greek and French tragedy.

With Ibsen, then, it is dialogue rather than action that counts, and his dialogue is notably simple. It is not poetical, rhetorical, or literary. It is talk, broken and fragmentary as in life. In the realistic plays it seems wholly natural, but in the symbolic plays it tantalizes because expressing the strange in terms of the usual.

Still more distinctive of Ibsen is his trick of beginning the play at what corresponds to the fifth act of the Shakespearean drama. In "Rosmersholm," for example, before the curtain rises, a whole tragedy has developed; but not until the third act does the audience understand that Rebecca West has practically murdered Beata, nor is it until the last act that her true motive is revealed. Almost nothing happens upon the boards; it is merely the gradual unfolding of a condition already existent that makes the play. This is the method of Sophocles in "Œdipus the King."

As an artist, Ibsen is both a realist and a symbolist. His modern dramas are realistic in settings, costumes, motives, dialogue, and in most of their characters. If the scene of the final act of "When We Dead Awaken," with its mountain heights and rolling avalanche be poetic, the settings of the earlier acts are sufficiently matter-of-fact. And it is the matter-of-fact scene and circumstance that marks the typical Ibsen play. The master of a shipyard is tempted to send to sea a rotten hulk carrying those he has wronged; a mother

tries to conceal from a son the wickedness of the father whose diseases he has inherited; a physician is assailed by society when he discovers typhoid germs in the waters of a bathing place; a good-for-nothing photographer threatens to desert his family on learning that his wife has had a past; a blasée adventuress, married to a kind little pedant, is amused to ruin his rival for academic honors; and an ex-convict, who has sacrificed love for the hope of wealth, cherishes a vain dream of being reinstated in society. These themes, baldly stated, are those of the realist.

Most of Ibsen's people, too, are folk who have stepped from out the cold little world of actuality known so well to the dramatist. It is only in the symbolic plays that a mystical Rat Wife or a personified aspiration, like Hilda, will figure; but even there such allegoric beings move among personages unmistakably actual. Thus, Ibsen has succeeded in painting from life a remarkable character gallery. Here are political opportunists, loose-living cynics, and the unhappy victims of hereditary disease. Here are swindlers, smug pastors, and self-deceivers young and old. Here are pathetic children, husbands wise, patronizing, or complacent, and women in rich variety,—the strong-minded whose lovers have married others for worldly advantage, the newly awakened, the emancipated without conscience, and comfortable creatures of the middle-class. From this gallery are excluded only the absolute hero and heroine of romance, and the absolute villain.

But Ibsen is not merely a realist; he is also a symbolist. His aim is not only or chiefly to hold the mirror up to nature. Rather, he reads meanings into life. He is a reflective, not simply a representative, poet. Deeper significances shine through the merely natural action of his later plays, and the pure idea not infrequently threatens to detach itself from the emotional picture.

Allegory was the approved method of art in the Middle Ages. Although, to a degree, we have outgrown it, yet of late allegory has gained a certain vogue in its modern representative, symbolism. The symbolist tells a tale that may be taken literally, but in which the elect may also perceive

secondary meanings. To the elect the endeavor to detect these meanings is a very joy, but to the non-elect it presents a teasing task. Those born without a taste for symbolism or those who have never acquired it feel themselves cheated by the poet, who, in saying one thing, intends another. If, however, his primary, obvious, and exoteric story be worth while, then the non-elect are willing to accept his work for what they can understand of it, letting go the esoteric meanings. This is what many readers do with Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" or Spenser's "Faerie Queene." Now it is only when the secondary meanings begin to demand of the poet such sacrifices as to render his plain tale unintelligible or absurd that he may be said to offend the canons of art. To determine at what point the primary and the secondary meanings will diverge, so that the poet in attempting to ride two horses at once will fall between them, may be difficult; yet in a play like "The Master Builder" ("Bygmester Solness"), it would seem that this point had been reached.

The first act and a half is understandable without resort to symbolism. Solness, an egoist, in order to maintain his position as a master builder, refuses to allow his apprentice, Ragnar Brovik, to build a villa on his own account. Solness, moreover, in order to keep tighter hold upon Ragnar, has introduced the latter's sweetheart into his office as a clerk, and has deliberately fascinated her. She adores him, and, since Ragnar adores her, Ragnar will stay by the master builder and contribute to his fame. All this is perfectly natural. The weakness of Solness lies in the fact that, through fear of the younger generation, he seeks to resist inevitable change, and that, in doing this, he destroys his better nature. At such a juncture, Hilda, herself a representative of the younger generation, comes knocking at the door. Solness has not seen her since her childhood. Then, at the dedication of a lofty tower, he had half-jestingly kissed her and had promised to give her a kingdom at the end of ten years. Now she has come to demand the fulfillment of his promise.

From this point forward, symbols more and more obtrude, and the interpretation of the play becomes the solving of a

Chinese puzzle, an exercise stimulating to the reason but one that leaves the heart quite cold. Hilda is installed in the Solness household. She retains her childlike enthusiasm for the master builder. She longs to hear again the harps in the air which once she had heard when he climbed to the top of the church tower in her native town and cried out to the Creator that in place of building churches he would hence-forth build homes for happy human beings. She prevails upon him to give freedom to Ragnar and to Ragnar's sweet-heart, and she urges him, despite his acknowledged giddiness, to climb to the summit of a lofty tower that he has reared upon his own new dwelling. When he falls from the highest pinnacle and is dashed to death below, she waves her scarf and, continuing to look upward, exclaims ecstatically, "But he mounted right to the top—and I heard harps in the air—*my, my* Master Builder!"

What is the meaning of this enigma? Is Hilda a woman, like Hedda, delighted to exert her power in determining the fate of another? Or is Hilda a mere imaginative child who cannot realize the stern actualities of the everyday world, with its storm and stress of competition, and who therefore unintentionally ruins the man she admires? Both interpretations are admissible on a naturalistic basis. Or, to recognize the symbolism, is Hilda the youthful aspiration of Solness returned to him in later life and leading him once more to climb as high as he can build? If so, his death is a triumph, not a tragedy. Or, again, is Hilda, as his embodied aspiration, a futile force compelling him to attempt the impossible? If so, the play is the tragedy of every man who lives long enough to find his ideals and his achievement superseded. One critic suggests that Ibsen is here symbolizing his own poetic career, and that the church towers Solness first constructed are Ibsen's own romantic dramas, that the homes for human beings are his social dramas, and that the houses with church towers upon them represent his symbolistic plays.

Another critic sees in the lugubrious wife of Solness, with her blind devotion to duty, and her lament for the dolls and the knick knacks burned with her home, a woman without

soul, attached to the mere forms of things, a clog upon the free spirit of the master builder. Still another regards her as the victim of her husband's egoism. Solness has wished her homestead to be burned that in place of it he might erect modern villas and so gain a start in life. As if his wish were potent to bring the thing to pass, the homestead has gone up in flames, and though his children have perished as an indirect result of the fire, Solness has won professional success. His wife, however, has been left the shadow of a woman, one who laments the loss of her nine dolls nine times more than the death of her children.

Whatever interpretation of Ibsen's cabalistic dialogue be adopted, the fact remains that it is easy to support an opposite interpretation. Moreover,—and this is a serious defect—the play, which begins with consistent human action that awakes emotion, presently loses semblance of reality and becomes a pretext for the hunting of concealed significances, an intellectual blindman's buff. What, upon natural grounds, is the status of Hilda in the Solness household, a stranger to Mrs. Solness, yet welcomed to dwell in one of the three vacant nurseries that are referred to so persistently? Why should jealous Mrs. Solness leave her husband alone with Hilda? Why should she confide in Hilda? Why should Hilda wish the man she loves to risk his neck by putting a wreath upon a tower? What sort of architecture is it that mixes ecclesiastic towers with domestic dwellings? and how can the climbing of a completed tower be related to the significance of its architecture?

Mr. Archer maintains that Ibsen's symbolism is like that of Hawthorne: "Everything is explicable within the limits of nature; but supernatural agency is also vaguely suggested, and the reader's imagination is stimulated, without any absolute violence to his sense of reality." True as this may be of some of the plays, it is not true of "The Master Builder;" and, in "When We Dead Awaken," there are things which similarly challenge belief. Symbolism less pronounced marks "The Lady From the Sea" ("Fruen fra havet"). Here the Stranger, an American, to whom Ellida Wangel has formerly plighted her troth by dropping a ring into the ocean, ap-

pears as almost an externalization of her longing for the sea, beside which she has passed her youth. In this play, however, Ellida's husband is a person so sensible, and the human message of the piece is so evident, that the secondary meanings never compromise those that are primary. Such is the case, also, with the allegory in "Little Eyolf" ("Lille Eyolf"). As for the symbolic notes that are sounded in some of the other dramas, they often enhance the effectiveness of Ibsen's work. Thus, the use of the opened door in "A Doll's House" as a sign of freedom, and references to the white horses in "Rosmersholm" as a token of death are devices common in all art. They are related to such verbal repetitions as Ibsen himself has employed to good purpose in "Little Eyolf," with its "gold and green forests," or in "Hedda Gabler," with the vine leaves in Lövborg's hair.

The peculiar flavor, then, of Ibsen's plays is in part the result of their unusual combination of realism with symbolism. Not infrequently, however, this combination proves unfortunate. The trouble seems to lie in the fact that symbolism is less suited for the acted drama than for any other form of art. The actualities of representation upon the stage tend to dissipate the mystic glamor that painting or narrative poetry might conserve.

IV

If Ibsen remains an artist, even when least successful in his mingling of symbolism with realism, he is also essentially a thinker; and the drift of his thought is what makes him to some most interesting. It was in vain that he said of himself, "I have been more poet and less social philosopher than people generally seem inclined to believe. . . . My task has been the description of humanity." A poet, a describer, he was; but he was none the less a philosopher. He might feel it his business, as he avowed, to ask questions, not to answer them. Yet in the very questions that he put, as in the answers that he prompted, a certain system of thought is discernible. Again and again in his later works, Ibsen assumes three related attitudes toward life. He is a

satirist; he is an individualist; he is a 'subjectivist.' Let us observe him in each of these attitudes.

In the first place, Ibsen is a satirist. His satire, however, is distinctive. As a rule, he does not satirize manners, or special abuses, or the foibles of human nature in general. Instead, he reserves his irony for certain conceptions or ideals that men have erected to govern their conduct. He finds that such ideals often lead to preposterous conclusions in practice. Because they are fanciful and unreal, most men, while professing them in words, will disregard them in action. Compromise and hypocrisy result. A chosen few may follow these ideals; but, though such be saved from the sin of hypocrisy, they are sure to meet disaster and to inflict it upon others. No tyranny is greater, says Ibsen, than the despotism of a false ideal.

In "Brand," is satirized the effect of an unreal ideal upon these two classes of men, the compromisers and the uncompromising. Here the ideal in question is the Christian conception of self-abnegation, of sacrifice. The people to whom Pastor Brand would minister profess this ideal, but fail to live up to it. They lack the courage of their convictions, which, after all, are formulas accepted out of habit and for convenience. Brand, on the contrary, is an ardent and noble spirit who embraces one aspect of Christian doctrine and adheres to it unflinchingly. He hates compromise. "All or nothing" is his motto. Where others falter, he goes forward, determined to be true to his ideal, come what may. Thus, we find him, in obedience to the call of God, climbing dangerous heights, voyaging across a tempest-tossed lake to shrive a dying man, demanding that his avaricious old mother shall part with everything she possesses ere he will visit her in her last illness, refusing to leave his post of duty in a bleak valley, though he knows that his sickly child will perish if he remain, and forcing his wife to yield up her last little mementoes of the dead child, even though with the loss of this comfort she must die. Then, never doubting the validity of the ideal that has led him to inflict misery upon himself and those he loves, Brand rears a new church for his flock. But when it is completed, he finds the clergy and

the people still temporizing, and perceives that even this church is a kind of compromise on his part with God. So he locks its door, flings the key into a fiord, and summons those who would live according to the light to follow him up into the mountains. Many are inspired by his example and climb after him, but, being faint-hearted compromisers, they grow discouraged and assail him with stones. Then an avalanche completes the work of destruction, and Brand dies.

Thus Ibsen wields his two-edged sword of satire. On one side, it cuts at the unreal pretensions of those who profess allegiance to a religious ideal in accordance with which they dare not act. On the other side, it attacks the ideal itself, by exhibiting the unhappy consequences of putting it into practice. Brand, however, is a hero, though mistaken, whereas his parishioners are only hypocrites. It is nobler to follow your ideal than to profess it, says Ibsen; but, first, be sure that your ideal is worthy to be followed.

In "The League of Youth," "The Pillars of Society," and "An Enemy of the People," the ideal satirized is social and political. Patriotism and the commonweal are glib passwords in politics; the cause of the people is a phrase ever upon the lips of the man who must look to the suffrages of the majority for success. But how sincere are such phrases? Is this talk of social well-being much more than a cloak to cover ambition for individual advancement?

Stensgård, in "The League of Youth," impatient at being snubbed by an aristocrat, explodes into an impassioned speech, and is hailed by the democrats as their leader. But no sooner has he been invited to dinner by the magnate whom he had criticized than he falls to admiring the delights of aristocratic life; so he seeks to compromise with his own party. He will swear allegiance to any ideal that will promise him the best rewards.

Consul Bernick, in "The Pillars of Society," is similarly dishonest. Regarded as a model for the community, what is he in reality? He has opposed the building of one railway because it will rival his steamboat enterprises; he has encouraged the building of another because it will enable him

to realize a fortune upon land that he has secretly bought up along the line. Having engaged in an intrigue with an actress, he has permitted a friend to assume his guilt. Then, because his business interests are jeopardized, he has allowed the scapegoat of his amours to be suspected of embezzlement. He has jilted the woman he loved, to make a profitable marriage; and when chance orders that the man he has wronged should seek passage in an unseaworthy vessel that lies in his own shipyard, what is easier than to command the vessel to put to sea in a storm before proper repairs can be made?

When he discovers, however, that his own son has happened to hide aboard "The Indian Girl," Consul Bernick is horrified. Presently he learns that the ship is still in the harbor. But the crisis through which he has passed has stirred his deeper nature. He sees himself for what he is—a slanderer, a hypocrite, and in will a murderer. So, when the cheering crowd of townsfolk stream in to make him an ovation, he steps out of his character of genial philanthropist and proclaims his sins. It is his disdained sweetheart who has largely motived him to this course, and she it is who concludes the play by declaring that the only pillars of society are truth and freedom.

Both Bernick and Stensgård are compromisers, but the hero of "An Enemy of the People" ("En Folkefiende") rejects compromise, and incidentally exposes the selfish inconsistency of his neighbors. Dr. Stockmann discovers contamination in the water supply of a town grown prosperous through his exploitation of its curative baths. Although he is chief physician of the baths, when once he is assured that the tanneries of his father-in-law are infecting the water, he hastens to let the authorities know of his discovery. But his brother, the mayor, bids him hold his peace, for the scandal of the badly placed water pipes will reflect upon the administration. The editor and the printer of the newspaper refuse to speak the truth, for the town will be ruined by the report of unsanitary conditions. Everywhere Dr. Stockmann is met, in his desire to remedy a shameful state of affairs, by the opposition of vested interests. De-

nied the freedom of the press, he secures the house of a friend in which to discuss the matter publicly, but he is commanded to avoid all reference to the baths, as prejudicial to the community. When he launches into a stirring attack upon the tyranny of the majority, he is hooted and mobbed, and the meeting breaks up after voting him an enemy of the people. At first, he thinks of beating a retreat from the town, but, at length, despite his dismissal from the baths, despite the ostracism suffered by his family, and the imputation of low motives to himself, he concludes to remain so that he may battle for the regeneration of a society thoroughly corrupt.

Here Ibsen has made his most open attack upon what he deems the false ideal of democracy. In two earlier plays, however, "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts," he applies his satire to conventional conceptions of marriage. In "A Doll's House" (Et Dukkehjem"), Nora Helmer, a light-hearted little woman, believing her husband to be infallible, allows him to rule her completely. When he falls ill and is ordered south, she supplies the necessary funds by signing her dying father's name to a paper. She does not recognize this act as a forgery, and it is only when Krogstad, the man from whom she had procured the money, sees fit to use her deed against her that she vaguely understands. Her husband, in the meantime, has prospered and is appointed manager of a bank.

Krogstad, who himself had lost class by a forgery, yearns for reinstatement in the world, and seeks to retain the small position he holds in Helmer's bank. Mrs. Helmer must help him, or woe betide her! She cajoles what she can from her husband to pay Krogstad in secret, and in attempting similar tactics with a friend of the family, Dr. Rank, she moves him to a confession of love. The money which he might have loaned her she can now no longer receive. She fears that if worst comes to worst her husband will assume as his own her crime. But when he discovers it, instead of allowing for her inexperience and pure motive, he reproaches her for having disgraced his name. She is not fit, he declares, to bring up their children. For the first time, she perceives that their marriage has been unreal and a lie, an impression

that is strengthened when Helmer, as soon as the danger of publicity in the matter is past, forgives her magnanimously and seeks to reëstablish their relations upon the old footing. But Nora is no longer the unthinking plaything of her husband. She must leave him and leave her children also; she must go forth alone and learn to be herself before she can expect to take intelligent part in any situation in life.

Most moralists were shocked by Ibsen's exposé in this play of what he regarded as a false ideal of marriage. The final action of Nora was accepted as a declaration of individual liberty opposed to the restraints and duties enjoined by the most fundamental of institutions. And this is exactly what Ibsen meant. To make his position clear, however, he took a more flagrant instance, and, in "Ghosts" ("Gengangere"), attempted to show what might have happened had a less individual Nora, in obedience to conventional morality, remained with a more vicious Helmer.

In "Ghosts," Mrs. Alving has been married to a free-living reprobate of means, who has eventually burned himself to the socket. In the midst of his libertine career, she had left him one day, and in despair had sought out a former lover, the grave Pastor Manders. But Manders, a frightened conservative, had pleaded with her to return to her husband. She had obeyed; she had accepted her cross, looking to find happiness henceforth only in a sense of duty done. Now this, according to Ibsen, was her fatal error. The boy that she bears she sends away from home in order that he may not be contaminated by the father, and, as he grows up, she weaves a tissue of lies to deceive him in regard to this father's true character. The Chamberlain, accordingly, becomes for Oswald a symbol of human perfection.

When the son at last comes home to his mother, it is still to idealize the dead profligate. With the fortune left by her husband, Mrs. Alving erects an orphan asylum, a memorial intended to make atonement for the past and also to obscure it. Oswald, however, has fallen heir to a bitter inheritance. A disease, due to the sins of his father, is creeping upon his mind, and the vices of that father begin to be manifest in the son. Oswald, never dreaming that Regina Engstrand is

his own half-sister, makes love to her, as his father before him had made love to and seduced the housemaid, her mother. The past that seemed dead revives like a ghost that refuses to be laid. Oswald learns the truth. The asylum that Pastor Manders would not insure, lest it seem to others a questioning of Providence, burns down; and the child of this wretched marriage, in the excitement due to the fire, loses his reason, and leaves to his mother the terrible ministry, to which she is already half pledged, of sending him out of the world.

The play is horrible, of course, and the storm of protest it evoked need not be wondered at. But, as an indictment of the conventional conception of the duties of marriage, it exerted great influence. The ideal of the sanctity of marriage as marriage, the ideal that in part led Pastor Manders to send Mrs. Alving back to her brute of a husband, is satirized in the exhibition of its tragic consequences. Mrs. Alving and her circle have been forced to live a lie, and she has become the mother of one cursed from his birth. Ibsen, in short, would have us delivered from our false ideals of marriage, as from our false ideals of religion and democracy. Be truthful, be free! is his message; above all, be yourself.

V

The insistence upon the higher self, so notable in "Ghosts," is characteristic of Ibsen, for he is an individualist as well as a satirist. Like Carlyle, he reacts against the collectivistic tendencies of his age. He represents an eddy in the democratic current. He opposes to the democratic ideal of a society levelled down to uniformity, the individualistic ideal of a society levelled up to the great man, the leader, the hero inflexible in will. Such a character is Brand, immensely individual, though his doctrine be self-abnegation. The Dean takes Brand angrily to task for his individualism in religion:

> "Nay, you have striven to express
> And emphasize unlikenesses
> That slumbered hitherto unknown.
> Men, mere Church members till of late,
> To Personalities are grown:
> That does no service to the State."

This state, also, Ibsen assailed with bitter invective through another individualist, Dr. Stockmann, whose protest against mob-rule out-Carlyles Carlyle: "The most dangerous foes of truth and freedom among us," says Stockmann, "are the compact majority. . . . The minority is always right. . . . I intend to start a revolution against the lie that it is the majority who have the truth in their keeping. . . . The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone."

Individualism in the church and the state must be supplemented by individualism in the family. This is the significance of "A Doll's House" and of "Ghosts." Nora must break with the institution of marriage when she finds it incompatible with her free development. "I must try to educate myself," she tells her husband. "You are not the man to help me in that work. I must accomplish it alone, and therefore I now must leave you." Mrs. Alving's failure to rebel against a pernicious phase of the same institution produces hideous results. If Ellida Wangel, in "The Lady from the Sea," does indeed support the institution, it is only after she has been given her personal freedom to keep within or step without it. Indeed, the only religion, society, or family worthy to subsist, according to Ibsen, is that composed of free individuals. From any possible combination of unworthy individuals you can never constitute a worthy whole. Regenerate the individual, and society will take care of itself.

The secret of such regeneration Ibsen believes to be the full, free, and veracious expression of self through the will. "So to conduct one's life as to realize one's self," he wrote to Björnson, "this is the loftiest attainment of man." His doctrine is precisely that voiced by Browning, in "The Statue and the Bust," with regard to the failure of the Duke and the Lady of the poem to elope. What they planned may have been a sin, but it was a far greater sin not to have wrought their plan into action:

> "Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

Now this means war to the death upon compromise. Social and political compromisers, family and churchly compromisers, all fall under the ban. With such, there can be no true self-realization. Peer Gynt desires to be an individual, but, though intent upon self, he trims that self to fit so many situations that presently there is nothing distinctive left of him. Hedda Gabler, too, is a compromiser. Though, like Peer, an individualist in desire, she is despicable, because in thought she would sin, while in deed she dare not. Deficient in moral scruples, she nevertheless dreads a scandal. Outwardly, she remains faithful to her dull husband, but inwardly, she is an adulteress. In the attempt, moreover, to gratify her longing for individuality, in her attempt to test her will by seeing whether it can determine the fate of another, she exhausts those powers that might have enabled her to realize herself. Even had such self-realization led her into crime, it would have been better to be whole-heartedly criminal than anything half-heartedly.

Although Ibsen preaches the need of individualism, he does not forget its limitations. Indeed, if most of his plays glorify individualism, they also set it definite bounds. Brand may show the nobility of the strong soul's resistance to compromise, but by refusing to include love in his doctrine he becomes more cruel than the weak-willed sinners for whose salvation he would labor. Solness, the master builder, by his failure to recognize the inevitable law of change and the inalienable right of others to be individuals as well, first loses his inspiration and then his life. John Gabriel Borkman is an absolute individualist, but he dies a bankrupt in soul by reason of his insane attachment to wealth. And Little Eyolf's parents, who are both egoists, learn only with his death how unreal their family life has been just because of that fact. The father, intent upon writing a book dealing with human responsibility, has lost sight of his own responsibilities to wife and child. His wife, jealous of her husband's absorption in his book, and of his affection for his sister, and of his pride in the child, broods upon his neglect of her love. The child has been crippled because in a moment of selfish passion they both forgot him, and he drowns at last

in the fiord because the father, bent upon making him a student, has not allowed him to learn to swim like other boys, and because these other boys, who might have saved him, have done nothing when they saw his crutch floating on the waves. Little Eyolf is a victim of the shafts of selfishness shot at him from every quarter. His death, however, shocks the parents into a sense of their sin. The child was only a stranger to them after all, and to each other they have been strangers, too. They draw together at last, resolved to make such atonement as is possible by caring for the ragamuffins, who, through a selfishness more natural, have let Eyolf drown.

In "Rosmersholm," again, and most powerfully, the limits of individualism are drawn. Rebecca West comes to the aristocratic home of the Rosmers, with its conservative traditions, as a free-thinking adventuress, a creature of passion and exuberant will. In her love for Rosmer, she halts at nothing. She alters his views in politics and religion. She insinuates into the mind of his invalid wife, Beata, the notion that Rosmer is disloyal in love, and by a series of lies she induces Beata to efface herself to the end that Rosmer may be happy. In all this, Rebecca is unmoral, rather than immoral, for she has suffered no qualm of conscience. She differs from that other adventuress, Hedda Gabler, in that, though sinning, she is true to her inner convictions. But such individualism must defeat its own purpose. Rebecca has dared everything to gain her own end, yet she has reckoned without her host. When Beata is gone, Rebecca slowly succumbs to the spell of the Rosmer ideals. The flame of her passion loses warmth as it burns into a pure and steady light. Her will, which once would have striven toward its prize, no matter what lay in the way, is now strangely troubled and infirm. She begins to understand that, in the eyes of the man she adores, what she has done must serve as an insurmountable barrier between them.

Gradually, Rosmer learns the truth. He learns that what he took to be intellectual sympathy has been passion, that the woman who has loved him thus has driven his wife into the mill-race, and that his wife has died that he might live

more fully. The marriage with Rebecca, which Rector Kroll had counselled for appearance's sake, and which Rosmer also had desired, is now impossible. Rosmer perceives that the mission he had set himself of proclaiming to the world a gospel of joy and freedom is a delusion. Rebecca herself acquiesces in the hopelessness of the situation. Her individualism has overreached itself; her view is now the view of the man she loves, and Rosmer's old ideals are thronging back upon him. When she declares that her early impetuous love has been wholly replaced by an unselfish devotion, he doubts her word. She has destroyed his faith in her and his faith in himself. There is only one way in which that faith can be restored. Let her attest her devotion by doing as much for him as Beata has done.

It is a meretricious thing, this demand by Rosmer that Rebecca shall give him back his confidence through suicide; but she is ready, so far has her old individualism been conquered by his conception of life. The ideal, however, that leads him to demand of her a sacrifice will not allow him to go without a sacrifice himself. So, hand in hand, they leap into the mill-race.

Among the many meanings of this complex play, one at least is clear. Sheer individualism defeats itself. With the growth of a sense of moral responsibility, he who wills must more and more will to renounce. He must develop the altruism of the higher love as contrasted with the fierce individualism of the animal. Ibsen, throughout his works, rings the changes upon this dualism, the conflict between nature and spirit.

VI

In his reliance upon the spirit as opposed to nature and instinct, on the one hand, and to the letter of the law, on the other, Ibsen is a 'subjectivist;' he regards the inner life as supremely important. He preaches truth to the inner self and disdain for external prescription. With Jesus, he declares that the kingdom of heaven lies within. Salvation is a state of soul. Forms, ceremonies, and possessions are of value only in so far as they are controlled by the human

spirit. Institutions are of little moment in comparison with the individual for whom they alone exist. "Men still call for special revolutions in politics, in externals," Ibsen wrote to Brandes: "but all that sort of thing is trumpery. It is the human soul that must revolt." Any law as an objective formula for the guidance of man is in danger of subordinating him to itself. A formula may be as tyrannous over the inner life as an institution. Brand's formula, "all or nothing," comes to be for him an obsession, and Gregers Werle, in "The Wild Duck" ("Vildanden"), by externalizing his idealism and love of truth, constructs a fetich that destroys the peace of the Ekdal household. The Ekdals are self-deluded but happy. Old Ekdal hunts pretended game in a pretended forest in a garret; young Ekdal is not above joining his father in this unreal diversion, and he nurses a sentimental dream that he is a great inventor. Easy-going Gina Ekdal, doing the work of the family, believes in her lord, while little Hedvig, kept in ignorance that her eyes are destined soon to go blind, touches up negatives for the lazy photographer, and lives contented.

Then, into this circle, comes Gregers Werle, with his formula of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He pricks all these bubbles of delusion. He enlightens Ekdal as to the real paternity of Hedvig, and he impresses upon Hedvig herself the nobility of sacrifice. Ekdal, although he is not at heart shocked to find that his wife has once been the mistress of another, adopts the conventional pose. He protests that he can no longer live with Gina. He cruelly rebuffs little Hedvig. And she, having learned too well the formula of self-sacrifice, puts it into execution by shooting herself in the hunting-garret.

What is the moral of this seemingly cynical play? Is it a satire upon the claim of the ideal? It is rather a warning against obedience to any formula, a plea for subjectivism, for the right, nay the necessity, of individual judgment. More than that, it demonstrates the impossibility of imposing an ideal upon others from without. Regeneration, to be effective, must come from within. Such is the meaning, too, of Ellida Wangel's choice, in "The Lady From the Sea."

Here, so long as Dr. Wangel, in the name of the institution, denies to Ellida the right to cancel her marriage, just so long is she intent upon doing what he forbids. When, however, he shifts responsibility for the decision to herself, when, for her, it becomes a matter, not of external compulsion, but of subjective choice, then the fascination exerted by her mysterious lover vanishes, and for the first time Ellida becomes in very truth the wife of her husband, and a mother to his daughters.

Still another phase of Ibsen's subjectivism is exhibited in the fate of those characters who, from Peer Gynt to Professor Rubek, have sacrificed their spiritual integrity in love for the sake of some material advantage. Peer Gynt, beloved by Solveig, has forsaken her, in order to run through sensual and grotesque adventures, through lying, fraud, and even murder, gratifying his sordid self, regardless of others. But he exhausts that self by repeated attempts to conform to changing external conditions. At last, he is old, and Death, *in propria persona*, confronts him. He has lacked the willing of good that might have qualified him for heaven; he has lacked the willing of evil that might have qualified him for hell. Death will therefore destroy the little that is left of him.

Now Peer Gynt, threatened by annihilation, would live at any price. He would welcome immortality even in hell; so he seeks an accuser who will testify to his absolute badness. But, when he appeals to Solveig, the woman he had wronged, expecting her curse, she alleges only her love for him. Where does she think that he has been all these years? he asks her; and unfalteringly she replies, "In my faith, in my hope, in my love!" With this woman he might have lived nobly indeed, realizing his inner self; instead, he has lost it because ever intent upon compromising with things external.

The same lesson of the fatal consequences of rejecting love for material gain is shown in the case of Consul Bernick, in "The Pillars of Society," and in the case of the ruined hero of "John Gabriel Borkman." Bernick, recognizing his error before it is too late, makes such amends as are possible; but

Borkman awakens to his sin only to die. In his lust for gold he has sold his sweetheart to another and married her shallow sister. His speculative schemes have gone awry; he has embezzled and been convicted; and, after years of imprisonment, he lives at home apart, prowling, like a sick wolf, through his upper gallery, dreaming of his lost opportunities to win wealth; while his wife, hating him, broods below upon her lost respectability. Both are supported in their disgrace by Ella Rentheim, the woman whose love Borkman has outraged, and she it is who has tenderly reared Borkman's only child.

To this son, the ex-convict and his wife look for financial and social reinstatement, and to him, Ella Rentheim, fatally ill, looks for some slight return of love for her years of devotion. But Eric leaves them in order to enjoy life in his own way. Ella and Borkman have lost their last prop, and out into the winter's night they go, Borkman still prating of his treasure buried in the mountains. Then, from Ella, he learns the truth. "You have murdered the love-life," she tells him, "in the woman who loved you, and whom you loved in return, so far as you could love anyone. And therefore I prophesy to you, John Gabriel Borkman, you will never touch the price you demanded for the murder. You will never enter in triumph into your cold, dark kingdom."

He shudders, for an icy hand seems clutching at his heart. The last vestige of love in him has been throttled by the lust for gold, and now, with the loss of this hope, he falls dead. In slaying love that he might purchase wealth and power, he has been guilty of the sin unpardonable.

In similar fashion, Rubek, the sculptor, in "When We Dead Awaken" ("Naar vi Doede vaagner"), has sinned against self in weighing love in the balance with art. Repressing his love for Irene, he has used her beautiful face and form for his model. She has renounced home and kindred to go with him, but when his work is finished he has dismissed her as the veriest episode in his life. She has given him her young soul, and that gift has left her empty within. Half-crazed, she labors under the delusion, spiritually a fact, that he and she have both ceased to live. But even the dead may

awaken. High up, on the mountain slopes, Rubek confesses his sin to Irene, and the rebirth of love in his heart. A storm is whirling about them. Men are ascending the heights to reclaim the mad woman by force; but what does the sculptor care? Humanity and the soul are more than art. He embraces her for the first time, crying, "Then let two of the dead—us two—for once live life to its uttermost—before we go down to our graves again!" The spell that had bound her is broken. "I follow you freely and gladly, my lord and master," she says, and they climb on up to the snowy peaks. That they are both overwhelmed by an avalanche does not matter, for both have triumphed at last.

This conclusion, recalling the dénouement of "Brand," recalls, also, Brand's phrase, "In death I see not overthrow," a text frequently reiterated by Ibsen and intelligible only to him who admits the primacy of spirit. Ibsen, then, is a 'subjectivist;' he insists upon truth to inner convictions rather than conformity to outer prescriptions. The fact that he is a 'subjectivist' reinforces his individualism, and makes him a preacher of self-realization; but it also prescribes for his individualism a limit. He accepts the Shakespearean corollary:

> ". . . To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow as the night the day
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Truth to self, if it entails self-assertion, must also inhibit wrong to others. As a 'subjectivist' and an individualist living in a world given over to the worship of formulas, institutions, and externals, Ibsen feels it his duty to assail these foes of the human spirit, hence he becomes a satirist. He satirizes false ideals, not as a pessimist, but as a meliorist, one who believes that, although much that exists is bad, it is capable of being made better.

VII

Despite the tonic character of Ibsen's doctrine, it would be idle to deny that he exhibits the defects of his qualities. Too often his egoism seems merely selfish. He writes to Brandes that the only way to salvation is "a genuine full-blooded egoism which will force you to regard what concerns yourself as the only thing of any consequence, and everything else as non-existent." His thought is negative because it advocates the destruction of the fabric of society, and offers nothing in its stead. The Jewish people, he says, have become the aristocracy of the human race by having no state to burden them. "Had they remained in Palestine, they would long ago have lost their individuality in the process of their state's construction, like all other nations. Away with the state! I will take part in that revolution. Undermine the whole conception of a state; make free choice and spiritual kinship the only all-important conditions of any union, and you will have the beginning of a liberty that is worth something."

Ibsen forgets that the Jews, if lacking a state of their own, have achieved success by operating through the state wherever they have lived. What kind of society, moreover, will free choice and spiritual kinship produce? Will it not be democracy rather than autocracy? Yet we find Ibsen commending Russian despotism because it has stimulated the oppressed Russian people to yearn for liberty. Of Russia he exclaims: "A splendid country! Think of all the grand oppression they have. Only think of all the glorious love of liberty it engenders. Russia is one of the few countries in the world where men still love liberty and make sacrifices for it."

As Ibsen would reject the state, although enjoying the benefits that it confers, so he would reject Christianity, although profiting by its influences. In "Brand," however, he fails to present the doctrine of Jesus fairly. Brand represents the primitive Hebrew code of morals, with its injunctions from without, rather than the later concept of love as a spiritual impulsion from within. So, too, in "Emperor

and Galilean," the Christ and his champions seem caricatures, and in the modern dramas the churchmen are misrepresentative. Whereas Jesus preached the brotherhood of man, universal love, charity for human failure, and the hope of human perfection, Ibsen preaches the utter aloofness of the individual. "Friends are a costly luxury," he writes, "and when one invests one's capital in a calling or mission in life, one cannot afford to have friends." When his father dies, Ibsen excuses the fact that since boyhood he had cut himself off from his parents. "It seemed idle to write," he says, "when I could not act." For Ibsen, friendship and filial affection are meaningless compared to what he hails as the prime duty of "coining the metal you have in yourself."

Ibsen's protest against the slavery entailed upon free souls by marriage is part and parcel of the same theory. Nowhere in his plays has he drawn a loving and united family. The closest approach to this is in "The Wild Duck," but there the happiness is ironical, for it is based upon lies, and it vanishes with the discovery of the truth. Granted that there are many such persons as Ibsen's ill-matched husbands and wives, the fact remains that they are exceptional. They prove their own unfitness for marriage, but not the unfitness of the institution.

With all his limitations, however, Ibsen is distinguished as a thinker and an artist. He appeals to reason through the heart. He is a stimulator, an awakener, a prophet, not merely a reformer with a program. His plays are stirring parables in which those who have ears to hear and eyes to see may discern the truth. If he does not so clothe that truth in a tale as to obscure it, he does not, on the other hand, strip it so bare as to leave it unemotionally abstract. He preserves a nice balance between the intellectual concept and its sensuous presentment. More than any other modern dramatist, Ibsen has successfully adjusted story to idea.

CHAPTER II

THE THEMES OF NATURALISM

I. The debt of dramatic naturalism to Ibsen, Zola, and Strindberg; its relation to realism. The traits of naturalism: its seeming carelessness of technic, its preference for low life, its insistence upon things as they are, its passive heroes, its affiliation with pessimism and materialism, its limitation as art. Three conceptions that have been assigned to explain the rise of naturalism:—the conception of society as based upon a competitive struggle, making life harsh for the many; the conception of woman's biologic equality with man, dethroning her as a romantic ideal; and the conception of heredity and environment as determining factors in human fate. The last of these to be especially noted here.

II. Heredity and environment as forces triumphant in Hauptmann's "Before Sunrise;" both forces displayed, yet opposed with some faith by the heroine in Hauptmann's "Festival of Peace;" the power of environment in Hauptmann's "Weavers"—a broad canvas—, and in "Teamster Henschel"—a narrow one; the artistic quality of the latter play, naturalism tending to transcend itself.

III. Hauptmann's dramas of modified naturalism: examples in "The Beaver Coat" and "The Conflagration" ("Der Rote Hahn")—pieces that trace the rise and fall of an inferior female Falstaff, and "The Rats"— a combination of comedy and tragedy, with a comment upon the naturalistic theory of art within the play itself. A notorious instance of unmodified naturalism in Gorky's "Night Refuge."

IV. Modified naturalism applied to the middle-classes in Sudermann's "Magda" ("Heimat")—the new woman in conflict with her old environment; and also in Echegaray's "The Son of Don Juan" –a son in conflict with the physical inheritance derived from his father; the relation of this play to Ibsen's "Ghosts" and to the Spanish legend of Don Juan.

V. Other naturalistic plays; Brieux's "The Escape," an attack upon heredity as a law determining the individual life, idealism conquering naturalism. The themes of naturalism appropriated by romance—Rostand's "L'Aiglon," a study romantically theatric of heredity and environment operating as fate.

I

The naturalists of the stage are, in part, the children of Ibsen. They have followed him in fixing attention upon the commonplace and contemporary. They have found his dialogue, in its consummate art, apparently artless, and have sought to emulate this and his seemingly objective treatment of character. As a matter of fact, Ibsen's art is as highly selective as that of the idealists, and his interests are as closely conjoined with the analysis of motive and the preaching of definite doctrine. In these points the naturalists have failed to follow his lead. They care little for the formulation of ideas; they are content to give to their audiences cross-sections of life, scenes in which the actors appear to be taken unawares.

With the influence of Ibsen, there has worked upon the naturalists, the influence, also, of Zola, high priest of the documentary novel and of the natural history of man. Zola, who defined art as a corner of nature seen through a temperament, demanded that it readjust itself to modern conditions. Like the brothers Goncourt, he urged the value for the artist of the contemporaneous. Like Diderot, he deplored the conventional representation of unrealities in fiction and on the stage. He proposed in literature to enfranchise the masses, the toilers, all those sufferers and sinners hitherto deemed unworthy of notice. By recoil from the dreamy idealizations of romance, he offered painful spectacles of wretchedness and crime, of brutal loves and bestial lives. These he by no means upheld as admirable. Rather, he sought, in portraying them, to bring men face to face with the truth. Those who would effect social reforms must first understand reality. They must see life steadily, whether or not they saw it whole, and, indeed, to see life whole was never the purpose of Zola and his followers. They preferred to focus attention upon its lower aspects, and to bring these to the light in all their hideousness. Zola himself yearned for naturalism in the theatre, but, aside from a volume devoted to the subject, and a play that failed—"Thérèse Raquin"—he confined himself to naturalism in the novel.

In Russia, Tolstoy, with his "Power of Darkness," approximated stage naturalism, although he was too much an idealist to surrender wholly to photography in art. Tolstoy showed the individual crushed by his environment, but with inherent possibilities of rising superior to it. Later Russians, like Gorky and Tchekhov, have rather emphasized the hopelessness of this conflict, setting forth the drab misery of life for the sentimental, passive soul caught in the net of circumstance. In Sweden, Strindberg, the mad genius, whose plays have secured European currency through the German versions of Emil Schering, worked the naturalistic vein, especially in the direction of sensationalism. Strindberg, in particular, has described the competitive struggle between man and woman, and the operation of the associated instincts, love and hate. In Germany, the Freie Bühne society of Berlin, organized in 1889 in emulation of Antoine's Théâtre-Libre founded two years earlier in Paris, gave protection to Ibsen's "Ghosts" and to Hauptmann's first naturalistic plays.

Now naturalism itself is one aspect of literary realism. Realistic art, to use the convenient distinction drawn by Professor W. A. Neilson, is that in which the sense of fact prevails over reason and imagination. The realistic artist observes actuality, and is engaged in the attempt to convey his impression of it, rather than to interpret it by the reason or to supplement it by the imagination. The naturalistic artist simply carries this process to extremes. He relies, even less than the ordinary realist, upon the appeal to imagination. He relies even more upon gratifying the sense of fact. He refuses, so far as he can, to allow his reason to reshape or interpret experience. He offers no theory of life; he professes, instead, to present life itself.

The naturalist, then, does not intensify actuality like the realist, nor does he transform it like the idealist; he endeavors to reproduce it. "Art," wrote Arno Holz, who drew up the program for naturalism, "has the tendency to become nature again." Art, indeed, is merely nature grown self-conscious. The artist, a part of nature, obeys his natural impulse for expressing himself and his experiences in the most

natural manner. He cares nothing for form, except in so far as the subject suggests it, and he is concerned only with such subjects as are fresh and unconventional. In particular, he resorts to sensationalistic experience to find a substitute for the imaginative element dear to the romanticist. So the naturalist is prone to dwell upon crime, vice, squalor, the misery of the fourth estate, primitive instincts in primitive people, or else morbid passions in people of the higher class. Strindberg would even distinguish naturalism from realism as an art concerned with the sensational. "The true, the great naturalism," he declares, "seeks out those points in life where the greatest conflicts occur. It loves to see what is not to be seen every day. . . . Let us have a theatre where we can be shocked by what is horrible, where we can laugh at what is laughable, where we can see life without shrinking back in terror if what has hitherto lain veiled behind theological or esthetic preconceptions be revealed to us."

Stage naturalism is thus reactionary in subject-matter and in technic. In technic, it minimizes the elements of plot, movement, climax, and the old romantic devices of asides, monologues, and impassioned harangues. It presents, instead, haphazard conversations,—a dialogue terse, broken, rambling, as that of life. It rejoices in dialect. It uses simple language and rude gesture to reveal hidden depths of thought and feeling; and to this extent it relies, like symbolism, upon suggestion rather than complete expression. For subject-matter, stage naturalism chooses background, atmosphere, and mood, in lieu of action; hence its fondness for "Kleinmalerei." It prefers the contemporary, that which has been freshly observed. It selects scenes from the realm of the proletariat, setting forth the life of the lower middle-class and of the underworld, partly for the sake of novelty, and partly in response to the social democratic movement of the times. It disdains nothing, however ugly, that can stir the feelings to an appreciation of human conditions as they exist. Specifically, naturalism recognizes the unnatural in our social structure and does not hesitate to emphasize it, to the end that dissatisfaction may

incite to the building of a new structure more closely in accord with the laws of nature.

Naturalism, accordingly, lays especial stress on the influence of environment, on the hero who is passive rather than active, and on crime and disease as the result of social and pathological conditions. The naturalist draws his pictures, not that we may be diverted and made to forget what is painful in human nature and unjust in human society. On the contrary, he practises his art that we may the better understand human nature even in depravity, that we may be forced to see and to know all the difficulties of a social problem still unsolved. Although the naturalist may be an optimist or at least a meliorist, one with faith to believe that the race through struggle may yet achieve earthly salvation, the fact remains that many naturalists appear to be pessimists. Their insistence is upon the evil that exists, rather than upon the good for which they long. Philosophically, too, naturalism reacts against the old dualism which sets matter against spirit, and which recognizes the ultimate victory of spirit over matter. Naturalism is associated rather with the material monism of men like Haeckel of Jena. But, as art, it suffers from a grave defect. It tends to neglect the requirement that art shall keep within the bounds of the permanently pleasurable. Naturalism is too often painful. It stimulates for the moment, but it is too abnormal to prevail. Indeed, the fashion of naturalism no sooner arrived than it began to pass. Even those who commenced as naturalists lapsed back ere long to the mood of romance.

Three new conceptions have been assigned as explaining the rise of naturalism; first, the conception of society as made up of individuals engaged in a competitive struggle for the survival of the fittest; second, the conception of the biological equality of the sexes; and, third, the conception of heredity and environment as immensely influential. The first conception leads to a recognition of the fact that for most men the war of competition is bound to be tragic. Since this is the case, the naturalists say, let art frankly reflect that condition and no longer seek to make us forget it by drawing a world of dreams. The second conception of

woman's equality with man in carrying on the purposes of nature lifts her, in the view of the naturalists, from her old position as a toy or a temptress to a plane of individual freedom. And the third conception, of the determining force of inheritance and environment, provides a new type of tragic fate, due to no envious god, due to no opposing will, but rather the result of inborn circumstance. These conceptions, according to Professor Calvin Thomas, when reinforced by the spirit of socialism, result in the type of play early written by Hauptmann. Since life for the many is bound to be hard, we should strive to improve it, and for the artist to do this, there is only one way,—he must describe that life as it is.

II

Without attempting to seek deeper reasons for naturalism, and without at present attempting to follow out all its elements, we may at least concede that the dominant themes of the naturalists are two: the influence of environment, and the influence of heredity. Both themes accentuate man as an animal, a creature material, a mere link in the chain of phenomena. One of the first and most striking plays to develop these themes was the youthful drama of Gerhart Hauptmann, "Before Sunrise" ("Vor Sonnenaufgang"). Here the story is sufficiently sordid.

In a mining town lives the rich and immoral Farmer Krause. Through the finding of coal on his land, he has gained the wealth that he spends in debauchery. For second wife he has married a woman who employs her leisure in intrigues with the hostler. One daughter is a confirmed inebriate, whose child has died of drink at three, and whose husband, a civil engineer, is a libertine. The other daughter is a pure girl of fine sensibilities, who has been reared apart from these dreadful conditions. At the opening of the piece, Helene has just returned from her Moravian convent to be plunged into this standing pool of vice.

Then to Krause's house comes an enthusiastic young dreamer, a socialist, who has visited the town to study the miners, and who finds in the dissolute civil engineer a former

classmate. Helene and the dreamer fall in love. She is inspired by his plans for the uplift of the miners, by his fine ethical ideals. She yearns to escape through his protection from her hideous surroundings. Her brother-in-law, the civil engineer, is making advances to her, even while his wife lies groaning in childbirth. Her drunken father, too, professes for her an unholy love. She has been a witness to the perfidy of her step-mother. Sick and stifled in the fetid atmosphere of home, she gasps to breathe the pure outer air to which her lover may lead her. She clings to him as her sole support. But he, alas, proves only a broken reed; for, on learning from a physician all the details of the family history, the dreamer leaves incontinent. He cannot think of allying himself with a family so tainted. He fears lest a tendency to vice may be inherited by his unborn children. When Helene reads the letter that he has written renouncing her, she takes from the wall a hunting knife and goes out. Suicide is her only refuge. The final scene is punctuated with a piercing cry from the servant who has found her body, and with the ribald refrain of her father as he comes reeling home, shouting, "Haven't I a fine pair of daughters?"

The defects of this piece are the defects of naturalism in general. The play is unnecessarily revolting. The bestiality of the Krause family nauseates. Much that is here presented to the senses could safely have been left to the imagination. The author tears the veil from scenes seldom shown, and by shocking has sought to impress us the more deeply with pity for Helene, and with tragic terror at a situation so hopeless. As is usual with naturalism, the wills of the hero and the heroine are weak. Circumstance conquers will, and the victim dies, crushed by the hand of fate. This modern fate is more awful, too, than its Greek prototype, in that it is less arbitrary, less whimsical, the more inevitable because the more credible.

One fact impairs the logic of the play. The socialist dreamer, Alfred Loth, who deserts the girl he might have saved, is needlessly weak. His moral cowardice, though reasoned, is unreasonable. Helene was born before her father grew debauched. She certainly cannot inherit his tendencies

acquired after her birth. Scientists are even in doubt as to how far acquired traits can in any case be transmitted. Moreover, although the influence of environment is in this case to be feared, Helene, who has grown up apart from her relatives, may again be separated from them. A man with courage and genuine affection would have braved all and borne her off triumphant.

A similar situation is met with some trace of optimism in Hauptmann's next play, "The Festival of Peace" ("Das Friedensfest"). Here is depicted a family less degraded but equally disagreeable. Its members are temperamentally erratic, quarrelsome, and vicious. Heredity is again responsible, and environment has confirmed the work of heredity. But a kindly, right-minded girl loves one of the sons of this family and, in spite of the risk she incurs, persists in her determination to marry and save him. William is a nervous, irritable wreck. Years before, in a quarrel with his father, he had beaten the old man and then fled from home. He has wandered about distressed in mind, and at last, on a Christmas Eve, has been prevailed upon by his sweetheart to return. His father, too, has been wandering, a victim of persecution-mania, broken in spirit, diseased in body, and addicted to drink. When, on the same evening, he also returns, the two men meet, and are reconciled.

So far, we seem promised a genial spectacle of regeneration and amendment. But the 'festival of peace' proves abortive. No sooner has the Christmas tree been lighted than the family falls to wrangling. William's brother is cynical and ill-tempered. William's sister upbraids him for his earlier treatment of their father; and that father, now the worse for liquor, turns on the daughter and falls afoul of the other son. As William seeks to side with his father, the old man, conceiving in his crazy brain that William is again planning to thrash him, suffers a fatal apoplectic stroke. Although William is assailed by the others as a parricide, he is defended by the calm and noble Ida. Ida, indeed, is an angel of peace, and the moral of the play seems to be that only through some such outer compulsion can come rescue to one whose stock and surroundings are vicious.

Ida does what Loth, in the earlier play, dared not do. She braves environment and heredity; but to what good purpose? The fellow she will marry is not worth the sacrifice. To believe that he could ever be quickened to manhood by marriage is to believe the impossible. Yet the author at least suggests the question, May not the second generation conquer the defects inherent in the parent and his family?

The presupposition of "The Festival of Peace" is an improper marriage; yet that children so perverse must have resulted from it is not certain. Ibsen, in "Ghosts," has established his situation more firmly, making the inheritance of Oswald from Chamberlain Alving less a matter of doubt. In "Ghosts," however, inheritance is all; in "Das Friedensfest," inheritance is powerfully supplemented by environment. One point here seems unduly accentuated,—the moral depravity involved in a son's striking his father. Unquestionably, children should spare the rod, even though they spoil the parent; yet William had some justification for his act. At least, on this account alone, he is not beyond the pale of moral comprehension.

Two other plays by Hauptmann exhibit naturalism of the environment rather than of heredity. In "The Weavers," Hauptmann paints a picture of social and industrial conditions among a whole class of the lowly. In "Teamster Henschel," he narrows his canvas to portray with equal fidelity a few humble characters. "The Weavers" ("De Waber," revised as "Die Weber") is epic in its scope, a panorama painted in broad strokes. "Teamster Henschel" ("Fuhrmann Henschel") is a drama of peasant psychology. Both plays, however, show the possibilities of a naturalism less crude than that evinced in "Before Sunrise."

"The Weavers" deals with the eternal conflict between capital and labor, but shows this conflict in a small corner at a particular moment. In 1844, the poverty-stricken spinners of Silesia rose in vain against the manufacturers whose greed was starving them. Hauptmann's paternal grandfather had himself been such a weaver. The dramatist, accordingly, employs this minor revolt of the downtrodden as an example of a conflict contemporary and universal. But he tells his

story with no set socialistic purpose. He does not seek to inflame class against class. He merely reveals conditions as they exist, conditions that are typical rather than peculiar and abnormal, and that arouse sympathy rather than disgust. His weavers are any craftsmen; his revolt of 1844 is any revolt. The crowd is his hero, not a single individual. Plot, as is often the case with naturalism, gives way to disjointed scenes, from the sum of which the spectator derives a vivid sense of the widespread, hopeless misery of the toilers, of their struggles, and their failure. The starving workers rise at the instigation of a youth returned from military service in the great world without. They sack the house of their tyrant, Dreissiger, are driven back, and the only weaver who, believing in the old order, refused to leave his loom, is shot down. Such is the irony of fate.

There is an unwonted semblance of volition on the part of the rebellious weavers, but, in Hauptmann's "Teamster Henschel," will is again to seek. Henschel is a stolid peasant who has violated a promise to his dying wife by marrying her servant. The latter, through neglect of Henschel's child, causes its death, and rails at him when he brings her own child by an earlier intrigue to live with them. She robs him, too, and plays fast and loose with the men who frequent the inn in the basement of which they dwell. Poor Henschel, hearing Hanne accused of infidelity, accepts her denial of the charge, but thinks of his broken vow. In imagination he sees his wife standing by the horses he tends, and listens to her knocking on the wall and scratching at the door. He has become a fatalist. He feels no resentment at the perfidious Hanne; the fault is his own. Able to fight against a physical enemy, he is helpless against an idea—the idea of his own guilt. He evades the battle, accordingly, by suicide.

This drama marks an artistic advance upon Hauptmann's previous naturalistic plays. The plot is simple, powerful, well-knit. The characters live in a world of reality. The painting of manners is deft. The situation, however localized, is universal. In such a piece naturalism tends to transcend itself, for the environment falls into step with something

superior, namely, character-study and the ideal ordering of experience by art.

III

Hauptmann, in his other plays, has practised this modified naturalism, or has mingled it with romanticism, as in "Hannele," or has wholly deserted it for romance, as in "The Sunken Bell" and "Poor Heinrich." Among his dramas of modified naturalism may be reckoned such pieces as "Michael Kramer" and "Colleague Crampton," dealing with aspects of artistic life; the peasant tragedy "Rose Bernd;" the humorous character-studies of a new woman of the people, in "The Beaver Coat" and "The Conflagration;" and a tragi-comedy of the Berlin slums—"The Rats." For the present, it will be sufficient to notice only the last three.

In "The Beaver Coat" ("Der Biberpelz"), Hauptmann devotes four acts to setting before the spectator a whimsical washerwoman, Frau Wolff, the shrewd wife of a poacher, and herself a petty thief, whose air of plain-dealing deceives the very neighbors from whom she pilfers. When her theft of a beaver coat is on the point of being discovered, Frau Wolff, by her sublime assurance, hoodwinks the magistrate, sympathizes solemnly with her victim, and emerges from the affair with reputation untarnished.

In "The Conflagration" ("Der Rote Hahn"), the same wily heroine, remarried and a dozen years older, has declined in humor and in morals. She has now degenerated into an insurance swindler, who burns down her dwelling in order that her son-in-law, an architect, may erect upon the site a finer building. But she has gone too far. Her schemes are suspected by many; she is harassed and ill, and as the crowd outside is applauding the architect of the mansion just completed, she suddenly expires. Her last words are significant: "You always reaches out after—something."

In Hauptmann's tramp comedy, "Schluck und Jau," a reworking of the theme developed by Shakespeare in the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," and by Calderón, in "Life's a Dream," humor is again apparent; and

humor and romance unite in the flimsy sub-plot of "The Rats" ("Die Ratten"). Hassenreuter, the actor-manager, although by no means averse to a flirtation on his own account, objects to his daughter's affair with his dramatic pupil, a former student of theology. Interest attaches, however, not to this minor intrigue, but to the central story of life in the barracks turned tenement, where swarm the rats of the slums. Here Hassenreuter stores his stage properties in a loft, and trains his pupils. His mistress of the wardrobe, Frau John, is the true protagonist of the play. She, who has lost an only child, yearns for another. She contrives to convince her husband and her neighbors that an infant born to a deserted Polish girl is her own. Presently, Pauline, the true mother, falls to longing for the child she has sold and demands its return. Frau John, fearing exposure, calls upon her ne'er-do-well brother for help, and the villainous fellow responds by luring Pauline away to the country and slaying her.

Frau John is horrified at the deed of her brother, yet constrained to conceal him in the barracks. When her husband threatens to take the child away from her lest it be contaminated by the wicked Bruno, she retorts by denying her husband's right to it. He is not even its father. This is the same situation around which are built two other plays—"The Father," by Strindberg, and "The Nippers," by Hervieu. Hauptmann, however, lowers the social scale of the parties concerned, and alters the dénouement. In his play, when the husband, enraged, snatches the babe from his wife, she runs from the room and kills herself.

A curious comment upon the drama is delivered within the work itself by means of a discussion carried on between Spitta, the student of theology, and Hassenreuter. The latter is scandalized that the former should believe in the new naturalistic art. "You asserted the other day," he says, "that, under certain circumstances, a barber or a scrub-woman might as fittingly be the protagonist of a tragedy as Lady Macbeth or King Lear." To this Spitta retorts, "Before art, as before the law, all men are equal, sir!" At the end of the piece, he turns to his opponent, once a scoffer at nat-

uralism, saying, "Won't you admit that a genuinely tragic fatality has been active here?" Whereupon Hassenreuter replies, as one converted, "Tragedy is not confined to any class of society. I always told you that."

In this play, as is commonly the case with naturalism, we have not only the clash of primitive instincts, but much that is merely pictorial. The folk of the slums are especially well drawn. Upon their existence in the filthy warren Hassenreuter thus comments: "You could never write down all the life that sweeps these stairs with its soiled petticoats—the life that cringes and creeps, moans, sighs, sweats, cries out, curses, mutters, hammers, jeers, steals—no, it's beyond one's power of recording."

To paint just these scenes, however, is the naturalist's aim. Perhaps the most notorious instance of such photography is Maxim Gorky's "The Night Refuge." Here we have the roughest naturalism of the environment, devoid of plot, and untouched by humor or romance. Gorky depicts a seething subterranean den of outcasts. Into this filthy hovel are huddled miserable beings lost to decency, hope, and pity. Like beasts they crouch there, existing, rather than living. Some are drunk, some are dying; all are creatures of vice. Only the husband and the wife who keep the low resort are raised a little in the scale above their lodgers; yet the wife is in love with a thief among her patrons, and this thief in turn is in love with her sister.

Such is the dramatic thread that strings together the revolting scenes that alone comprise the play. When the keeper of the Night Refuge is killed in a brawl, his wife, long jealous of her lover, the thief, lays the crime at his door. But the thief's new mistress turns the tables upon her sister by declaring to the police that it is the widow who has schemed the murder of the dead man. The thief and the widow are haled to prison, and the other wretches are left to carouse, until a vodka-soaked actor interrupts their festivities by hanging himself in the yard.

As if the main action were not sufficiently depressing, the play reveals yet other types of human misery and depravity: —a brutal locksmith; his wife, who expires of consumption,

hastened by his blows; a maudlin and romantic street-walker, who supports by her vice a self-styled baron; and various other specimens of the flotsam and jetsam of the underworld. Only one character less sinister enters this Inferno, and he, an old pilgrim who would aid these poor creatures to hope for better lives, proves futile. One by one he advises them, yet those who heed his words are plunged but the deeper into trouble. Thus again, as at the close of "The Weavers," naturalism grows ironic.

IV

The presentation of environment and heredity as fate has not always, in the modern drama, been associated with low life. There well may be a naturalism of the middle classes. Of this middle-class naturalism, Ibsen's plays afford examples. Doctor Rank, in "A Doll's House," is a victim of heredity, and Nora is a victim of environment. Little Hedvig, in "The Wild Duck," and Oswald Alving, in "Ghosts," suffer from congenital diseases. Such people are socially far removed from the peasants of Hauptmann and the criminals of Gorky. Nor has the naturalistic treatment of heredity and environment been always so rigorous as in the pieces already described. Sudermann, for example, in "Die Heimat," has shown the clash of the free individual with a cramped environment, not by heaping up offensive and unselected details, but agreeably and artistically. Echegaray, in his "Son of Don Juan," has dealt with heredity after the model of Ibsen, yet admitting touches of Spanish romanticism; and frankly romantic has been the study of the force of environment and heredity in Rostand's "l'Aiglon." With Rostand, of course, naturalism has disappeared, yet its favorite *motifs* remain. These *motifs* and a certain insistence upon matter-of-fact details constitute, indeed, the chief legacy of naturalism to romance. Each of these plays deserves particular notice.

In Sudermann's "Die Heimat," a piece played in English as "Magda," there is exhibited the conflict between old ideals and new. A woman, free and independent, rebels

against her early environment. She escapes from it, outgrows it, and returns to it, only to discover that her opposition to it has now become tragic. She had fled from home when her father demanded her marriage to a man she could not love. She went to the city, sinned, suffered, and worked, and at the opening of the play has returned to her native town as the prima donna of a music festival. She finds her father crippled by apoplexy due to the shock of her first disobedience. She finds the clergyman who had loved her desirous of effecting her reconciliation with the old man. The father, after a struggle, pockets his pride and welcomes her home, but he cannot understand that she has long outgrown his tutelage. She is famous now, courted, spoiled, a woman self-poised, unaccustomed to obey. At all points she is out of harmony with what had once been her world. Against the petty bourgeois interests, the petty provincial society, the narrow formalism, the hard and fast orthodoxy, of that home she rebels. Yet she feels affection for the old soldier whose career she has in one sense wrecked, and a growing admiration for the pastor whose self-effacing devotion to her has endured through the years.

Then, suddenly, the opposition between father and daughter is made acute by the appearance of a ghost from her past. The man who, during her first year in the city, had seduced and deserted her, comes upon the scene. Her father, learning the story, demands that she mend her honor by marrying this lover, worthless but smugly respectable. Councillor von Keller, to avoid a duel, is willing to make her his wife. Moreover, he feels that with her talents and social prestige she may further his political advancement. But his child and hers she must part from, to avoid all scandal. The world must not know that they have earlier been allied. Magda, who has been ready to sacrifice herself now revolts; whereupon the old man locks the door, and bids her swear to him by that which she holds most sacred—the head of her child—that she will marry von Keller. "Either you swear to me now, as upon his head, that you will become the honorable wife of his father, or—neither of us two shall go out of this room alive!"

Magda does not see that her father is reaching for a pistol, but, resolved to end all further talk of marriage, she suggests that she has had still other lovers. The soldier's righteous wrath can brook no more. Raising his pistol, he starts toward her, reels, and falls back unconscious. He would have shot her, but he has succumbed to a second apoplectic stroke.

Now the study of the force of environment is more subtle here than in "The Night Refuge" or "Before Sunrise" because the environment is spiritual rather than material. No doubt, to begin with, the nature of the daughter differed from that of the father, and yet what has set them so at odds has been their dissimilar spiritual environment. The old Lieutenant Colonel, habituated to command at home as on the field, must antagonize the self-made individualist, his daughter. One is conservative, the other is radical. Unlike the heroes of Hauptmann, both are strong in will. So far as heredity goes, Magda may be conceived as having derived her imperiousness of temper from her father; the difference between father and daughter is due to a difference of environment.

It stands to reason that the study of heredity cannot be so easily sublimated, since heredity involves rather more of the physical. In modern times the most striking play based upon the doctrine of heredity is Ibsen's "Ghosts," and the most careful copy of that piece is "The Son of Don Juan," ("El Hijo de don Juan"), by the Spaniard, José Echegaray. In each, the physical basis of heredity is strongly emphasized. In each, disease and idiocy are portrayed as a visitation upon children of the sins of their fathers. In each, a son of talent is sent away by his mother to be educated in France that he may escape his father's baneful influence. In each, that son, on returning, becomes aware of his hopeless condition and its cause. But the play of Echegaray lacks the finesse of its model. It lacks, also, the satire upon hypocrisy so prominent in "Ghosts," and it dwells more painfully upon the hero's mental decline. It is poorly constructed, too, especially in the exposition. But a Spanish twist of some interest is given to the conception by the author's having connected it with the native legend of Don Juan.

The old Don Juan received his punishment for libertinism

in the visit of an animated statue of stone that bore him off to the pains of a material hell. The new Don Juan receives punishment through the operation of natural law, in beholding the lapse into idiocy of his only son. The father's excesses blast the life of the son, and though the victim exhibits no rancor toward the author of his woes, the hell within the bosom of the father is meant to be more terrible than that hell of flame to which was consigned the Don Juan Tenorio of romance.

In the play of Echegaray, Don Juan Mefìa believes that, in spite of his own wild life, his son has inherited only his finest qualities. But that son, a poetical genius, is already threatened with mental collapse. He loves the consumptive daughter of a lively old friend of his father, and the ceremony of betrothal is about to be performed. But Lazarus hesitates, for he begins to suspect the nature of his ailment. With regard to that ailment, his mother has consulted a specialist, putting the case to him as though it concerned another. Then the specialist, never dreaming that Lazarus is the one referred to, chances to speak of the case to the patient himself. "The springs of life," says the man of science, "cannot be corrupted with impunity. The son of that father will soon sink into madness or idiocy. A madman or an idiot, such is his fate!"

Although the possibility of so precise a diagnosis and forecast on hearsay seems doubtful, Lazarus and his creator accept the verdict as conclusive. Accordingly, when Lazarus and Carmen meet for the betrothal, he casts her off and then falls in a swoon.

At this juncture, Lazarus appears in the most sympathetic light. His refusal to bind the woman he loves to his fate seems noble. But in the last act his determination has altered. He now feels that he must marry her, come what will. The girl's father, however, has no mind to allow such a match. He plans to take her away. Lazarus intervenes, clinging to Carmen in frenzy. Then, as the lovers are torn apart, Lazarus, overcome by grief and excitement, sinks exhausted, and revives only to ask his mother with idiotic insistence for the sun.

Don Juan, the father, in this very place, years before, on awakening from a drunken orgy, had looked at the rising sun through the tresses of a mistress, and had uttered the same demand. Thus, through heredity, personal history repeats itself, just as in "Ghosts" Oswald's conduct with Regina at one point precisely repeats that of his father long before with Regina's mother. In "Ghosts," too, Oswald had asked for the sun. The play as a whole is unpleasant enough to serve the erring as a fearful example. Even the consumptive heroine is a victim of heredity, a sufferer for the sins of her own gay father, although little is made of her side of the story. As for Don Juan, he is agonized by the fate of his son, yet callous, on the whole, to his own early immorality. Appalled by its effects in this particular instance, he still can find pleasure, like Justice Shallow, in recalling its circumstances. He affirms that as a husband he has lived irreproachably, since if there have been seconds, thirds, fourths, and fifths in his affections, his wife, at all events, has ever stood first.

V

It would be easy to extend the list of naturalistic dramas by here making mention of such pieces as "The Selicke Family," by Holz and Schlaf—a first study for "Before Sunrise," Gorky's "The Smug Citizen," with its portrayal of middle-class philistinism; and Tchekhov's "Ivanov," "Uncle Vanya," "The Sea Gull," and "Three Sisters,"—plays which set forth, with little action and much descriptive detail, the cramping influence of environment upon the individual. With these plays might also be linked several by Strindberg, whose "Countess Julie" is specifically labelled "a naturalistic tragedy." "Countess Julie," for example, exhibits, not only the instinctive war of the sexes, but the influence of heredity as well. For Julie inherits her mother's antipathy to man, and is controlled by it, except as, for the moment, passion makes her its slave.

To multiply instances further would be futile, however; since the plays of the naturalists are cut from one cloth.

Only a few exhibit any marked variations. Occasionally, there appears a drama like "The Escape" ("l'Évasion"), by Brieux, which is significant of the tendency of naturalism to forsake its time-honored themes. Thus, Brieux, though he writes as one descending in part from the naturalists, takes issue with them in denying that environment and heredity, willy nilly, determine man's destiny. He attacks, if not the law of heredity, at least such faith in that law as works to inhibit the will.

In "The Escape," Brieux shows us a youth and a girl who have been taught to regard themselves as condemned from birth by what they draw from their parents. Jean, the son of a neurasthenic, believes himself predestined to suffer, like his father, from a mania that will finally drive him to suicide. Lucienne, the daughter of a faithless wife, believes herself predestined, like her mother, to frivolity and worse. The belief of each in the law of heredity has been strengthened by the scientific arguments adduced by their common relative, a physician, who has made of this subject a specia. study. Now Brieux, in his play, maintains that Jean and Lucienne are the victims of a superstition which alone has destroyed their freedom. As they sympathize with each other, the two unfortunates are drawn together, and their despair is transformed by love into hope. They resolve, accordingly, to burst the bonds that fetter them; they will break from the prison to which science has doomed them. In that resolve lies all that is necessary to insure their escape, their 'evasion.'

Here, then, within the bounds of naturalism itself, we find set opposition to one of the favorite tenets of the school. The will of Brieux's hero and heroine dominates their adverse physical condition. They are no longer the puppets of natural law, for, in them, spirit has risen superior to matter. Thus, a situation congenial to the naturalists is met by Brieux with a certain idealism.

That those who seek pleasure in the theatre should weary of naturalism, with its monotonous harping upon heredity and environment, is scarcely strange. For the most part, discords, rather than harmonies have proceeded from this

instrument. There is small solace, even for the pessimist, in "Ghosts" and "The Night Refuge." The heart will hunger for romance. It should not be forgotten, indeed, that the early theorists of naturalism were little else than romantic dreamers to whom there had come a vision of the value in art of the contemporary and the actual. Arno Holz and Hermann Conradi regarded themselves as men undertaking a sacred mission. Conradi, for instance, in the "Credo" prefixed to his anthology—"Moderne Dichter Charaktere"—wrote of the function of the poet with the enthusiasm of a Shelley, hailing the poet as "the protector and preserver, the leader, consoler, pathfinder, guide, doctor, and priest of mankind."

If, at first, the practical naturalists failed to share in this romantic spirit, it was not long before they began to look now and again to romance as a relief from sheer naturalism. Witness Hauptmann's "Hannele" and "The Rats." As for the romanticists, they in turn responded to the influence of the opposite school, perceiving that they might avail themselves of the naturalists' favorite subjects. They saw that the creatures of pomp and circumstance might be shown as affected, nay determined, by their surroundings and by their blood inheritance; while the presentation of such themes might retain all the glitter and flash of the old surprise-loving melodrama. So Rostand, in "l'Aiglon," dresses a naturalistic theme in romantic trappings.

Napoleon's son, the young duke of Reichstadt, is 'the Eaglet'—'l'Aiglon.' His dream of regaining his father's lost empire is a dream and nothing more, for the boy is shut off by circumstances from achieving greatness. Mentally, he is heir of the Corsican, yearning for conquest; physically, he is weak and consumptive, the heir of Austrian decadence. Thus, heredity dooms him to failure, and environment steps in to cap heredity, for the duke is held at the Austrian court virtually a prisoner.

Although he is not without friends who are scheming in secret for his return to France, the little duke is a passive and reflective character, born in times that are out of joint, and lacking the ability to set them right. His ambition,

however, continues to grow, well into the third act. In his interview with his grandfather, the Austrian Emperor, it attains its best promise of success. Then Metternich intervenes, sets the emperor and his grandson by the ears, and later, in the mirror scene, forces the boy to study in the glass his own features and remark there clear tokens of his descent from the mad house of Austria.

For a little, the duke loses courage, and is ready to sink into the life of sensuous indulgence prepared for him by Metternich. But this mood drops from him when he finds his mother, the widow of the great Napoleon, listening to the cajoleries of a courtier. In rebuking the latter, he feels the Corsican again rise within him. A plot for his escape is on foot. He is about to elude his enemies when he learns that his cousin, disguised as himself, is in mortal danger. He hesitates, and on the field of Wagram is overtaken. There, in fancy, he has overheard the accusing voices of the slain clamoring around him, and has seen, in the gray of dawn, shattered arms outstretched toward him. At last, he understands that he is the expiation of his father's deeds, of glory bought with human lives. As the dawn brightens, he draws his sword as if to lead those spectral legions in a charge; but the roll of actual drums beats upon his ear, and an Austrian regiment marches in. Saluting, he accepts his destiny.

In the sixth act the 'Eaglet' dies at the close of a scene of over-calculated pathos, and Metternich, still inflexible, says merely, "Clothe him in his Austrian uniform."

The play is unduly theatric. It fairly teems with preestablished coincidences and antitheses. Hugo himself could have wished no more. Thus, Metternich has but remarked that there is no harm so long as the shouting for Napoleon is done in the theatres, when cries from without are heard—"Long live Napoleon!" As one who is reciting speaks the line, "O, fallen child of godlike race!" 'the Eaglet' enters. Just as the Emperor and 'the Eaglet' have made terms and each is saluting the other, who should open the door but Metternich? And Metternich, by night, in 'the Eaglet's' ante-chamber, after apostrophizing Napoleon's hat on the table, affirms that he might fancy that by turning he would

see upon the threshold a grenadier on guard; whereupon, so turning, he perceives Flambeau standing guard there in his grenadier's uniform. There are dozens of such carefully prepared theatrical strokes. Theatric, too, is the use of stage properties, and theatric are the principal scenes—that between Metternich and Flambeau when the latter seeks to convince the former that he dreams; that between Metternich and the duke before the cheval glass, closed by the duke's dashing the candelabrum into the mirror; and that of Flambeau's stabbing himself, the blood from his wound being at first mistaken for the ribbon of the Legion just torn from his breast.

Granted be it, then, that these mechanical surprises, contrasts, and coincidences are repugnant to the ways of naturalism, yet the fact remains that this play carries conviction so far as it sets forth the conflict of the individual with fate, a fate compounded of heredity and environment. What redeems the work from being mere melodrama is Rostand's poetical appeal to the imagination, an appeal that makes even his stage properties emotionally significant, and that gives life to his two chief characters. In manner "l'Aiglon" is romantic; in theme, it is naturalistic.

Naturalism, accordingly, which has won new territory for the operations of the dramatist in the life of the peasant and the social outcast and in the most matter-of-fact kind of art, has contributed also to an art wholly different, to the romantic exhibition of the fate of princes. For romance cannot die; it is certain to counterbalance or to supersede the mood of realism.

CHAPTER III

VARIETIES OF ROMANCE

I. Francis Bacon's justification of romance,—art as an escape from reality and a supplement to it. Some varieties of romance in the modern drama.

II. The play of romantic adventure: Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," romantic in theme, characters, situations, and poetry, yet tempered in sentiment by humor: Sudermann's "Children of the Strand," a more serious dramatic romance of love and piracy.

III. The play of sentiment—light and airy, as in Rostand's "The Romancers" and Barker and Housman's "Prunella;" or grave, as in Rostand's apologue of the quest of the ideal, "The Princess Far-Away," and in fairy plays celebrating the potency of love,—Maeterlinck's "Joyzelle" and Strindberg's "Swanwhite."

IV. The play based upon legend: three medieval romances extolling love,—Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice," Hauptmann's "Poor Heinrich," and his "Griselda;" a folk-lore drama uniting imagination and satire,—Strindberg's "Lucky Pehr;" two Biblical dramas—Rostand's "The Samaritan Woman" and Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalen;" the relation of the latter to Maeterlinck's other plays and to Heyse's "Mary of Magdala."

V. Romantic tragedy, and the sources for the satisfaction that it affords; two types,—the play of tragic passion, exemplified by d'Annunzio, and the play of tragic imagination, exemplified by Maeterlinck. D'Annunzio's decadent "Dream of a Spring Morning" and "Dream of an Autumn Sunset;" his "The Dead City," morbid in its emotion and perverted in its ethics; his "The Daughter of Jorio," a tragedy of peasant passion and self-sacrifice; his other tragedies—"The Light under the Bushel," "The Ship," "Fedra," and "More than Love."

VI. The play of tragic imagination as exemplified by Maeterlinck: his dreamy dramas of gloom; their typical scenery, atmosphere, and mood. Three pieces of innocence outraged by crime,—"The Death of Tintagiles," "Alladine and Palomides," and "Princess Maleine;" the resemblance of the last to the Elizabethan "tragedy of blood." Maeterlinck's dramas of pathos and fear that deal with the coming of death: "Home" ("l'Intérieur"), the simplest of these, a transition to the play

of symbolism to be more fully discussed in the next chapter; two other transitional symbolical plays, allegories of the coming of death,—"The Intruder" and "The Seven Princesses."

I

Long ago, in a famous passage, Sir Francis Bacon defined the claims of poetical romance, or 'Fained Historie,' as he termed it. "The use of this Fained Historie," he wrote, in "The Advancement of Learning," "hath beene to give some shadowe of satisfaction to the minde of Man in those points wherein the Nature of things doth denie it." Bacon's theory maintained that the soul is superior to the world, that the soul desires a greatness, a goodness, and a variety not to be found in nature; that art alone can satisfy these yearnings. Of poetry Bacon wrote, "it doth raise and erect the Minde, by submitting the shewes of things to the desires of the Mind, whereas reason doth buckle and bowe the Mind unto the Nature of things."

Now the romanticist still finds his justification for art in Bacon's logic. Art is an escape from reality. Whereas the naturalist makes it but a duplication of Nature, exhibiting her every defect, the romanticist affords a relief from Nature to the free soul that would give to its dreams, at least for the moment, a local habitation and a name.

The mood of romance is perennial. So long as youth is in the world, so long as the memory of youth prevails, so long as the sentiment of wonder survives or can be reawakened, so long romance will flourish. In the history of literature, although matter-of-fact actuality from time to time becomes the favorite theme of those who write, yet romance does not die. Even many who are themselves eminent realists have either once been romantic in their art or will revert to the romantic mood.

The varieties of romance are many. In the modern drama, however, a few classes of romantic play may be distinguished. One is the play of adventure, full of life and outward movement, motived usually by love, yet fairly external in action. Another is the play of pure sentiment, light and airy or grave, depicting the quest of the ideal, or extolling the potency of

love. There is, also, the play which celebrates love in connection with medieval legend, the play of folk-lore, and the play of Biblical story. There is, further, the romantic tragedy, either of passion or of imagination. There is, finally, a large group of plays touched more or less with symbolism, pieces in which the literal story is not alone of importance. Thus, the world of dramatic romance is rich and various, and those who revolt at the sordid actualities upon which the naturalists dwell may find easy refuge in contemporary plays that support the claims of the ideal.

II

Let us pass, in the order just outlined, through the realms of romance, pausing to look here and there at typical dramas, neglecting those that are purely historical, like some by Ibsen and Strindberg, and reserving most of the symbolic group for later consideration. For the swash-buckler piece of action, humor, and sentiment there is nothing much better than Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." Cyrano, the poet and bravo of the seventeenth century, loves his fair cousin in secret. But Roxane cannot take him seriously. His nose, so large and grotesque, eclipses for her the charm of his mind. Her heart is set upon Christian, a simple soul without imagination, eloquence, or passion. With fine self-denial, Cyrano, not only steps out of the way of his rival, but does that rival's wooing, gets him married, and on the field of battle protects him like a son. When, notwithstanding, Christian falls, Cyrano refrains from urging his own suit to Roxane, preferring to cherish his love for her in secret rather than to disillusion her. At length, when dying, Cyrano quotes to her the last letter he had written her in Christian's name. His knowledge of the letter, which he pretends to be reading but cannot see, and his very intonation startle Roxane into understanding. But Cyrano, refusing to admit that he ever has loved her, dies with a jest on his lips.

The charm of this play is due in part to its improbability. The whole thing is as much a romantic escape from reality as "The Three Musketeers" of Dumas. But, like that

novel, it fills a need of the heart. The swift action, the unbelievable feats of valor, the impossible journey of the heroine into the besiegers' camp bearing Rabelaisian good cheer, the improbable self-effacement of Cyrano for fourteen years after the death of his rival,—all are as delightful as the strokes of fortune in a fairy tale. And, unlike most fairy tales, this play supplies a human character which, however exaggerated, appears not unreal. For Cyrano somehow lives and is lovable. His bluster, his fire-eating, his wit, his fancy, his denial of self, constitute a strange mixture. He who resigns his lady to another less worthy than himself is not only no prig, but a devil-may-care adventurer, blessed with rare humor and fancy, one who, except for his nose, might himself have borne off the prize.

As for Christian, he arouses a certain contempt, owing to his readiness to profit in love by another's service. He seems lacking in honor as well as in brains. Roxane lives chiefly to be adored. She is merely the capricious, vain beauty, knowing no serious passion until Cyrano's letters arouse it, after her marriage to Christian. She and Christian and Cyrano are the folk of romance, and so are their minor fellows, from the roistering captain of cadets to the poetical pastry-cook.

Romantic in characters and theme, Rostand's play is romantic, as well, in its situations and poetry. If the situations are not, like those in "l'Aiglon," set tableaux, they are none the less theatric and improbable. Such is the scene in the Hôtel de Burgogne when Cyrano defies the actor to come upon the stage, or when he there fences with the viscount who had laughed at his nose, extemporizing the while a ballade on the subject. Romantic, too, is the scene in which he goes to his rival's aid, wooing Roxane, who leans from her balcony, descrying in the moonlight the fair form of Christian, but listening enraptured to the fair phrases of Cyrano. Here, as in the episode that ensues, Rostand's poetical power, his wit, and his imagination are at their best. For Cyrano, on perceiving the approach of one who would separate the lovers, sends them off to be wedded, while he intercepts the marplot by dropping from the limb of a tree, talking exquisite nonsense as he feigns to have tumbled from the moon.

A more serious and less brilliant example of the romance of adventure may be found in Sudermann's "Children of the Strand" ("Strandkinder"). Here the scene is East Prussia, and the folk concerned in the action are half pagan pirates and Christian knights. The knights are seeking to tame the pirates, among whom a feud has broken forth. Brigolla, a fierce Amazon, has been obliged by the knights to marry in order to settle this feud. But she loves the brother of her husband and eventually turns to him, although he is the slayer of her father. When she and he conspire to destroy her lord by wrecking his ship with false beacons, their plot is defeated by Melida, one of the Children of the Strand—unfortunates captured in infancy and held by the pirates as slaves. Brigolla and her paramour escape to sea, but are drowned. As for the rescued pirate, he reforms and prepares to requite the devotion of Melida by giving her his hand. All ends happily, therefore, as it should in romance; the wicked are punished or redeemed, and the good are duly compensated.

III

In turning from the drama of adventure to that of sentiment, we may first dismiss a trifle or two in lighter vein before considering the graver pieces. One such trifle is Rostand's "The Romancers" ("Les Romanesques"), a play reminiscent of the Italian comedy of masques, graceful in its verse and structure, and delicately playful in its mood. A boy and a girl in love suppose their fathers to be enemies. They rejoice in their romantic situation, and meet frequently by stealth to talk across a wall, while their pleased parents from ambush watch the pretty passion develop. Then, having incited the love of their children by seeming to oppose it, the fathers find an excuse for revealing their friendship for each other, hiring a bravo to arrange the mock abduction of Sylvette. At the proper moment, Percinet is permitted to rush to her rescue, and the fathers, as though touched by the incident, shake hands and forgive.

But, ere long, they miss the excitement of the petty subter-

fuges that once gave them occupation. They are patronized, too, by the lovers, grown self-important. When these lovers discover that all they have done was only to fall into a trap prepared for them, they quarrel, and Percinet departs in a huff. In the last act, however, he returns, and saving Sylvette from a marquis—the bravo in disguise—, is reunited to his lady. Nothing could be lighter or more dainty.

A companion play to "Les Romanesques" is the "Prunella" of Granville Barker and Laurence Housman. Prunella, an innocent orphan, is reared by her old-maid aunts in a garden apart from the world. When Pierrot, a strolling player, finds his way to this garden, Prunella thinks him a god. She bestows upon him the kiss for which he asks, and then, caught in love's net, is drawn after him into the world of which she knows so little. In time, Pierrot deserts her; yet, growing weary of his life of excess, wanders back to the desolate garden, mourning Prunella as dead. She, too, has returned thither, and after being mistaken by her contrite lover for a phantom demanding reparation, she forgives him.

The gentle satire of the fantasy is directed against the false restraints under which Prunella has suffered. Her aunts—Prim, Prude, and Privacy—believe in secluding her from life, instead of preparing her for it. Unhappiness results. Didactic in its general drift, the play is not obtrusively moral. Even its allegorical personages—the aunts of the heroine and the wild comrades of the hero—are sufficiently characterized to be more than vague abstractions. The verse is felicitous, and the best situations are mildly moving.

The vein of light sentiment visible here, as it is in "The Romancers" of Rostand, dips into something more serious in the latter's "Princess Far-Away" ("La Princesse Lointaine"). Rostand resorts to a legend familiar to readers of Browning, the story of the troubadour of Aquitaine who loved a princess he had never seen, and, dying, voyaged to Tripoli merely to gaze upon her. Rudel, when his galley approaches shore, is too weak to leave the ship. He sends his bosom friend to beg the Princess Far-Away to visit him where he lies on deck. But the friend and the princess fall in love, and turning their backs to the window that gives

sight of Rudel's galley in the roadstead, forget all else until aroused by voices from without crying that a black sail has been hoisted on the galley—a prearranged signal indicating that its master is dead. Bertrand is seized with remorse, and the fascination, too, is gone for Melissinde. But, in stepping to the window, she perceives that the black sail has been raised upon another vessel. There is yet time. She and Bertrand, accordingly, hasten to the harbor. The princess is now ready to answer Rudel's faith in her. She slips her ring upon his finger, and loosens her hair over him as they embrace. Rudel expires, his fingers entwined in her hair. When, to free herself, she severs these locks from her head with a dagger, Bertrand protests; but she reproves him. They must now forswear themselves. She will retire to a nunnery; he must fare forth to do battle for the Cross.

Here is morality, symbolism, poetry, romanticism, a charming dream, scarcely a play. Nothing is real. The pirates that Rudel has impressed into service share his consuming passion for the quest of the unseen. Bertrand's success in arms is that of the heroes of the romances of chivalry. Humanly speaking, there need have been no barrier to the love of Bertrand and Melissinde, since the fact that a dying poet had loved the lady without seeing her would not entail upon her the duty of reciprocating that love. Although Bertrand had been for the moment a traitor to his friend, if the lady preferred him, there was no reason why, after the death of this friend, he might not have married her with an easy conscience. One even expects Rudel in dying to divine Bertrand's secret and to give his blessing to Bertrand and the lady.

The quest of the ideal is the subject of still other plays to be elsewhere considered, pieces like Sudermann's "Three Heron Feathers" and Yeats's "Land of Heart's Desire" and "Shadowy Waters." But even more usual than this as a theme for the dramas of serious sentiment is the celebration of the potency of love. To the magical power of love Maeterlinck pays tribute in "Joyzelle," and Strindberg, in "Swanwhite."

Maeterlinck's "Joyzelle" is a variation upon Shakespeare's

"Tempest," less intricate in plot, and less poetical. A youth and a maiden meet upon a magic isle. The master of the isle is Merlin, who feigns affection for Joyzelle and wrath against Lancéor. In reality Merlin is Lancéor's father, bent upon testing Joyzelle's love for his son. For fate has decreed that Lancéor shall die unless he find a maid to show him perfect devotion. The play results from the successive trials to which Joyzelle's affection is subjected. Merlin, in conducting these trials, is aided by Arielle, a female spirit, less obedient to his will than is the Ariel of Shakespeare to the will of Prospero.

When Lancéor is wounded by Merlin, Joyzelle flies to the youth's aid; when Lancéor embraces another—the phantom Arielle—, Joyzelle forgives him freely. When he rails at her and disavows affection for her, she declares her love for him to be unshaken. When Lancéor is transformed into a withered old man, she adores him still. At last, when Lancéor, apparently dead, can be restored to life only on condition that Joyzelle yield her honor to Merlin, she consents, for even honor cannot weigh in the balance with her love. Now her devotion having withstood the supreme test, Merlin throws off his feigning and cries: "Joyzelle is great, and Joyzelle triumphs! She has conquered fate by listening to love!"

The chief source of trouble to the reader of this play is the irresponsibility of the fate that determines its action. Again and again Merlin laments that he must be harsh to the lovers because destiny demands it. What the nature of this destiny may be we are never told. It is a fate too arbitrary to compare with the majestic and inevitable rule of moral law implicit in Greek tragedy. It is rather the ineffectual romantic spell of some bad fairy. Moreover, its instruments are vague abstractions, and the lover himself is a shadow.

To the same class as Maeterlinck's "Joyzelle" belongs Strindberg's fairy phantasmagoria, "Swanwhite" (Svanehvit"). Here a princess falls enamored of a prince sent by a king, her suitor, to be her teacher. Her wicked step-mother, however, seeks to divert the affections of the prince to her own ugly daughter. With the arts of an accomplished sor-

ceress, she renders life miserable for little Swanwhite, who, nevertheless, endures every torture with fortitude. When Swanwhite is falsely accused of loose conduct, and for punishment, is to be rolled in a spiked barrel, she blows upon a magic horn that summons to her aid the duke, her father. The latter, by mystic emblems, counteracts his wife's charm. But the sorceress causes the prince to be borne in, apparently drowned. Swanwhite, nothing daunted, declares that love shall conquer both hate and death. She forgives her step-mother, accordingly, and thereupon, by the latter's aid, raises the prince to life. For the sorceress step-mother has herself been under a malign spell, one to be broken only when she finds love and forgiveness. Strindberg composed this fantastic trifle when his imagination had been fired and his heart softened by his infatuation with the actress, Harriet Bosse. For once, at least, love seemed to him no tyrant, but "the greatest thing in the world."

IV

Romantic exaltation of the potency of love is to be found in other modern plays, especially those that embroider ancient legends. Thus Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice" and Hauptmann's "Poor Heinrich" and "Griselda" reshape old stories to the same end. A Dutch legend of the Middle Ages forms the basis of "Sister Beatrice" ("Soeur Béatrice"). A nun forsakes her convent in order to elope with a lover. After many years, she returns, worn and desolate, to discover that her place, in the meantime, has been assumed by the Virgin. Maeterlinck employs the story to emphasize a new moral. Love extenuates all. Beatrice will be pardoned whenever she shall return to the convent and confess her guilt.

The abbess, finding the statue of the Virgin gone, and its trappings adorning the supposed Beatrice, treats the latter harshly as one guilty of sacrilege, whereupon Heaven interposes. The convent burns with strange lights, and rings to celestial music; the sculptured archangels in the chapel unfurl their wings and sing. Small wonder is it that hence-

forth the supposed Beatrice is regarded as peculiarly holy. At last, however, the erring nun returns, contrite and feeble. Reassuming her habit, she confesses her shame; but her sisters refuse to believe her story. To them she is still their saint. Beatrice cannot understand the change in their attitude toward sin. As a matter of fact, it is not certain that they have grown more tolerant; they merely mistake Beatrice for her divine substitute. But Beatrice, satisfied that they have learned the lesson of love and forgiveness, dies happy at the foot of the Virgin's statue, once more inanimate upon its pedestal.

Medieval story, which supplies the subjects for this piece and for Rostand's "Princess Far-Away," affords to Hauptmann, also, the themes that he has developed in "Poor Heinrich" and "Griselda." In "Der Arme Heinrich," Hauptmann utilizes the old poem of Hartmann von Aue, which on this side of the water has inspired Longfellow's "Golden Legend." Prince Heinrich, after adventures in the pagan East and in Sicily, returns to Germany afflicted with leprosy. Seeking to conceal his disease, he takes refuge in the hut of a peasant, whose daughter in her childhood has been his favorite. Ottegebe is now grown a woman, and for Heinrich she feels the first timid tremblings of love. She learns of his fatal malady and learns, too, that it can be cured only on condition that an innocent maiden lay down her life for the sufferer. Ottegebe resolves to die for Heinrich.

Heinrich, whose secret becomes known, is driven forth by the people into the wilderness, and there wavers between Stoic determination and despair. Then he learns of Ottegebe's resolve. After due hesitation, he accepts her promised sacrifice. But, as he accompanies her upon the journey that will terminate in her death, he feels within him the birth of a nobler impulse. At the last moment, he refuses to profit by her self-immolation. He has learned to love her, and with that love comes healing. But Ottegebe, whose mind has been set upon martyrdom, laments that she may not renounce. She fears, too, at finding her heart responsive to an earthly love. Then, by degrees, she comes to perceive that such love as hers is heavenly also. Here, as in "The

Sunken Bell," Hauptmann, once a naturalist, has become as romantic as Tieck or Novalis. And yet, he has dealt with his legend—the theme of the Greek Alcestis—in a spirit wholly modern.

Once again, too, in "Griselda," Hauptmann spiritualizes a medieval story. From Boccaccio's well-known tale he eliminates what is extravagant and improbable. Thus, he tempers the whimsical cruelty of the lord who tests the love of his wife by heaping upon her indignities. He renders more reasonable, also, the continued devotion of the wife to her tyrant. Ulrich marries Griselda, not in order to spite his subjects, as Boccaccio puts it, but because he really loves her. For, weary of courtly sycophants, Ulrich has gone among the peasants in disguise, and in attempting to make free with Griselda, has discovered her simple virtue. In Boccaccio's fiction, the duke deprives his wife of her child merely to satisfy his curiosity as to the extent of her devotion to him. In Hauptmann's play, the motive is more subtle. Ulrich, in his love for Griselda, grows jealous of the child that comes between them. Hauptmann's Griselda, moreover, returns to her peasant home, not because she is driven thither, but voluntarily, feeling, when her lord in his melancholy has withdrawn from the court, that she is no longer required there.

When Ulrich, yearning for Griselda's presence, summons her back to attend upon him as a servant, she is glad to obey, since in this capacity she can continue near him without fear of compromising his dignity. Hauptmann, in short, reshapes every incident of the legend to a new purpose. Whereas Boccaccio and Chaucer tell their tales chiefly to commend to women the virtue of patience which men would inculcate in their wives and sweethearts, Hauptmann sets his drama in action to emphasize the potency of love.

It will be evident from such plays of sentiment as the foregoing that the romanticists of the stage have found it profitable to resort to legend for their subjects. Needless to say, legend furnishes the basis of many other pieces of the kind. Thus the Irish have drawn upon their own traditions in folk-history plays. The Scandinavians have drawn upon native

folk-lore in works like Ibsen's "Peer Gynt" and Strindberg's "Lucky Pehr;" and dramatists French, English, and German, have turned to Biblical story in composing plays like Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalen," Rostand's "The Samaritan Woman," Phillips's "Herod," Wilde's "Salome," Heyse's "Mary of Magdala," and Sudermann's "Johannes."

Strindberg's "Lucky Pehr" ("Lycko-Pers Resa") is a Swedish "Peer Gynt," a fantasy in which imagination is wedded to satire. Pehr, after spending his youth immured in a church steeple, is released by his fairy god-mother, and begins his adventures equipped with a wishing ring. Through the ring he gains wealth, but to no purpose, for he is harassed by the demands made upon him by king and priest. He turns reformer, is condemned to the stocks, and then, at a wish, becomes an Eastern despot. But the glory of being sultan he finds delusive, and growing tired of selfishness, he looks to nature for relief. At sea he is confronted by Death, and, like Ibsen's Peer, is saved from this enemy by a girl of the forest he has left behind in his wanderings. With this girl he returns to his church steeple, having seen enough of the world.

Of the Biblical plays, Rostand's "The Samaritan Woman" ("La Samaritaine") is the slightest—a mere succession of scenes and conversations, without dramatic significance. Jesus, on the occasion of His visit to Samaria, addresses to the woman at the well and to His disciples most of the sayings ascribed to Him by Scripture as uttered throughout His career. Although the disciples murmur at their Master's choice of a courtesan to spread His gospel, they are overawed when Photine appears, leading a company of converts. Peter, who would forbid the approach of the children, is rebuked; the halt and the dumb are healed; and even the priest who has declared his inability to understand a Messias without royal trappings bows his head as Jesus teaches the Samaritans the Lord's Prayer.

The pointed Alexandrines of this play and its skillful ordering of the scattered sayings of Jesus into a single mosaic constitute its principal merit. What it lacks in plot, in conflict, in climax is supplied by Maeterlinck in his far better Biblical

drama, "Mary Magdalen" ("Marie-Magdeleine"). The Magdalen, beloved by a Roman military tribune, slips from his grasp when Jesus saves her from an angry mob about to stone her. The Roman, conceiving that she is in love with the prophet, grows jealous and vows revenge. In the last act, when Jesus is under arrest, only Lucius Verus can save Him, but the tribune demands his price. "If I bought His life at the price which you offer," protests the Magdalen, "all that He wished, all that He loved would be dead!" Yet for a moment she weakens. As Verus catches her in his arms, he says cynically, "I knew!" Those words are enough to bring the woman to herself. "No, you did not know!" she cries.

Now approaches the procession leading Jesus to execution. The disciples, peering from the room of the Last Supper, announce that the Master has fallen and is gazing at the house. Within, Lucius Verus is still tempting the Magdalen. but, with sudden strength, she flings him off. Thereupon. Jesus, as though he had been awaiting her decision, passes satisfied to His doom.

Two situations in this piece Maeterlinck borrowed from Paul Heyse's "Maria von Magdala"—the incident of Jesus's quieting of the mob arrayed against the Magdalen, and her fundamental dilemma as to whether to save the Messias by giving herself to a Roman. Although Heyse refused his permission, the Belgian concluded to employ these situations, arguing Scriptural authority for the first and prototypes such as Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" for the second. The notion of bartering honor for the life of another is indeed sufficiently old, and one that with Maeterlinck is almost an obsession. He relies upon it, not only here, but, as we have seen, in "Joyzelle," and more largely in "Monna Vanna."

V

So far, in the realm of dramatic romance, we have surveyed the play of lively external adventure, the play of light sentiment, and the play of sentiment more serious. But tragedy, as well, has a place in this realm. The soul, in its desire to escape from the cramped world of actuality into the

free world of imagination, will welcome a resort even to the gloomy and the terrible so long as these be given the glamor of romance. That themes far from pleasing in actuality may awaken pleasure in art is an esthetic axiom. This pleasure, due in part to a perception of likeness in the copy to the thing portrayed, is supplemented by the heightened sense of life in the spectator whose emotions have been set functioning with unwonted vigor. The scene of horror in itself remains horrible, but the spectator may relish his own unaccustomed emotions aroused by that scene. He is absolved from the need of willing; he may feel as much as he can, for at the back of his mind he is aware that what he beholds is only a representation in art.

Now, in tragedy, this appeal to emotion is supplemented by an esthetic appeal and by the perception, also, of intellectual and moral values. The intelligent spectator's reaction upon tragedy is therefore highly complex. The tragedy of romance may cut loose from actuality, it may fly into realms unreal. This is the trait of those early dream-dramas of Maeterlinck,—examples of imaginative romance. Or the tragedy may retain some slight basis of realism and yet exhibit a world remote from the usual, a world of intenser feeling. This is the trait of those morbid dramas of d'Annunzio, —examples of passionate romance.

Let us examine both types of romantic tragedy. In d'Annunzio's earliest play, "The Dream of a Spring Morning," the theme is the madness of a wife whose lover has been slain in her arms by her jealous husband. She, who had passed a whole night clasping the bleeding corpse of her lover to her breast, is now in seclusion in a green garden; but every object, every incident tortures her memory and deepens her madness. All the changes upon this gruesome theme are rung with lyrical rather than dramatic fervor, yet they are too few for the piece to be other than painfully monotonous.

Even more romantic in passion is d'Annunzio's companion drama, "The Dream of an Autumn Sunset." Here the wicked wife of the Doge of Venice slays her lord by sorcery that she may be free to wed a lover; but the fickle lover transfers his affections to the notorious Pantea. As Pantea sails

in her barge upon the Grand Canal, the jealous Dogaressa invokes curses on her head and through witchcraft destroys her. Flames burst from Pantea's barge, while, on shore, the malignant Dogaressa snatches pins from her attendants' hair to thrust into a waxen image of the dying courtesan.

In both these dramas the worst features of emotional romanticism are apparent. Nothing could be more abnormal or less justified of common sense. In d'Annunzio's later plays, the tragedy of passionate romance is less completely a nightmare; and yet, in "The Dead City" ("La Città morta"), it is still sufficiently morbid. Here an archæologist is unnaturally in love with his sister. He struggles against the mad passion, seeking relief from it in a feverish quest for the remains of Agamemnon near Mycenæ. His quest is rewarded, but the crimes of the ancient race that Leonardo disinters appear only to infect him the more. As his sister, unsuspecting the source of his trouble, grows more gentle to him, she but adds fuel to his flame. At last, unable longer to resist his passion, he slays her, believing that only thus can he preserve her honor and his own. As she bends to drink from a spring, he presses her down from behind into the water, and then, as he draws her forth and looks on that pallid face, he feels again as a brother should.

The sense of duty that impels Leonardo to this act is strangely perverted. Had he slain himself, we might have approved the deed as one that had rid the world of a neurotic and erotic degenerate. Leonardo, however, entertains no notion of self-effacement. In fact, he regards what he does as his sister's only salvation. He boasts that there is no love upon earth equal to his own. "Who, who would have done for her what I have done for her?" he asks. "I raised her, I saw her face again . . . , not throbbing any more, her cold, dripping face. . . I closed her eyelids upon her eyes . . . ah, softer than a flower on a flower! . . . And every stain is gone out of my soul: I have become pure, quite pure."

The friend to whom Leonardo offers this amazing defence, although a married man, has himself been in love with the girl now dead. He accepts Leonardo's explanation and approves the deed. "To be able to love her so, I have killed

her," Leonardo reiterates; "that you might love her so under my eyes, you, no more separated from me, . . . O my brother in life and death, reunited to me, forever reunited to me by this sacrifice that I have made. . . She is perfect; now she is perfect. Now she can be adored like a divine being."

To the Anglo-Saxon mind Leonardo's moral logic appears sadly fallacious. Having banished the temptation to commit one crime by actually committing another, he glories in the deed as an act that will make for his closer friendship with one who had loved the victim of that crime. His motives are thus supremely selfish, yet he lays this flattering unction to his soul that now at last he is purified.

Of d'Annunzio's "La Gioconda" and "Francesca da Rimini" something will be said in another connection. Suffice it for the present to remark that, in both, passion predominates, a passion, as here, irresistible and fatal. Love, in short, is a disease, and woe be to him who takes it. Such is the moral, also, in d'Annunzio's peasant tragedy, "The Daughter of Jorio" ("La Figlia di Jorio"). The materials for this piece were carefully collected by the author, quite in the fashion of the naturalists. On a journey through the Abruzzi, d'Annunzio studied the savage peasantry, their manners, customs, and superstitions. His companion on the journey, the artist Michetti, memorialized it in paintings, the best of these showing a sorcerer's daughter passing five peasants and fixing one of them with her gaze. D'Annunzio's play exhibits this woman as similarly compelling the love of one peasant, while exciting only the lust, fear, and hatred of others.

Mila di Codra, the sorcerer's daughter, escaping from drunken harvesters who have fought over her in the fields, seeks sanctuary at the hearthstone of the nearest hut. Her coming interrupts the pagan espousal ceremonies of a young shepherd who is marrying against his will. The shepherd raises his sheep-hook to drive off the intruder, and then, looking her full in the face, succumbs to her spell. He fancies that he sees standing behind her the figure of her guardian angel. With a live coal he sears his hand that would have

struck her, then repulses from the door the drunken reapers, and lays upon the threshold a waxen cross, past which his father, guilty of having sought and fought for Mila, dare not go.

In the second act, the shepherd Aligi is living innocently with Mila in a mountain cavern. Yet she has resolved to leave him, for she is troubled in conscience at the thought of the bride he has left in the valley. Before she can execute her plan, however, Aligi's father, the brutal Lazaro, arrives to claim her, alleging his right as a parent to dispose of Aligi body and soul. As Mila is defending herself against Lazaro, Aligi rushes to her rescue, and, with an ax he had used in carving a statue of her angel, slays his father.

According to peasant justice, the parricide must suffer the loss of a hand, and then, sewn up in a sack with a savage mastiff, must be thrown into deep water. But first he is brought to his mother to receive her forgiveness and its token, a cup of forgetfulness. As Aligi drinks of this potion, Mila dashes in, falsely proclaiming her guilt as the slayer of Lazaro. When Aligi protests her innocence, Mila affirms that it is she who has thus bewitched him into believing himself a parricide. Aligi, infected by superstition, and weakened by the draught he has taken, now turns on the woman he loves, summoning his dead to curse her. As for Mila, she is seized by the infuriated peasants to be burnt for a witch.

In dramatic quality this play excels most of its author's earlier works. Each act begins with tension relaxed and a moderate tempo; each quickens the tempo and tightens the tension in approaching its close. The dramatic effect is heightened by the use of properties, and of incidents of ill-omen. For all its studied local color, however, the tragedy is romantic rather than realistic. It is romantic in its passion and its central figures, and romantically unreal in some of its motives. That the drunken reapers should have been calmed on the instant by Aligi's story of having seen Mila's guardian angel seems scarcely possible, allow as one may for the power of superstition. That Aligi himself should have been so innocent and naïve, and that Mila, a woman of

ill repute, for whom the married fight like beasts in the fields, should have proved so noble and pure is highly improbable. Mila, indeed, is a heroine of romance in peasant garb. Her act of self-sacrifice parallels that of Tasso's Sophronia.

D'Annunzio's later plays exhibit the qualities noted in the pieces already reviewed. Thus, his "Light under the Bushel" ("La Fiaccola sotto il Moggio") is merely another tragedy of stark horror that varies his favorite themes of lust, hatred, and revenge. In the Abruzzi lives a broken-down nobleman whose wife has been murdered by his servant-maid. He has later wedded this she-devil, who proceeds to poison his son and to make love to his brother. When Angizia's father, who is a snake-charmer, comes to the castle bearing gifts, she has him stoned. But the nobleman's daughter binding his hurts appropriates his bag of vipers, into which she plunges both her arms. In this dreadful manner she commits suicide, feeling that if she had only watched more carefully over her mother, that mother might have been saved from the clutches of Angizia. In the meantime, Angizia herself has been slain by the nobleman.

Similar sensationalism colors "Fedra," "More than Love," and "The Ship." In "Fedra," d'Annunzio merely revamps Greek legend, finding in the story of the passion of Phædra for Hippolytus a congenial subject. In "More than Love" ("Più che l'Amore"), d'Annunzio presents an Italian superman, an explorer, who returns to Italy enraged to find that the fame of his exploits has been unjustly transferred to another. Desiring to revisit Africa, and lacking the funds to do so, he proposes to provide them by slaying the keeper of a gambling den. Already he has seduced the sister of his bosom friend, but this friend, notwithstanding, would save him from arrest. The piece concludes, leaving us in doubt as to the fate of the unscrupulous egoist.

Still another tragedy of abnormal passion is "The Ship" ("La Nave"), its scene Venice, and its period the sixth century. The Venetians, in revolt against the tribune of Justinian, have put him and his sons to death. His daughter, a courtesan, comes from the Byzantine camp and planning revenge casts her spells upon Marco Gratico, the newly

elected tribune. With the influence thus acquired, she is enabled to torture those who had procured the death of her father and brothers, causing her enemies to be flung naked and starving into a filthy trench. As her victims rave, she laughs. At last, moved by the taunts of their leader, she drives an arrow into his breast, and, growing frenzied at the sight of blood, proceeds to destroy his fellows one by one.

Now Basiliola, the courtesan, not content with having ensnared Marco Gratico, proceeds to entrap also his brother, the bishop, before whom she dances in the temple. But Marco Gratico turns against the bishop and the courtesan, imprisons the latter and slays the former, and in the last act of the play is about to embark upon a voyage of expiation in the great ship which lends its name to the piece. When Basiliola begs to accompany him, Marco Gratico retorts that he will nail her to the prow of his ship for a figure-head, whereupon she flings herself as an offering into the fire kindled upon an altar to naval victory. As she dies, the ship is launched, amid the hymns of the people now saved from Byzantine domination.

Spectacular and flamboyant is this "Adriatic tragedy," as d'Annunzio calls it—a series of brilliant scenes symbolic of a world-historical crisis, the triumph of Rome over Byzantium at Venice; but, like most of its author's pieces, it is a matter of picture and of poetry rather than of drama, its personages are masks instead of characters, and its criticism of life is without value.

VI

In turning from d'Annunzio's tragedies of passion to Maeterlinck's tragedies of imagination, the reader enters a world less morbid, yet the poet's dreams are strange and often terrible. Childlike characters wander through gloomy crypts and castle halls, spied upon by wicked eyes, cornered, and finally slain. A sense of impending evil haunts these victims. They shudder at unseen presences, beat at closed doors with bleeding hands, or sink into lethargy as the result of poison. In all his work, Maeterlinck is a master of suspense in exciting fear. He is also a master of moods delivered

through the use of backgrounds and properties. A flat and misty landscape is barred with canals and dappled with pools and fountains. The sun hangs low, or at night stars blaze baleful, and meteors cross the sky. Over the lowland blows a salt wind, and sea birds are swept through the air as thunder storms crash past. Beside the ocean stand mouldering castles, and in dark forests rise ancient towers. The gloom within these towers and castles is intense. And everywhere, indoors and out, Maeterlinck's pictures are vague, indefinite, suggestive. He paints color and atmosphere, not outline. He expresses moods and naked fears and hopes, rather than ideas. To attain these ends he uses language that is marked by simplicity of word and phrase,—brief questions and answers, the answers repeating often the questions; other repetitions, also, carried almost to the point of absurdity. Out of such elements Maeterlinck compounds his Theatre for Marionettes,—plays tenuous, unreal, in which the actors seem indeed but puppets drawn by the strings of mysterious fate. In these pieces Maeterlinck responds to the influence of Arthurian romance, and to the charm, as well, of the Elizabethan tragedy-of-blood.

In "The Death of Tintagiles" ("La Mort de Tintagiles"), a little prince has been brought from afar to the castle of a mad queen, who has made away with all her other heirs. Now it is the turn of Tintagiles. His only protectors are two weak sisters and a feeble old man. In vain they strive to save him. He is languishing from poison. They guard his door. When that door is mysteriously burst open, they struggle to push it shut. As he sleeps between his sisters, his fingers entwining their golden hair, handmaids cut the locks and bear him away. One sister, on awaking, follows the wisps of hair scattered along the corridors, and so finds the lofty vault to which the child has been conveyed. An iron door blocks her way, but through it she can hear Tintagiles pleading pitifully for release. Cruel hands are already at his throat. As Ygraine hammers at the door with her lamp, it is extinguished. Then she hears the fall of his little body, and sinks sobbing against the door in the dark.

In "Alladine and Palomides" ("Alladine et Palomides"),

two lovers are opposed by a wicked king. He confines them both in a vault beneath his castle, where the exhalations of a sea putrid with the castle refuse glow all about them. The lovers marvel at the beauty of the luminous, blue waters thronged with radiant blossoms. Precious stones seem to gem the crypt, but when daylight is admitted as rescuers burst in the walls, it "reveals to them little by little the gloom of the cavern they had thought marvellous. The miraculous lake becomes wan and sinister; the precious stones about them are extinguished, and the glowing roses appear as the stains and rotten rubbish that they are." Thus, symbolically, Alladine and Palomides awake from their dream of love to the foul reality. Then, dazed by the inrush of sunlight, they reel from their rock into the sea. Though drawn forth alive, they die; and the mad old king, their enemy, disappears singing in the meadows.

More gruesome than either of these strange pieces is "Princess Maleine" ("La Princesse Maleine"). Here the heroine is murdered by a malignant queen, who has enthralled an old king, feeble in body and failing in mind. He struggles weakly to save the doomed Maleine but is forced by the queen to aid in her strangling. Then, revealing the crime of the queen, he beholds her stabbed to death, and is led away raving.

The plot in this play is nothing, the characters are the emptiest types; but the scenes of sheer horror are powerful. In the first three acts all is vague and disjointed. But when, in the fourth and fifth acts, Queen Anne wreaks vengeance on Maleine, and the king goes mad, then Maeterlinck becomes dramatic and fairly Elizabethan. He seems inspired with the spirit of Ford and Webster. He has caught the accent of Marlowe in "Edward II;" and he gives us Shakespearean echoes, especially from "Macbeth" and "Lear."

Little Maleine lies ill on her bed. Locked in her room, she trembles at the solitude, and at the thunder-bolts that fall without, where the tombstones of a graveyard are revealed in flashes of lightning. Then the evil queen steals in with the senile king and pretends to fondle Maleine.

"But why do you look at me so, Maleine?" she asks fawn-

ingly. "Maleine, I have come to pet you a little. Where is the pain? You tremble as if you were going to die. Let me arrange your hair. I will tie your hair with this." As she speaks, she slips a cord about the girl's neck, and then draws it taut. Maleine's screams are choked; her struggles grow less; she sinks to her knees. As the hail lashes the windows, one of them flies open and tumbles a vase holding a lily to the floor. Inanely, the king raises the flower, and asks the queen where he shall put it. At the open window a strange face appears, the face of a madman who has climbed up the walls and peers within, chuckling.

At the queen's command, the old king beats back the madman with a sword, hurling him down to the moat. Then there comes scratching at the door a whining dog. The voices of nuns are heard chanting; there are knockings and cries for Maleine. The king tears open the door and flees down a corridor. Later, he lays hands upon the guilty queen who falls, stabbed to death by the lover of Maleine, and the king dies mad, babbling of things inconsequential.

These three plays of innocence outraged by crime are tragic in character. More purely pathetic are Maeterlinck's pieces that deal with the coming of death. In "The Intruder," "The Seven Princesses" and "The Blind," he develops the sentiment of fear in the presence of death through the use of symbols; but in "Home" ("l'Intérieur"), he induces it more simply. Here an old man and a stranger are conversing in a garden concerning the death of a girl. She has just been found drowned in a stream. They have come to apprise her family of the fact, a family that can be seen through the windows of their house seated in the lamplight, unconscious of the blow that is about to fall upon them.

"They think themselves in safety," says the old man, who is the girl's grandfather. "They have shut the doors; and the windows have iron bars. . . . They do not suspect that I hold here, two steps from their door, all their little happiness, like a sick bird, in my old hands which I do not dare to open."

This is the central situation, and the play is made merely by the arrival of a reverent crowd bearing her body. The

grandfather goes within, while those standing without watch him through the windows as he tells the dreadful news. Here, over a setting that is realistic, broods the twilight of romance. The old man seems a personification of divine omniscience observing these people from the height of another world by virtue of his superior knowledge.

All that was needful to make this drama symbolical was to have suggested the identity of the Stranger with death. Such a suggestion is clearly made in Maeterlinck's "Intruder" ("l'Intruse"), a play with a similar setting, but in which Death, the Intruder, comes into a family circle as one definitely personified, although unseen. The mother of a new-born child lies mortally ill. The members of her family sit in a darkened room, most of them hopeful and awaiting the coming of her sister. But the blind grandfather is apprehensive; he feels the approach of another visitor—the Intruder, Death. After dozing, he starts up, declaring that he has heard sighing and sobbing and the tread of feet upon a secret stair. The father, who goes to the door, feels it pushed strongly inward, although the maid who stands without denies having touched it. The blind man insists that some one has entered the room. As the uncle calls for a light, a wail of fear bursts from the new-born child, hitherto dumb. At this moment there is heard in the mother's room the scurrying of feet, followed by a sickening silence. Presently, a sister of charity is seen standing in the radiance that streams over the threshold. She makes the sign of the Cross, for her patient is dead.

This simple allegory requires no explanation. As in Hawthorne's stories, so here the supernatural may be interpreted as largely the result of subjective delusion. Death is merely personified by those who fear him, and he enters the house as a real, though intangible, presence.

In Maeterlinck's "Seven Princesses" ("Les sept Princesses"), however, the natural setting has been replaced by one purely romantic, and symbolism dominates. Seven princesses are sleeping in a hall of marble on seven steps. Behind long windows and a bolted door lies a terrace, beyond which the sun sinks over pines and marshes. Down a straight

canal approaches a man-of-war, and from it disembarks a prince. The princesses have grown weary of watching for Marcellus, and their parents chide him for his seven years' delay. Marcellus peers through the windows with longing, gazing at the princesses and especially at Ursula in their midst. When he offers to awaken them, however, the queen is fearful, for she notes on Ursula's face a deep shadow.

The watchers struggle to unfasten the door; but since neither that nor the windows can be opened, the prince must pass alone through a burial vault, and come up within the hall by moving a slab in the pavement. He accepts the task and descends, while sounds of joy are faintly heard from his departing ship, now illuminated on the horizon. As the ship disappears, Marcellus emerges within the hall and drops the slab back into place. At the noise of its fall, six of the princesses awake, but Ursula remains motionless. Marcellus shrinks on touching her bare arm, and looks from one to another of the sisters with meaning in his eyes. Outside, as the king, the queen, and the people of the castle clamor at the door and the windows, a black curtain falls, shutting off the scene.

So far as its central situation is concerned, this piece is perfectly intelligible. A mother, watching the sleep of a sick child, fears to try to waken her, lest her slumber prove to be the sleep of death. The conviction that the child is indeed dead deepens, and with it deepens the fear of death itself. What makes the play tantalizing is not the dramatic situation, but the accessories with which Maeterlinck has surrounded it. Why should there be seven princesses rather than one? Why should they have waited seven years for the coming of the prince? Why should this prince be obliged to pass through a burial vault in order to reach them? Are these things but decorative features, intended to produce a weird effect, or have they some concealed yet precise significance? Evidently, the departure of the ship for the wide Atlantic is a half symbolic parallel of the departure of Ursula's soul for the wide spaces of eternity; evidently, the shadow that lies across her face is the shadow of death. Such incidental symbolism is understandable, but the symbolism of

the whole demands, yet defies, analysis. To the devotees of symbolism, this is part of its charm. To others, the resultant obscurity is only a stumbling block. For the rationally minded are prone to apply to symbolism the small boy's definition of a parable, as a heavenly story with no earthly meaning.

CHAPTER IV

THE DRAMA OF SYMBOLISM

I. Symbolical features already noted in the plays of Ibsen and Maeterlinck; other evidences of the use of symbolism by both: Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken;" "Maeterlinck's "Ariane and Barbe Bleue," the legend of Blue Beard employed to satirize woman's willing bondage to man; "The Blue Bird," a fairy-tale quest for happiness, without deeper meaning; and "The Blind," a mystical tableau, unduly perplexed as to meaning.

II. Symbolism in a group of undramatic dream-dramas: Hauptmann's "Hannele," a child's vision of death in naturalistic setting; Galsworthy's "The Little Dream," a fanciful allegory of life; and Strindberg's "The Dream Play," the nightmare of a pessimist.

III. Romantic plays of controlled imagination: Rostand's "Chantecler," a dramatized apologue, satirizing modern society and touching upon self-confidence and woman's relation to man in regard to his work; Sudermann's "Three Heron Feathers," symbolizing the relation of the real to the ideal; Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," another treatment of the same theme, and the best modern drama of poetical symbolism. Its personal allegory as referring to the failure of Hauptmann's "Florian Geyer;" its general allegory as referring to the conflict between instinct and duty, paganism and Christianity, with the emphasis on duty; its last act as laying stress on the Nietzschean doctrine of individual self-assertion.

IV. Symbolism conjoined with realism, unsuccessfully in Hauptmann's "And Pippa Dances," and more intelligibly, in Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back" and Kennedy's "Servant in the House," both symbolizing the Christian spirit of fraternity.

I

Although the drama is not so well adapted as other types of literature to the uses of the symbolist, playwrights have resorted to allegory on occasion ever since its capabilities were made clear in the medieval morality plays and in the Spanish *autos sacramentales*. If, in the main, symbolism

has languished on the stage in modern times, it has attained a certain vogue of late, notwithstanding; and this vogue is to be ascribed, in part, to the practice of Ibsen in his more recent works, to the predilection of Maeterlinck for the suggestive rather than the expressive, and to the revival, in 1901, of the old morality play, "Everyman." The immediate influence of "Everyman" may be seen in such pieces as "The Hour Glass," by Yeats; "The Fool of the World," by Arthur Symons; and "Life's Measure," by Nugent Monk;—in all of which Death appears either as fool or angel to summon man to his last account.

Ibsen's resort to symbolism has already been noticed. This feature of his dramas, some critics are prone to minimize—Georg Brandes, for example; others, like William Archer and M. Faguet, admit its importance without attempting to systematize it; still others, like Jennette Lee, both systematize and exaggerate it, declaring Ibsen to be essentially a symbolist. Thus, Miss Lee, in her well-known book, "The Ibsen Secret," would explain even "Hedda Gabler" in allegorical terms. Hedda, with her short, quick movements and snappy interjections, is herself a symbol. Of what? Of a pistol.

It may be difficult to follow such vagaries of interpretation, but to every reader of the great Norwegian, his mastery of symbolism in certain plays must be evident. Nor is it necessary that we should agree as to the precise meanings that lie beneath the surface of each piece. In some the symbolism is partly a matter of terms, a name suggesting the characteristic of its possessor. Thus Solveig signifies the pathway of the sun, Solness an obstructing promontory, and Kaia Fosli a mountain brook falling over the rocks. In other plays, the symbolism is a matter of phrases or things. Thus "the white horses" of "Rosmersholm" suggest the superstitions and traditions of the Rosmer family; the ship, in "The Pillars of Society," suggests Bernick's own life, fair without but unsound within; Nora's dance, in "A Doll's House," suggests her fevered union with her husband, playful yet wearisome; and the uninsured asylum of "Ghosts" suggests Oswald's existence unsecured against the menace of heredity. So

too, in "Hedda Gabler," the manuscript for which Thea and Hedda contend suggests Lövborg's own soul striven for by his angels good and bad; and the Wild Duck, in the play of that name, suggests specifically the Ekdal family, wounded by old Werle, and burying itself in obscurity, only to be dragged to the surface by Werle's assiduous son, or, more generally perhaps, humanity—"man born of liberty," as Faguet has put it, "yet condemned to live in servitude and darkness from the weakness of his nature."

In still other plays by Ibsen, the symbolism is a matter of character and incident. Thus Ellida, in "The Lady from the Sea," may be the soul languishing under the conventions of the land-life, yearning for freedom—the open sea—, yet called upon to choose between freedom and duty. The lame child, in "Little Eyolf," may adumbrate the father's maimed career, and the Rat Wife may personify the parent's selfishness drawing the child to its doom. In "The Master Builder," as we have already seen, appears a more elaborate allegory concerned in the main with the relations between youth and age, ambition and capacity, but suggesting, also, stages in the dramatist's own creative activity.

Even more complicated is the symbolism of Ibsen's last play, "When We Dead Awaken," in which the idea chiefly emphasized is the contrast between two conceptions of art—art for art's sake, and art for life's sake. Here there is evident, also, a subordinate symbolism meant to exhibit the dramatist's criticism of his own artistic career. Rubek, the sculptor, prospers so long as he holds to his faith in love and idealism—the model, Irene. But when he dismisses the latter, his work grows awry. He turns to mould portrait busts with strange animal faces, a suggestion of some of Ibsen's own dramatis personæ—folk like Hedda and Solness, Allmers and Borkman, who through selfishness lose their higher humanity and tend to grow bestial. Then he begins to alter his larger statue, "The Resurrection Day," vainly endeavoring to amend it. He enlarges its base, moving to the background the pure figure of the ideal, or love, and he displays in the foreground less worthy objects resurrected to life, animal faces swarming up from the soil, the men and

women of a baser actuality,—symbols, it may be, of some who appear in the social plays of the dramatist. Finally, into the group Rubek introduces the image of his own person, bowed low as with guilt, yet unable to free himself from the earth-crust,—a figure wherein the astute may discern the symbol of Ibsen's own efforts in this piece to atone for his earlier desertion of idealism for realism, or, more generally still, to do penance for his partial neglect of the claims of love and life for those of art.

In Maeterlinck, too, we have already observed the coming of death set forth in symbols, now very simply as in "The Intruder," and now with some complexity, as in "The Seven Princesses." In certain other of Maeterlinck's plays, symbolism is employed as a mere accessory. So, in "Pélléas and Mélisande," the dank vaults beneath the castle exhale poisonous odors, and lizards are undermining the foundations—symbolic hints of the disintegrating moral forces at work in the castle above. Here, too, herds pass bleating to the butcher, as the lovers themselves must soon pass to their doom, and servants are seen seeking in vain to wash clean a door-sill whereon, ere long, the blood of Mélisande will be shed. So, also, in "Alladine and Palomides," when the pet lamb of Alladine slips into a moat and is drawn by the waters within the castle crypt, the attentive reader expects a similar fate for the heroine.

Brighter and clearer in their symbolism are Maeterlinck's fairy-like pieces, "Ariane and Barbe-Bleue" and "The Blue Bird" ("l'Oiseau bleu"). "Ariane and Barbe-Bleue" is the story so charmingly told two centuries ago by Charles Perrault, but Maeterlinck alters the dénouement. Ariane, the sixth wife of Blue Beard, here releases from durance her five predecessors, to no purpose. For they refuse to profit by their freedom. When Blue Beard, beaten by an irate mob, is left, at Ariane's request, to the vengeance of the ill-used wives, they bind up his wounds. Notwithstanding his ill usage of them, they love their wicked master. Ariane is stronger of mind than the others, she at least will leave him; and yet when she goes, it is with extreme reluctance. She departs from felicity weeping, looking back on Barbe-Bleue

fondled by his five happy slaves. Love, in other words, is ready to forgive even crimes against love. To free most women from male bondage is to make them miserable.

The vein of humor, here just visible, crops full into view in Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird." Mityl and Tyltyl, the children of a woodcutter, on a Christmas Eve, dream of undertaking a quest in search of the Blue Bird—happiness. By virtue of a fairy's gift, they can look into the past and into the future and see, too, into the very soul of all things. Their adventures when the magic diamond is used are numerous and fantastic. The hours come dancing from the case of a clock; the souls of Fire, Bread, Sugar, Milk, Light, and of a Cat and a Dog are made visible, and accompany the children in their hunt for the Blue Bird. In vain they visit the land of Memory, the realm of Night, a forest, a grave-yard, and the kingdom of the Future. At length with a turn of the diamond, the visions fade, and the children awake in their cottage. She who had seemed like the fairy, Bérylune, proves to be only a neighbor who enters to beg of Tyltyl his caged turtle dove for which her sick child keeps asking. As Tyltyl gives up the bird, he perceives that it has turned a deep blue. And when the neighbor comes back, with her little girl restored to health by the gift, Tyltyl finds in the child a resemblance to Light, his friend of the vision. As he opens the cage to show her the bird, it spreads wings and flies away.

"Never mind," says Tyltyl. "Don't cry!—I will catch him again;" and, addressing the audience, he adds: "If any of you should find him, would you be so very kind as to give him back to us?—We need him for our happiness, later on."

So far as this fantasy has any meaning, it conveys the familiar moral that happiness, although sought in the past, in the remote or mysterious present, and the future, can best be found at home in an act of unselfishness. The final flight of the Blue Bird implies that happiness can be captured and held for only a moment. In the quest, not in the possession, lies joy. There are meanings faintly suggested, also, in other phases of the play—the blind rebellion of the things and the elements at the domination of man, the more conscious rebellion of the Cat, the instinctive friendship for man of

the Dog, and the insight of children into nature. One critic —Henry Rose—affirms that we have here a consistent allegory based upon the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondences, the bird standing for celestial truth, the children for innocent humanity, and Bérylune for the divine spirit. But much of the piece is certainly mere delectable nonsense, conceived in the whimsical mood of "Alice in Wonderland" or "Peter Pan." As an acting drama, "The Blue Bird" has achieved success, not because of its allegory, but rather because of its fanciful humor and the charm of its spectacle.

In most of Maeterlinck's symbolism, he who runs may read the meanings; it is only the details that challenge to a wrestling bout of the wits. This is the case even with "The Seven Princesses." In one play, however, Maeterlinck's allegory demands a full stop of his reader and an intellectual tussle. "The Blind" ("Les Aveugles") is no drama for acting; it is only a tableau accompanied by dialogue, this dialogue consisting of the briefest questions, answers, and exclamations.

On a wooded island an old priest is sitting in the moonlight, propped against a hollow oak. On one side of him are six old blind men ranged in a row, and on the other side are six blind women, one of them young and beautiful, and another mad yet holding upon her knees a sleeping child. They have all strayed away from an asylum, led by the blind priest, and now they are waiting for him to guide them back, unaware that he sits in their midst—dead. A sickening fear settles down on these lost creatures. As one of them complains, "We have never seen each other. We ask and we reply; we live together, we are always together, but we know not what we are!"

So far, the allegory is fairly clear. On the island of Time, in the sea of Eternity, are huddled darkened souls, unaware of their destiny, groping for guidance, and relying for help upon a priesthood now dead. But what follows is more elusive of explanation. As the leaves fall about the lost folk, the beautiful Blind Girl moves toward some faded asphodels, which are plucked for her by the Sixth Blind Man, who can see a little. Then, the asylum dog trots in and drags over

to the motionless priest the First Blind Man. As the latter touches the cold face of the priest, he shrinks back in terror; and when the others learn that their leader is dead, they too are seized with panic. As snow falls, the mad woman's child begins wailing. The Blind Girl takes it up, exclaiming: "He sees! he must see something if he cries!" Then, holding the child before her, she advances in the direction from which steps are now heard approaching, while the other women grope after her. Presently, the steps seem to halt in their midst. "Who are you?" demands the Blind Girl; but the unseen presence will not answer. "Have pity on us!" moans one, but the only sound is the child's weeping.

Here the little piece ends, and we are left to ask certain questions. What is this mysterious presence? Is it Death, the only salvation for those who are lost on the island of Time, blindly straying amid doubts and fears? If the presence be Death, that will account for the dread of the child and the hope of his elders. Or is this some spirit benign come to enlighten dark souls? And what are the sickly asphodels, which the Blind Girl recalls as the blossoms of the dead? Are she and the Sixth Blind Man symbols of the poetic faculty, as has been suggested? And what is the dog? Is the dog mere instinct, which can lead only to some other leader? Or is the dog—pray, pardon the pun—just a dogma, which would drag men back to a moribund faith when they yearn for living guidance? Is the play symbolic of the soul's slavery to sense before its liberation by spirit? Are the Blind Men carefully discriminated degrees of the intellect, and are the Blind Women corresponding degrees of the affections? The First Blind Man, some will tell you, represents our material ideas derived from sense impressions. The Second represents our faculty of grouping these ideas in simple classes. The Third represents our theoretical reason, which from such lesser groupings draws its larger conclusions. According to this interpretation, these three Blind Men are properly described as born blind, since they have of themselves no knowledge of things spiritual. The Very Old Blind Man may represent, in this scheme, our allegiance to traditions older than our individual thinking, and the Fifth Blind

Man may represent in his deafness the wilful indifference of our natural reason to spiritual truth. Then, the Sixth Blind Man, who can see just a little, may represent our innate moral sense and response to beauty—in the asphodels—, a glimmer of spiritual understanding, not sufficient of itself, however, to guide us from the world of sense.

A simpler explanation of the play has been given by its translator into English, Richard Hovey. "'The Blind,'" wrote Hovey in his Introduction, "is the symbol of a world lost in the dark forest of unfaith and unknowledge,—its ancient guide, the Church, sitting dead in the midst of the devotees and them of little faith, who all alike have lost the swift vision of the intuition and can inform themselves of their situation only by the slow, uncertain groping of the reason. In vain they seek for a guide in animal instinct, in the glimmer of vision possessed by the poet,—who turns aside and gathers flowers,—in some power of insight fancied in insanity, in the new-born future that cannot utter yet its revelation. But these correspondences must not be pursued too curiously. They are intended to appeal to the imagination and the emotions and not to the mere ingenuity of the intellect." Indeed, according to Hovey, what distinguishes modern symbolism from ancient is the fact that "It by no means of necessity involves a complete and consistent allegory. Its events, its personages, its sentences rather imply than definitely state an esoteric meaning."

II

If Maeterlinck, as a pure romanticist, makes use of such symbolism, Hauptmann and Sudermann, who began as naturalists, and Galsworthy and Strindberg who have best succeeded as realists, also employ it. Hauptmann exhibits his transition from naturalism to symbolism in "Hannele" ("Hanneles Himmelfahrt"), a dream play, with its fanciful features set into relief by a background of actuality. Where Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" is light and amusing, Hauptmann's "Hannele" is grave and pathetic. Into a desolate alms-house on a stormy night is brought little Hannele

Mattern. In order to escape the brutality of her step-father, she has attempted suicide and is dying. After a physician and a nurse have ministered to her, Hannele, left alone in the dark, begins to dream.

She hears the angels chanting, beholds her dead mother come to console her, and sees the village tailor about to array her as the bride of Heaven. She hears a funeral march, and cries out at the Angel of Death whose sword seems uplifted to smite her. Then the schoolmaster, Gottwald, appears, with his pupils, to bid her farewell. A crystal coffin receives her, and now one of the paupers is holding a feather before her lips to prove that she no longer lives. Suddenly, the vision darkens; she fancies that her drunken step-father has reeled in and is roaring at her. She sees him intercepted by an ill-clad stranger, with the Christ face of Gottwald.

As Mattern denies the stranger an alms, and boasts that he never has abused little Hannele, the thunder peals warningly, and Mattern, convulsed with fear, rushes out, vowing that he will hang himself. The rags fall away from the stranger, who steps forth resplendent to raise Hannele from her coffin, and to promise her all the joys of Heaven. Then, as the singing of angels dies away, the stage grows dark. When the light once more reveals Hannele, she is lying, as at first, on the alms-house cot, the nurse standing by, and the physician saying simply, "She is dead!"

Except for this close and the opening scene among the paupers, most of what passes upon the stage is the child's dying delirium externalized. In her disordered vision, the real persons about her melt into those of her dream. Moreover, in that dream, she mingles her recollections of Bible story and of fairy mythology, confusing,—as Professor Grumann has pointed out,—the Lord Jesus with Frau Holle, who, according to folk-lore, lures little children to her home in the water. Hannele pictures herself as enjoying in death the luxuries of which she has been deprived while living, such luxuries, too, as the unrecognized princesses of fairy-tales delight in when at last they come to their own. From the pious stories she has heard, Hannele expects due amends to be made to her in Heaven; hence her dream of her school-

mates tearfully asking forgiveness for their ill-treatment of her. The very fact that the child's conceptions of death and the life beyond are so naïvely material enhances the value of the play as a work of naturalism, for, however imaginative, it does not transcend the workings of imagination in such a character. "Hannele," in short, is effective, if not as a drama of conflict, at least as a spectacle suggesting by outward means inner states of child-consciousness.

Two other symbolic dream-dramas deserve attention at this point,—Galsworthy's "The Little Dream" and Strindberg's "The Dream Play,"—the former as light as the latter is sombre. In the allegory by Galsworthy, a Swiss maiden welcomes to her father's hut a foreign mountain-climber. It is night, and as the girl curls up on a window-seat to sleep, the stranger kisses her. Presently, her rustic lover repeats the salute; and Seelchen's ensuing dream is colored by the thought of these two kisses, each representing an opposite compulsion.

In her vision, Seelchen beholds the three mountains of the district fantastically endowed with human faces. The Cow-Horn shows the bearded face of her shepherd, the Wine Horn shows the beardless face of the climber from the city, and the Great Horn shows a sphinx-like face indicative of Fate or Death. Each mountain in turn offers the sleeper a gift. The third declares that she shall lie on the hills with silence, and dance in the cities with knowledge, but at last she shall come to the Great Horn. The joy of rest and the joy of motion, the peace of nature and the feverish stir of the world—both are good, but death closes all.

In this pleasant fantasy there is nothing that requires elucidation. The names of the characters, like those in "Pilgrim's Progress," are self-explanatory. The thoughts expressed are old. Life leads the little soul from one extreme to another, and the soul passes on to the edge of the world and beyond. Galsworthy's poetic prose is better than his verse, but in neither is this imaginative exercise especially distinguished. Like "Hannele," moreover, it is spectacular rather than dramatic.

Even less dramatic is Strindberg's "Dream Play" ("Ett

Drömspel"), one of the least coherent works composed for the modern stage. A goddess comes to earth to ascertain if the griefs of men be genuine. She takes on human form in order to test the unhappiness of mundane existence. Soon she is satisfied that it is unalterably evil. If life could only cease, there would be some assurance of rest for man. When a poet asks the goddess from what she has most suffered, she replies, "From *being:* to feel my vision weakened by an eye, my hearing blunted by an ear, and my thought, my bright and buoyant thought, bound in labyrinthine coils of fat." Strindberg's piece differs from these other plays in that it is wholly a dream—the nightmare of the dramatist, not of any one character. It differs, further, by its excess of the fantastic. As Strindberg himself has described it: "On an insignificant background of reality, imagination designs and embroiders novel patterns; a medley of memories, experiences, free fancies, absurdities, and improvisations. The characters split, double, multiply, vanish, solidify, blur, clarify. But one consciousness reigns above them all—that of the dreamer."

Although psychologically the play is not without interest, dramatically, it is little more than a curiosity. Many incidents are purely grotesque; others are designed to prove the misery of men—their vice, injustice, or disappointed hopes. With a wealth of unreasoned detail, the mad nightmare unfolds until the goddess in despair shakes the dust of earth from her feet. Then all the other folk follow suit, flinging their possessions one by one into a bonfire, and the growing castle into which the goddess has retired bursts into flame, a bud at its roof opening out into a great chrysanthemum—the symbol of eternity.

III

From such bewildering shifts of the kaleidoscope of fancy, it is a relief to turn to certain dramas of controlled imagination and fairly consistent symbolism. Some, like Hauptmann's "And Pippa Dances" and "The Sunken Bell," admit of several interpretations. Others are crystal clear as to meaning. Such a piece is Rostand's apologue "Chante-

cler," a satire upon modern society thinly disguised in hide and feathers. Rostand wished to compose in verse a romantic play; but conventional garb for his characters seemed hopelessly unromantic. One day, in watching the animals of a barnyard, he conceived of using them on the stage as the analogues of men and women. His creatures are only convenient symbols, therefore, like the beasts of La Fontaine or the birds of Aristophanes. They in no way adhere to the truth of animal life.

If "Chantecler" be a social satire, it is also a study of egotism, of its folly and its practical wisdom. The rooster, so long as he believes in his power to evoke the sunrise, is happy. He does his work with a will, convinced that he is indispensable to the scheme of creation. But the Hen Pheasant, jealous of his faith in this mission, piques him into attending the Guinea-fowl's five o'clock tea. There he is laughed at by the pedants and fops, and attacked by a treacherous cock set on by the Birds of Night. When a Sparrow-hawk, sweeping low, frightens the gossips, they look to Chantecler for aid; but, as soon as the Hawk soars away, resume jeering. In the forest, whither Chantecler has been followed by the Pheasant, he still glories in his song, and accepts the flattery of the toads, until, on hearing the Nightingale's music, he first understands the inferiority of his own crowing.

When a shot from ambush slays the Nightingale, Chantecler, grieved to perceive that fate is no respecter of merit, turns to the Pheasant for comfort. But she, who has seen the dawn coming, resolves to test her lover's boasted power. Until the sun has risen, she screens his eyes with her wing, and then shows him in triumph that the work he has been at such pains to perform is useless. The process of the universe unfolds as well without him. At first, disillusioned, Chantecler laments; then, he takes heart; for at least his crowing has proclaimed the day. There remains this task worth doing. Spurning the Pheasant's further efforts at beguilement, he flies from the forest, leaving her freshly fascinated by his self-assertion. But, caught at that moment in a trap, she dies.

The symbols of this play require no elucidation. Concerning one alone has there been the least dispute. By some, the Hen Pheasant has been thought to stand for the new woman, eager to compete with man in the world and jealous of all his activities. By others, she has been thought to represent a type more ancient, the coquette in pursuit of the male, jealous of his work, not because she would share it, but because she would have his exclusive attention.

Equally transparent in symbolism is the dramatized fairy tale of "The Three Heron Feathers," by Sudermann. Like Keats's "Endymion," "Die drei Reiherfedern" exhibits a man's quest of the ideal, identified with a beautiful woman. He who would attain the ideal disdains the actual, and discovers only too late that she who seemed earthly was herself the ideal he was seeking. Sudermann's Prince Witte has left home to find the woman who will match his dream. It has been revealed to him that in order to possess her he must secure three feathers from a heron of the northern seas. By burning the first, he will gaze upon her; by burning the second, he will be united with her in love; by burning the third, he will destroy her. Having fulfilled the first two conditions without realizing that his wife is indeed his ideal, Prince Witte resigns his crown and wanders over the earth. One day he returns and, meeting his faithful queen, comprehends his folly. It is she whom he loves, and no other. He will dispel the vision that has so misled him. Accordingly, he burns the last magic feather. As it disappears in smoke, the queen sinks at his feet. The prophecy has been fulfilled. She is his true ideal, and he has destroyed her. Clasping her body in despair, he is united with her in death.

This problem of the relation of the real to the ideal has always perplexed the romanticists. Sometimes they have insisted, as in Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine," upon the supremacy of the ideal; and sometimes they have insisted, as here, upon the necessity of perceiving the ideal in and through the actual. The contrast between the two, best presented in fiction by "Don Quixote," is here faintly reflected in the contrast between Prince Witte and his servant, Hans Lorbas, a mild Sancho Panza. As for the Begräbnis-

frau, she symbolizes Fate and Death, and may be recognized as first cousin to Ibsen's Rat Wife.

In turning to Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell" from this play which it inspired, we pass from allegory that admits of but one explanation to that which eludes perfect understanding. The principal meanings may be clear, but there is much in the enveloping action to tax an expositor's ingenuity. As in Ibsen's "Master Builder," the symbolism is partly general and partly of personal application. If the churches and the homes for human beings reared by the Master Builder refer to Ibsen's earlier romantic and his later realistic dramas, so, in "Die versunkene Glocke," the bell that was made for the heights and that rolls down the cliff into a mere may be referred to Hauptmann's historical play, "Florian Geyer," made, as he thought, for success, but wrecked by failure. In "Florian Geyer," Hauptmann had sought to apply to historical material the methods of dramatic naturalism. By painting a vast panorama, and by shifting about more than sixty dramatis personæ, he had tried to revive scenes of the peasant war of 1525 in East Franconia. He had created a fine central personage, an aristocrat like Götz von Berlichingen, who sides with the peasants, but rues his bargain in death. The piece failed, and Hauptmann turned for comfort to his art.

Heinrich, the founder, has cast a great bell for a church on a height. But as it was being dragged upward to its place from the valley, a mischievous wood-sprite has loosened a spoke of the dray and sent the bell careering down a ravine, until its tongue is stilled in a lake. Heinrich, exhausted with pursuing it, sinks before the hut of a witch. Here the blonde nymph, Rautendelein, revives him, and makes him hers. So, forsaking wife and children, he goes to live with Rautendelein on the mountain, worshipping the sun as a symbol of nature, and seeking to fashion, in deserted glass-works, a master chime. When the vicar urges Henrich's return to duty, and tells him of his children, who drink their lonely mother's tears, the founder merely laughs. The past no more frets him, he affirms, than does the bell now hushed forever. The vicar warns him, however, that the sunken bell shall toll again.

From this time forth, Heinrich loses his peace of mind. When he is toiling in his forge, the dwarfs, who should assist, refuse to obey him. One sits at his side and whispers doubts that discourage him. Another shatters the iron on his anvil; still another, wearing a crown—the symbol of complete and satisfying achievement—will not speak to him. Presently Heinrich's children come, bearing aloft to him their dead mother's tears; and, from the mere, where she has drowned herself, the sunken bell tolls slowly. The founder, in frenzy, curses Rautendelein, his work, himself, and rushes forth, leaving the nymph, disconsolate, to descend the well of the Nickelmann, her former lover. Ere long, however, to the edge of the well comes Heinrich. He has found no peace in the world of men that he had forsaken, and he returns now to seek solace again in the world of nature. Three goblets are set before him by the witch. That of white wine will restore his vanished power; that of red wine will reveal the spirit he yearns to see; that of yellow wine will bring him death, and yet he must drink of it if he takes the other two. As he quaffs the second goblet, Rautendelein, whose voice he has heard far down the well, appears at its surface, and giving him the last goblet, bids him adieu. Heinrich quaffs the fatal draught and dies, fancying that he can hear the sunbells' song.

What does the play mean? No two critics are agreed. The personal allegory, as has been said, concerns the failure of Hauptmann's own "Florian Geyer." In despair at the fall of this bell, Hauptmann, its founder, turns for refuge to the free world of imagination. He will abandon his old naturalistic art of making bells that chime for the common life of man; he will now, in this very play, fashion an idealistic work transcending the merely human. But even while toiling at it, he, the poet-founder, feels summoned back to his old realistic art. In the scene with the rebellious dwarfs, he loses faith in the value of his new work, and then, unable to shut out the echoes of the old, is ready to forswear idealism. But to do so completely is no longer possible. He is a creature of both worlds—that of actuality and that of free imagination—, and yet a creature of neither.

Now Hauptmann's "Sunken Bell" contains, not only hints of this personal symbolism, but suggestions, as well, of a general moral allegory. Heinrich forsakes the world of social duty for the world of natural instinct. He deserts wife and children in the valley to dwell with the woodland nymph upon the heights. Because the bell he made for human worship falls, he turns to making bells for sun-worship, a free, glad, natural religion that will entail no self-abnegation. He refuses to obey the vicar's summons, yet the voice of conscience cannot be silenced. Remorse for having caused the death of his wife destroys Heinrich's dream. The sunken bell of conscience loudly tolls.

Henceforth Heinrich can take no joy in Rautendelein; yet in the valley he can find no rest. He feels himself an outcast child of the bright sun, longing for home. As he comes staggering up the mountain once more, he encounters the witch, who shows him the folly of further hoping to be great. He had aspired in his work to the superhuman. To have succeeded in this, he must have kept his ears deaf to the demands of every-day duty. So, at least, argues the witch, and Heinrich admits his error. Having set out to be a superman, he should have let nothing stand in his way.

It will be observed that the general allegory of the play is confusing because, up to the close of the fourth act, when Heinrich leaves Rautendelein, one moral is consistently emphasized; whereas, in the fifth act, the emphasis falls upon an idea wholly different. The earlier portion of the piece is devoted to exhibiting man torn between duty and instinct, yielding to instinct, yet unable to escape duty. This is merely the Tannhäuser legend in different guise.

With the last act, however, the most bewildering change of symbolical drift occurs. For now, instead of reprehending his hero's failure to work in the sphere of common duties, Hauptmann appears to commend him on that very score. Heinrich's error, we are left to infer, came, not from his loosing the ties that bound him to the petty affairs of the world, but rather from his weakness in not more ruthlessly cutting these ties. To attain the ideal, to create the great sun-bell, the artist must yield himself wholly to nature, he must forget

home and kindred; he must brave conventions, he must dare to be selfish. Those who will not so dare should never aspire to the heights.

Here, then, two antithetic ideas are mated, the Christian philosophy, dominant at first, and the philosophy of Nietzsche, dominant at the close. Perhaps one can partially reconcile the opposites by considering the moral of the play to read thus: All but the greatest, though tempted to escape from duty to instinct, from law to freedom, will err in yielding to that temptation. The greatest, however, may disregard what the others deem duty and law, and indeed can succeed only as they find their own law in nature.

In any case, it will be apparent that the symbolism of "The Sunken Bell" offers many pretty problems for the curious. But, like most works of the kind, the play lives, less by virtue of its intellectual content and suggested meanings, than by virtue of its poetry. In the first act, especially, Hauptmann has vitalized the forces of nature with singular charm, and here and in the later acts he who wishes to neglect the symbolism may still rejoice with Heinrich in the magic wood. Taken as a whole, "Die versunkene Glocke," in its beautiful verse and its imaginative characterization, is one of the loveliest blossoms on the tree of dramatic symbolism.

IV

All the symbolical dramas so far discussed have been more or less romantic. Even in "Hannele," the scene of the almshouse is quickly forgotten in the child's externalized dream. But symbolism, as Ibsen has shown, may readily be conjoined with realism. Such is the method employed, also, on a smaller scale by the Irish dramatists, as witness the "Cathleen ni Houlihan" of Yeats and "The Travelling Man" of Lady Gregory, to be described in another connection. A more elaborate mixing of the real with the symbolical is to be found in Hauptmann's "And Pippa Dances." Here symbolism rather wars with realism, the two elements failing to combine; whereas in plays like "The Servant in the House" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," there

exists a satisfying equilibrium between the symbolical and the natural.

Hauptmann's "Und Pippa Tanzt" is altogether the most perplexing of his dramas. If its first two acts seem fairly natural, the allegorical character of the last two acts obliges a revision of one's literal interpretation of what has gone before. The curtain rises upon rough glass-workers carousing in a mountain tavern. The manager of the works, wishing to be entertained, offers money to an Italian on condition that the latter's daughter dance for the company. As Pippa, roused from sleep, obeys this summons, a great red-bearded glass-blower begins to prance about in ungainly wise, attempting to embrace her. The company is amused by Huhn's capers, but at that moment Pippa's father, detected in cheating at cards, is driven from the inn and slain. In the midst of this brawl Pippa herself is snatched up by the monster glass-blower and carried off to his hut.

In his absence, there enters the pale young dreamer, Hellriegel, who, at the tavern, had played the ocarina for Pippa's dancing. A love scene follows, terminated by the sound of Huhn's roaring outside, "Jumalai!"—a word interpreted by Hellriegel to mean "Joy for all!"

Through these first two acts the play has moved in a world fairly real; from this point forward, it proceeds through regions unfamiliar. We are now in the cabin of an aged magician to whom the manager of the glass-works has come, begging that he may be cured of his longing for the vanished Pippa. Wann, the magician, has only to clap his hands, and lo! Pippa herself knocks at the door. She and Hellriegel, on their way to the latter's city of dreams by the Adriatic, are exhausted. They find shelter, however, with the magician, and the manager departs, healed of his infatuation at the sight of Pippa's devotion to Hellriegel.

Old Huhn has crept in and concealed himself behind the stove,—lust lying in wait for beauty. The magician soothes the lovers, and sends them to rest, having conquered the temptation to use his powers to possess Pippa for himself. But Huhn, the rough giant, knows no such self-denial. He reels forth from his hiding place, claiming all that he sees as

his own, and growing violent until controlled by the spell of the magician. Then, as he lies helpless, his intended victims, Pippa and Hellriegel, return and intercede for him. Pippa would even warm the old beast's heart with her hand and yield to his entreaty that she dance for him once more.

As Pippa dances, Huhn crushes in his fingers a wine glass, whereupon the girl sinks to the floor in death. Huhn, too, expires, after uttering once more his cry of "Jumalai!"—lust consuming itself, as well as destroying its object. And now Hellriegel, the idealist, whose eyes have suddenly lost their sight, but whose heart keeps its vision, fancies that Pippa is with him still and bound for the Venice of his dreams. The magician, although complaining that his schemes are ever frustrated by an invisible hand, encourages Hellriegel to proceed in quest of his water palace. "And Pippa shall dance?" asks Hellriegel wistfully. "And Pippa dances!" answers Wann. In other words, for the idealist, the ideal cannot die—it is ever living and active.

Now unquestionably, if there were no allegorical meaning contained in this play, it would scarcely warrant a second thought. But that it is intended to convey such a meaning must be obvious. Hauptmann himself has explained his purpose in part. "I endeavored to say in this piece," he writes, "that in all of us lies something for which our souls are yearning. We all pursue something which is dancing before our souls in beautiful colors and attractive forms. This something may be called Pippa. She is that beauty followed by all in whom imagination has not wholly disappeared." Hauptmann further declares that in Huhn he intended to represent the masses, with their appetite for the external forms of beauty alone, ready to crush the object of desire as ruthlessly as Huhn crushed the wine glass. In Hellriegel, the lover, he meant to describe the German folk-spirit, ever yearning for the soul of beauty; and in Wann he wished to portray science and philosophy unselfishly protecting youth and beauty, yet unable to save them from the assaults of lust.

Hauptmann's analysis does not exhaust the meanings to be discerned in his play. One critic regards Pippa as signify-

ing life; another as signifying the ideal. One deems the magician to be the 'Uebermensch' of the manager, and the last two or three acts to be merely the manager's dream after he had witnessed the dancing of Pippa and her abduction in the midst of the tavern brawl. Still another critic—Miss Helen A. Clarke—interprets the play as follows: "The man who would buy his ideal kills his own desire for it. The man who struggles willy-nilly to possess it crushes it when he himself is crushed. The poet, who loves it, having once had his vision, is blind as to whether it is a reality or only a phantasm of his imagination, and he is happy, after a fashion. The philosopher, whose learning and wisdom have shown him the fallacy of ideals in general, he alone holds the dead Pippa in his arms, and knows that, though she seem dead, she is really afar off on her own pilgrimage; she is still being pursued by the restless giant humanity, and still she dances, ever eluding her pursuer."

The difficulties involved in such a mixture of realism and symbolism as marks "And Pippa Dances" or "The Master Builder" may be obviated if the dramatist will only make his primary story in itself consistent and natural, instead of warping it out of reason in order to accommodate some secondary meaning. In pure allegories the secondary meaning so far dominates as to shape the external story from beginning to end. This is the case with plays like "Chanteeler" and "The Hour Glass"—pieces as legitimate and understandable as "Everyman."

In the simpler mixed allegories, like "The Travelling Man" or "Cathleen ni Houlihan," wherein but one personage is a symbol, and all the rest are natural, it is by no means hard to preserve an artistic consistency between the real and the allegorical. But in the more extensive semi-realistic dramas concerned with a number of symbolical characters and a plot partly natural and partly allegorical, the dramatist must be skilful indeed in harmonizing the two elements. Examples of such adjustments successfully accomplished may be found in companion plays already mentioned, "The Servant in the House" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In both, the setting and certain characters are realistic; in both,

there is symbolized the spirit of love and fraternity; and in both, Christ is suggestively identified with the protagonist.

Jerome K. Jerome's "Passing of the Third Floor Back" exhibits a company of selfish, worldly people who live in a shabby London boarding house, discontented with life without knowing why; and growing progressively meaner. Into this company comes a Stranger, who is relegated by the landlady to the third floor back. The Stranger, by refusing to see in the landlady and his fellow boarders anything but the best, calls out in them that best, and one after another they are morally rehabilitated. They regain their lost self-respect and learn to respect one another. They grow mutually helpful and strangely happy. Then, the Stranger, having taught them the lesson of love, passes from their midst, leaving as mysteriously as he had come. It is scarcely a play; it is almost a parable. There is even less dramatic action here than in the old moralities. But the humor with which the foibles and failings of all these folk are presented, and the compelling charm of the one symbolic figure hold the spectator's interest. The Stranger is, of course, an abstraction, the Spirit of Brotherly Love. One critic—Mr. Walter P. Eaton—has condemned the piece as immoral, in that it falsifies life. You cannot, he says, change bad men into good so lightly. Virtue must come as the result of a long struggle. To picture it coming in an hour as the result of an idealist's faith is to give a distorted image of virtue. Such fault-finding seems hypercritical. While, no doubt, an angel could scarcely have worked so rapid a transformation in souls so selfish, the truth that the author would convey is made clear by this transformation. See the best in your fellows, accord them generous treatment, cease to distrust them, and you go a long way toward making them worthy of your confidence. That idea is more readily emphasized through symbolism than it could have been through a more literal representation of life. Mr. Eaton's objections would be warranted were the Stranger only a man; but the Stranger is frankly a symbol.

More elaborate in its symbolism is Kennedy's "The Servant in the House." A vicar hopes for funds to repair his

church. His wife has appealed for aid to her wealthy brother, the Bishop of Lancashire. The vicar has received from his own brother, the Indian Bishop of Benares, an offer to co-operate in the work. Both bishops are expected on the same morning, intent upon the same business. Symbolically, the state of this particular church edifice signifies the decay of the church spiritual. An unhealthful odor arises within the structure and infects even the vicar's study. The Bishop of Lancashire symbolizes the aristocratic, self-seeking churchman who traduces the spirit of Christ's teachings. He is represented as half blind and very deaf. He is a director in the Society for the Promotion and Preservation of Emoluments for the Higher Clergy. He shows no willingness to assist the vicar until he finds that the famous Bishop of Benares, whose name spells influence, is likely to join the undertaking.

As for the Bishop of Benares, he symbolizes the true spirit of Jesus, the spirit of service and brotherhood which alone can restore the church. He first appears at the vicarage as a butler—The Servant in the House—, his name, Manson, being an obvious anagram. At the time of the coming of these prelates, the vicar is in distress, not only because of the state of his church, but also because of the state of his soul. He is troubled in conscience. For many years he has neglected another brother, the disreputable Robert, and just now has sought to evade a visit from him by sending him lying excuses. Robert, however, disregards the vicar's excuses and comes upon the scene, rough and violent. He had gone to the bad on the death of his wife, and for fifteen years his daughter has been reared in the vicar's family in ignorance of her father's identity and character. Robert has now come to claim her, raging against the vicar for having stolen the love of his child and made him an outcast.

Manson, however, calms Robert's wrath and so inspires him that, on meeting his child, he conceals his name from her in order that her happiness may not be marred. Then Manson, having listened to the Bishop of Lancashire's schemes for making capital out of religion, drives that hypocrite from the house, with the vicar's approval. And now to

the vicar's worldly wife, Manson reads a lecture. She it is who has banished Robert from their midst and cut him off from his child, and she, too, under Manson's influence grows contrite.

Then the repentant Robert, still uncouth in his scavenger's apparel and his Whitechapel speech, comes to tender his help in cleaning out the church drains. It is Manson who has fired him with zeal to explore the drains in the study, in following which he has been led far down to the central source of corruption—a vault beneath the church, reeking with the filth of dead men gone to rot, a vault symbolizing the dead body of tradition and convention which poisons those who would worship God in spirit and in truth.

When Robert vows that he will return to purge this vault of its corruption, the vicar tears off his parson's coat and collar, crying: "You shall not go alone! Off with these lies and make-believes! Freedom! This is no priest's work—it calls for a man!" In short, the forms of the church are nothing; humanity is everything. The priest must labor with the working-man in fraternal spirit. Only so, can the church be redeemed.

Robert's daughter at last recognizes in his rough person her father. How did she know him? he asks. "Because," she replies, "you are my wish come true; because you are brave, because you are very beautiful, because you are good!"

Manson, who thus far has been but the Servant in the House, though indeed its master, now reveals his identity.

"In God's name, who are you?" asks the vicar.

"In God's name," replies Manson, "your brother!"

Elaborate as is the symbolism of this play, it is all quite intelligible. It does not vex the mind as does that of "The Blind" or "The Seven Princesses." Although the matter of the drains is grotesque, it is subject to a natural explanation. Here, then, the primary meanings are not sacrificed, as in Ibsen's "Master Builder," to the meanings that are secondary and symbolical.

When all is said and done, however, the drama of symbolism, despite its antiquity and its present vogue, is limited

in appeal. Too often it reminds one of the dog in a familiar anecdote. This dog was tied to a post at a railway station. When a kind-hearted lady asked the station-master where the dog was going, the official replied dejectedly: "I don't know, ma'am; and he don't know; 'cause why? He's done et up his tag." Thus, too often, the drama of symbolism, like the dog, seems to have swallowed its tag. Moreover, the symbolical play, even when properly labelled, is limited in artistic appeal because it speaks to the intellect rather than the heart, because it substitutes for a picture of life disembodied ideas, and for living men and women abstract types. That symbolism, too, is less suited for the acted drama than for other forms of art, there can be no doubt. Certainly, the great plays of the world have been representative rather than symbolic.

CHAPTER V

'THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE'

I. Antiquity and universality of the triangular plot of husband, wife, and a third; four realistic and four romantic modern plays that illustrate this fundamental situation. Romantic variations by Maeterlinck and d'Annunzio upon the triangular plot. Maeterlinck's dreamy and suggestive plays of imagination: "Aglavaine and Sélysette," two women in love with one man, the wife dying in order to make her rival and her husband happy; and "Pélléas and Mélisande," two men in love with one woman, the husband slaying his rival and incidentally his wife.

II. D'Annunzio's plays of tragic passion: "Francesca da Rimini," similar in plot to "Pélléas and Mélisande," but precise in detail, careful in characterization, and explicit in poetical description; and "La Gioconda," an approach toward realism, two women in love with one man; the theory of the artist's right to love as his art-instinct dictates. Other expressions of this theory: d'Annunzio's "The Dead City," Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken," and Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma."

III. Realistic variations by Hauptmann and Sudermann upon the triangular plot: Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives," two women in love with one man, the man dying rather than be parted from the woman not his wife,—a comparison of this play with Hauptmann's later "The Flight of Gabriel Schilling;" Sudermann's "The Fires of Saint John," two women in love with one man; the man and the woman he loves renouncing each other from a sense of gratitude to the family of his betrothed: Sudermann's "Happiness in a Corner," a woman divided in mind between two men, but when given her freedom, choosing her husband rather than her imperious lover.

IV. An English antidote to the sentimentalism of triangular alliances, Shaw's "Candida,"—two men in love with one woman, who, stripping both of their conventional poses, cleaves to her husband as the weaker of the two.

I

The plots of the world are few, and their elements are simple. But, just as from the octave, with its handful of notes, the musician can build palaces of sound, so may the

writer, from a few passions and kinds of action, create great dramas. A Frenchman—Georges Polti—has estimated that there are but thirty-six dramatic situations. Most makers of novels and plays are content with half that number. Of all the world-old plots, however, none is so common as 'The Eternal Triangle,' involving the strife of two men for the wife of one of them or of two women for the husband of one of them. Love, hate, envy, jealousy, thirst for revenge, and fear are primary emotions appealed to by such a plot. The situation is universal; the emotions are common to all men; and the clash of wills involved is of the essence of the drama.

Modern writers for the stage have not remained indifferent to 'The Eternal Triangle.' Again and again it has been relied upon by both realists and romanticists. For the present, out of a large number of pieces that vary this plot, we may select for discussion four that are romantic and four that are realistic. Of the romantic plays, two are by Maeterlinck and two by d'Annunzio. Two show a man torn in affections between his wife and another woman, and two show a woman torn in affections between her husband and another man.

In Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Sélysette ("Aglavaine et Sélysette"), a wife commits suicide in order that her husband may be released to marry her rival. Sélysette's complacency is mistaken but admirable. She is one of those gentle beings who instinctively conceal their strongest feelings. She admits that before her husband she represses her emotions, hoping to make him love her for herself alone. "I would have him love me," she says, "even though I knew nothing, though I did nothing, though I saw nothing, though I were nothing. I do not want him to love me because I agree with him, or because I can answer him. It is as though I were jealous of myself."

Now Meleander cannot understand his wife; he regards her silence as coldness; he is touched with fire only by the expressive Aglavaine. At first, Sélysette is hurt and resentful; but presently she conceives for the other woman an ardent love, and her affection is returned. As Aglavaine states it to the wife, "I love you, I love Meleander; Meleander loves us both; you love Meleander and myself; and for all that we

cannot live happily together, because the hour has not yet come when mankind can be thus united." That such an hour will ever come may be doubted. For the present, as the rivals are warned, "There is but a single human solution to sorrows such as these; either one of you must die, or the other must go away."

With so clear a course before them, Aglavaine and Sélysette require four acts in which to transform duty into deed. Meanwhile, Meleander continues passive, the object of adoration for both. At first, indifferent to his silent wife, he learns little by little to appreciate her.

Sélysette's plan of self-effacement is unduly protracted in execution. Having resolved upon suicide, she repairs to the top of a ruined light-house, where she loosens the stones of a crumbling parapet. Although already she has said long farewells to her family and friends, she goes back to kiss everyone all over again ere returning to do the deed. This doubling of the scene on the tower renders the action tedious, yet Professor Mackail commends it, because, as he says: "It brings the action itself toward the condition of music. . . . The artifice of repetition, already applied with such subtle skill to language, is here extended with wonderful effect to action." As the crimson of sunset fades from the sea, Sélysette, pretending to look from the parapet for a bird, pushes over the loosened stones and follows their fall. She dies happy, after protesting to Aglavaine that her tumble from the tower has been accidental.

The only novelty afforded by this plot is the mutual affection of two women who are rivals. In most treatments of the theme, it is a battle between the women that makes the play. Here they vie with each other in self-abnegation. But their emotions fail to ring quite true. Sélysette is too complacent, and Aglavaine, when she kisses and caresses the husband of her friend without dreaming that she may thus give pain to his wife, is incredibly naïve. Nor is she other than sentimentally absurd when she writes to Meleander concerning the three that their only care shall be to become more beautiful. "We shall so fill ourselves and all that is about us with beauty," she says, "that there will no longer

be room for sorrow or misfortune; and, would these none the less force their entrance, needs must they, too, become beautiful before they dare knock against our door." Although this talk of striving to become beautiful has its moral application, it is perilously close to bathos.

Maeterlinck's "Pélléas and Mélisande" turns the triangular plot about; it exhibits two men in love with the wife of one of them. The wife is childlike and innocent, but her husband, growing jealous, slays his rival. Then the woman dies. As for the story in detail, it is given in snatches rather than connectedly. Golaud has first found Mélisande in a wood by a spring. He brings her home to an ancient castle as his bride. He is old and a widower, but his half-brother, Pélléas, is young. When Pélléas goes forth to greet Mélisande, love at once unites them. As Pélléas and Mélisande sit by a fountain, she toys with her wedding ring until it drops into the deep pool. Mystically, at the same moment, her husband riding through the forest, is thrown from his horse. "I thought my heart was crushed; but my heart is sound," he later tells Mélisande, who begins to cry and begs him to take her away. But he notes that her ring is gone and demands it.

Presently, Golaud's suspicions are increased, for by night he finds Mélisande at her window combing her hair in the moonlight, while Pélléas stands without, bathing himself in her flowing locks. Golaud merely laughs at the pair as children, and bids them cease their play, yet already he is planning revenge. Before acting, he will have better proof. So he plies his son, little Yniold, with questions concerning the lovers.

As Golaud puts these questions, he stands without the castle in the evening, and observing the gleam from his wife's window, lifts the child on his shoulders and commands him to look within and report what he sees. The child obeys. "Pélléas and Mélisande are there gazing at the light," he says; "they are close together; they are speechless." Then, of a sudden, he cries out in terror, "I dare not look any more, little father!—Let me come down!" This is dramatically the strongest scene of the play, although its power lies merely in suggestion.

At length, Pélléas is going away. But, before leaving, he must meet Mélisande for the last time by the woodland fountain. As the pair embrace, Mélisande grows aware of Golaud, who has crept behind them and stands clutching his sword. "Do not stir; do not turn your head," she counsels Pélléas in a whisper. "He will remain there while he thinks we do not know." So they steal a few seconds of bliss, kissing desperately, before Golaud springs upon them. Then Pélléas rolls dead into the fountain, and Golaud, in silence, pursues the fleeing Mélisande.

Although she is scarcely wounded, Mélisande lies dying. She has given birth to a babe, and Golaud, repentant, stands over her. She protests her innocence, yet affirms her love for Pélléas. As she dies, the old king declares: "'Twas a little being, so quiet, so fearful, and so silent. . . . She lies there as if she were the big sister of her child."

The play is dreamy and unreal. Its scenes are broken episodes in the progress of love and of jealousy. Several are completely detached from the action except as symbolic hints of the tragedy to come. Nothing in the plot is wrought out. Thus, the loss of the ring, unlike Desdemona's loss of her handkerchief, is only mentioned and never followed up. Maeterlinck's art is suggestive rather than representative.

II

Similar in plot to "Pélléas and Mélisande," yet very different in mood from that drama, is the "Francesca da Rimini" of d'Annunzio, a tragedy of passion, complex, precise in detail, involving no moonshiny, innocent love between a wife and her brother-in-law, but a guilty intrigue between such relatives, gloried in and carefully spied upon. The story is as old as Dante's "Inferno," where, in the fifth canto, it is hinted at with immortalizing brevity. To one who knows only the legend, there is something of shock in learning that the actual Paolo was a husband and a father, and that Francesca herself was a mother, who for a decade at least had been a wife when detected in infidelity by her lord. D'Annunzio

adheres to the main features of the account of Paolo and Francesca given in Boccaccio's "Commentary" on "The Divine Comedy." He allows a few references to the wife of Paolo, but keeps Francesca a bride or little more, and alters the situation by introducing a third brother to serve as still another lover of the lady and as the informant upon her to her husband.

Francesca, for political reasons, has been entrapped into marriage with the crippled Gianciotto, although supposing herself about to wed the cripple's handsome brother, Paolo. In the second act, Francesca is found with Paolo on a tower, playing with the Greek fire destined for the enemy, now about to attack the stronghold. When the battle begins, she aids him to shoot at the Ghibelline enemy with his crossbow, and regards his immunity from the return bolts of the foe as a sign from Heaven that their secret love is pardoned. Later, the scene described by Dante is rehearsed. By a window overlooking the Adriatic, Francesca and Paolo are seated at a lectern, reading in the old history of Lancelot. Paolo whose passion is kindled by what he reads, acting out the story, kisses Francesca. She yields, but with a faint, "No, Paolo!" uttered in belated protest.

In the meantime, Malatestino, the young brother of Paolo and Gianciotto, has himself conceived a passion for Francesca. When she rebuffs his advances, threatening to call his brother for help, he asks sardonically "Which?" In brief, he suspects her intrigue with Paolo, and out of envy instils suspicion of that intrigue into the heart of her husband. So the husband, in order to prove Francesca's disloyalty, feigns an errand that calls him away, and confides his wife to Paolo's keeping. Francesca receives her lover by night, forgetful of danger, until at the door sounds the knocking of the returned husband. Paolo seeks escape through a trap door as Francesca opens to admit her husband. The latter, bursting in before Paolo can get below, aims at him a sword thrust. But Francesca intercepts the blow. Paolo, dropping his dagger to catch her in his arms, is slain by another lunge of the husband's weapon. As the bodies of the lovers roll upon the pavement in a last embrace, the lame Gianciotto

"stoops in silence, bends his knee with a painful effort, and, across the other knee, breaks his blood-stained sword."

In treating this well-worn subject, d'Annunzio has been especially successful in characterization. Paolo is no sentimental weakling, but rather a valiant warrior, and his love for Francesca is fatal and compelling. Francesca's love resembles his; she has been deceived into marrying one she could never care for, and in turning to the man she had intended to marry, she suffers scarcely a qualm of conscience. As for the husband, he is far from the ogre that poets have often made him. Though stern and ungrateful to his soldiers, Gianciotto is gentle to his lady. He kills her, less of set purpose, than by accident.

Most original, however, is d'Annunzio's portrayal of the third brother. Malatestino is a fiend incarnate, delighting to bear about a victim's head, as "A good, ripe, heavy fruit" done up in a bloody rag. Malevolent though he be, he is so young that the down is as yet scarcely fledged upon his lip. This youthfulness adds to his portrait, since it suggests the question, If he do such things in the green, what will he do in the dry?

Throughout the play, the spectator beholds unrolled, as from an old tapestry, scenes but slightly related to the main action yet calculated to convey the impression of a period peculiar in its lust of bloodshed and lack of conscience. D'Annunzio has richly embroidered his principal theme, too, with poetical descriptions. Thus, Francesca elaborates, in telling of it, the details of a fearful dream symbolical of the pursuit of her by Gianciotto and his two brothers. Even the account of her given by her scheming brother is poetical, and her passages of love with Paolo are highly impassioned and imaginative, rising to their climax of lyrical fervor in the final scene.

In the three plays so far considered, the triangular plot has received purely romantic treatment. In "La Gioconda," another drama by d'Annunzio, there is a closer approach toward realism, although the piece remains romantic in spirit. Here the hero is a sculptor whose wife cannot yield him the inspiration to art that he finds in his model and

mistress, Gioconda Dianti. Before the play opens, the sculptor, in despair at his position with regard to these two women, has attempted suicide. His life has been saved by the devotion of his wife, and the masterpiece upon which he had been engaged has been saved by the devotion of Gioconda, who has daily visited the studio and kept moist the clay of the unfinished statue. Now, as Lucio recovers, he feels remorse for his conduct toward his wife, and pledges her afresh his undivided affection. Yet he can practice his art no longer, since his power of creation seems to have flagged with the loss of his model.

At this juncture, a message is brought him from Gioconda, announcing that each day at a certain hour she will await him at the studio. His wife fears lest the fascination of knowing that this other woman is waiting there may at last break down his will. Accordingly, she goes to confront and turn out her rival.

When the women meet, Gioconda refuses to leave the studio unless dismissed by Lucio. The wife, tempted to lie, affirms that it is indeed her husband who has sent her to drive Gioconda forth. Thereupon, the tiger in Gioconda awakens. Declaring that the sculptor's power is lost, she darts behind the curtains that conceal his statue, determined to destroy it. The wife, interposing, stretches forth her beautiful hands to save the statue as it falls. At her scream of agony, Gioconda flees; and Sylvia, as her husband bursts into the room, fixes upon him despairing eyes, for she knows that he has come in response to the lure of her rival. Yet, at the cost of her hands, she has preserved his masterpiece.

In the last act, the maimed Sylvia is in a villa by the seaside. Lucio is gone; her sacrifice has been in vain. A fairylike beggar-maid is putting strange questions to her, asking why she lacks hands. "You gave them away? To whom?" "To my love!" answers Sylvia. "Ah, what a cruel love!" retorts the girl. "How beautiful they were! . . . Were they buried? Did you see them taken away? How white they were!" As Sylvia's daughter, who knows nothing of what has happened, runs in to give her flowers, the mother, unable to take them, sinks to her knees, the play concluding

with this pathetic tableau. Its climax is obviously in the third act, not here; yet these closing scenes, which relax the tension and introduce a touch of fantasy in the person of the beggar-maid, are impressive.

Of the characters, Sylvia is most fully portrayed, a strong and beautiful soul who ought to have proved an inspiration to her husband. She forgives his infidelity, and by her faith and care has redeemed him to life and, as she hopes, to goodness. When Lucio pledges her his love anew, she is happy. "I am not beautiful, I am not worthy of your eyes," she says; "but my love is wonderful, . . . it can work miracles; it shall give you all that you ask." Yet it is of this woman that Lucio confesses to a friend: "The sport of illusion has mated me with a creature who was never meant for me. She is a soul of inestimable price, before whom I kneel and worship. But I am not a sculptor of souls. . . . When the other appeared before me, I thought of all the blocks of marble hidden in the caves of far mountains, that I might arrest in each of them one of her motions."

Lucio is a weak creature morally, but, according to d'Annunzio, this is merely because as an artist he is in duty bound to follow his inspiration. When his wife's nobility is alleged to him as a reason for his keeping faith with her, he retorts: "Goodness! goodness! Do you think, then, that light must come from goodness and not from that profound instinct which hurries my spirit toward the most glorious images of life? I was born to make statues. When a material form has gone out of my hands with the imprint of beauty, the office assigned to me by nature is fulfilled. I have not exceeded my own law, whether or not I have exceeded the laws of right."

Such, also, is the esthetic doctrine of Gioconda, who is far from being a vulgar temptress. By a clever device of the dramatist, she remains veiled throughout, and the potency of her physical charm is thus left to be inferred from its reported effect upon Lucio, rather than to be exposed, to the possible disappointment of the audience. Her veiling, moreover, spiritualizes this charm and at the same time permits the wife to continue to hold our attention and sympathy.

Although Gioconda is Lucio's mistress, she thinks more of his art than his person. She declares that she has sought, not to abase, but to exalt, a strong life. Of his studio she says: "Household affections have no place here; domestic virtues have no sanctuary here. This is a place outside laws and beyond common rights. Here a sculptor makes his statues. . . . Nature has sent me to him to bring him a message, and to serve him. I obey."

In other words, for d'Annunzio, the artist is outside the pale of conventional morality. Love must inspire him, but it need not be love for his wife. This notion d'Annunzio has developed, as well, in his play, "The Dead City" ("La Città morta"), where a poet, married to the blind yet lovable Anna, is drawn to Bianca Maria. His wife understands his passion for Bianca and Bianca's response to it. Far from being jealous, she wishes him to mate with the other woman, and, like Maeterlinck's Sélysette, plans to take her own life, that he may be free and happy. But before she can act, Bianca Maria dies. Presumably, the poet, having lost the source of his inspiration, will have lost also his occupation.

The problem of the artist who is torn between wife and model is romantically presented in Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken." But Ibsen, unlike d'Annunzio, insists upon the inferiority of art to life. Rubek, the sculptor, had loved Irene; but, because he regarded art as supreme, he had repressed his love, using this woman only as a means toward making a masterpiece. In failing to remain true to his impulse to love, he has lost his power of further creation. His work becomes petty, bestial, grotesque. He marries, yet finds no peace. Then he encounters once more his first model. She is but the shadow of her former self, for that self he has destroyed. Laboring under the delusion that she is dead, she holds him to be spiritually dead also.

Rubek, however, believes that they may yet awaken. So he deserts his uncongenial wife to unite with Irene. As they climb the heights together, they are buried by an avalanche. The wife, in the meantime, has found a wild bear-hunter more to her taste, and far below on the slopes is rejoicing in her new freedom. But Maia's freedom is that of mere in-

stinct, unlike the soul-freedom that Rubek and Irene have at last achieved, even in death.

In Ibsen's play, symbolism modifies the situation. When taken literally, this situation is not so different from Lucio's desertion of his wife for Gioconda. When interpreted spiritually, however, it emphasizes a moral unlike that of d'Annunzio's play. You must love for art's sake, says d'Annunzio; you must love for life's sake, says Ibsen. D'Annunzio's unmoral attitude toward art is assumed by Shaw, as well, in "The Doctor's Dilemma," when Louis Dubedat, the shifty bohemian, declares before dying that in his own world he has never done anything wrong, for the laws that have governed there are not ethical but artistic. His creed is that of the artist: "I believe," he says, "in Michael Angelo, Velasquez, and Rembrandt; in the might of design, the mystery of color, the redemption of all things by Beauty everlasting, and the message of Art that has made these hands blessed. Amen!"

III

The plays thus far discussed have been romantic variations upon the old triangular theme. But this theme is equally adapted to the uses of the realist. It is fitting, therefore, that we should examine, as typical, several dramas of the kind. The first may well be Hauptmann's "Einsame Menschen," since, like "La Gioconda" and "When We Dead Awaken," it deals with the case of a man who feels himself inspired by one woman, although he is married to another. In "Lonely Lives" ("Einsame Menschen"), however, the hero is a scholar, not an artist, and he is vanquished, not victorious; he takes his own life rather than suffer separation from his soul affinity.

Doctor Johann Vockerat is a learned egoist. He is engaged upon a great work in which no one feels interest. His wife, the anæmic, kindly Käthe, is occupied with household cares. She realizes that she is intellectually no companion for him, but she lacks the force of character to demand her rights, and the intelligence to perceive that she is too good for him. When she asks his consideration of a matter of

business, he turns upon her, crying: "But I tell you that my work comes first—first and second and third! Then, practical matters if you choose. . . . I am not the family man at all. My one aim is to bring out what I feel to be latent in me. I am a yoked Pegasus." Poor Käthe, in the meantime, though ill, is devising schemes to feed Pegasus by taking in embroidery and painting on china.

Now, by chance, into this family comes Anna Mahr, a free-thinking Russian. She scorns the German Hausfrau whose horizon is bounded by the nursery and the kitchen; she dreams of a spiritual union of the sexes. Doctor Johann is at once infatuated. He urges his wife to insist upon Anna's remaining at their house, and Anna readily accepts Käthe's invitation. Henceforth, the scholar spends every spare moment with his guest, rowing on the lake, and indulging in quiet little tête-à-têtes in the twilight. Although he protests that his joy in her companionship is purely intellectual, Anna is not so sure of this. She cannot, however, bring herself to leave the household where her presence is making the wife and the parents of Johann miserable. For the parents regard their son's conduct as but another evidence of his irreligion, and they and his artist friend broadly hint to the Russian that her visit has lasted too long.

Scenes of tantalizing irresolution follow. Anna, preparing to go, talks of the joy of having no country, no family, no friends; but she is evidently distressed. Having actually taken leave, she is brought back in triumph by Johann, who proclaims anew his faith in Platonic friendship. In the last act, the question, to stay or not to stay, is again debated, and Anna again resolves upon departure. She perceives the futility of attempting to override convention. She bids the weak Johann to will in accordance with her will. After one kiss they part, but Johann, left in tears, cannot be consoled. He writes a note of farewell to his wife, and going forth alone in his boat, drowns himself.

The play is manifestly morbid. For its sentiment, it harks back to Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Sélysette," and for its character-analysis to Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." Yet both Anna and Johann, though presumably intellectual, exhibit

no signs of superior talent. Anna is obtuse and uninteresting, and Johann is volitionally a nonentity. His great work would have amounted to little, even with the encouragement of a person more clever than Anna, yet Hauptmann would seem to bespeak sympathy for the lonely scholar, a victim of uncongenial environment. Some critics have seen in the play a protest against the harsh world that refuses to look without suspicion upon an intellectual friendship between a married man and a woman not his wife. But the protest is here so vitiated by the weakness of the friends as to defeat its purpose.

Hauptmann, in a later play, has depicted the torture of soul experienced by an artist divided in allegiance between wife and mistress. The hero of "Gabriel Schillings Flucht" is an artist as sentimental, nerveless, and ineffectual in his yearnings for Greece as he is in his desire to escape from the scoldings of his wife or from the passionate pursuit of his mistress. His sensitive soul suffers as the two women fight for possession of him, and it is in vain that a sturdy friend interposes to save him. When he has sought refuge on an island in the hope of pulling himself together, the insatiate mistress and the inflexible wife follow, and Gabriel, despairing of any other escape, drowns himself. Like the unhappy men of Strindberg, Gabriel Schilling is a victim of the 'eternally feminine.' It is not merely, as in "Lonely Lives," that he is torn in affections between the two women, but, rather, that both are instinctively the enemies of his prosperity, nay, even of his life.

The weakness of the protagonist, so obvious here and elsewhere in the plays of the Germans, reappears in another naturalistic piece constructed on the triangular plan. In Sudermann's "The Fires of Saint John" ("Johannisfeuer"), the hero is in love with Marikke, but betrothed to Trude, his cousin. Marikke and he both owe to Trude's family a debt of gratitude. Their sense of this debt is so keen that eventually they renounce each other. To seize their own good must mean grief to innocent Trude and her father. George states the situation as he sees it: "If there were only a possibility of our getting out of this circle, then we would

be free, . . . but now, no matter how we try, we can never get clear of our duty toward this house."

But George's logic is defective. In marrying his cousin merely to oblige his uncle, George separates from the woman he loves. Thus, he not only spoils her life and his own; he will bring into the life of his bride almost certain misery. Had he been other than namby-pamby, he would have made a clean breast of his sentiments to his uncle and to Trude, and then have taken Marikke. His renunciation is not heroism, but cowardice.

The struggle of the lovers before they renounce each other is painful and long. The sense of duty at war with natural passion in their breasts is threatened with defeat on the one occasion of the year when, according to custom, the pagan in man may be allowed expression. The Fires of Saint John are symbolic of the fires of instinct never wholly to be quenched. After George has drunk a delirious toast to the self-assertive Pagan as opposed to the self-denying Christian, he and Marikke are left alone. In the powerful scene that follows, she, who is stronger than he in will, yields nevertheless to the spell of Saint John.

Although the lovers are now apparently united, yet, in the fourth act, they resolve to separate. At first, George threatens to take his life rather than to marry Trude, but we know that he will go through the ceremony with docility. As for Marikke, when she hears her vagabond mother crying out at being handed over to the police, she says: "Let her scream away; I can't help her—I'm as much of a thief as she." After the naturalistic fashion, Sudermann leaves us in doubt as to whether he would have our approval or disapproval of the lovers' final action. That we do disapprove it is due in part to the fact that the conflict between passion and duty is here far from inevitable. The duty involved is too questionable to form an adequate obstacle to the passion.

A play equally subtle in its psychology and more satisfying in its conclusion is the same author's "Happiness in a Corner" ("Das Glück im Winkel"), written upon the same fundamental plot. Only here it is a woman who is divided in mind and affection between two men, and not a man so divided between

two women. Elizabeth has long been loved by the Baron Röcknitz, the husband of her best friend. While visiting this friend, she has accepted the proposal of an humble tutor with whom she has retired from the gay world to a quiet little corner, where she has learned contentment in the discharge of simple duties. She has almost conquered her old inclination for Röcknitz when he comes in quest of her.

In order to show him that she cannot accede to his demand that she visit his castle, Elizabeth confesses to Röcknitz her affection for him, long repressed. Hitherto, she has kept guard over herself, returning all his letters unopened; now, in a moment of weakness, having admitted so much, she allows him to embrace her, but declares that they must part forever. Röcknitz, however, has determined to have her. He bids her flee with him; and even threatens to put the case frankly to her husband and ask for her release. Elizabeth begs him to defer such action for one night. In the meantime, she plans to take her life. Her husband, divining the situation, assures her that she has brought him only joy, and bids her go whenever and wherever she chooses. But Elizabeth, thus given her freedom, no longer desires it. Like the wife, in Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea," she cleaves to the man who would release her.

Wiedemann has not before understood her feeling for Röcknitz as partly compounded of fear. He promises that his house shall be her best protection. But when she admits that within this very house she has thrown her arms about his rival's neck, he sinks despondent. Then she makes confession to him of how she has dreamed of the great world, and life, and happiness beyond their little corner. But when she bids him drive her out, he merely answers: "You are mistress here. Go or stay, as you will." Then he admits that, on the night on which he found and wooed her in the castle garden, he had thought her jilted by someone of her own world, and that he has since deemed his three years of happiness but stolen. They are quits, therefore. Her yearnings will gradually subside. Even the happiest must learn to be contented, and perhaps there may still be peace and joy in the old corner.

"Now go to sleep, child," he says. "On the morrow, early, our house shall be clean; let me care for that! . . . Why do you look so at me?" And Elizabeth answers, "It is as though I now saw you for the first time.'

The piece contains no marked dramatic scenes. It is notable only for its central idea and for the skill with which the mental workings of its characters are portrayed. If Wiedemann is almost too weak, yet in the duel of the men he proves the stronger; for life involves renunciation as well as self-assertion, and he who is ready to renounce may win from him who blusters. Life and happiness, too, are not always matters of passion gratified and of high ambition fulfilled, but rather of duties done in quiet. Such is the moral of the drama. If this moral is not in essence very different from that in "The Fires of Saint John," it is more consistently made out. The renunciation of Marikke and George was foolish, that for which Wiedemann prepared was nobler, although had Elizabeth profited by his offer to let her go, his wisdom might have seemed less sound.

IV

Sudermann's "Happiness in a Corner" is marked by refreshing good sense, but equally sensible and much more brilliant in its treatment of the triangular plot is George Bernard Shaw's "Candida." Indeed, there is no better antidote to the sentimental poison of dramas like "Aglavaine and Sélysette" and "Lonely Lives." In Shaw's satirical play, a complacent clergyman has been kind to a shy, nervous youth of eighteen, and the youth in return has fallen in love with the clergyman's wife. Marchbanks, fascinated by Candida, conceives that she is unworthily wed. He regards her husband as a platitudinous windbag who leaves her to mend and scrub while he displays his rhetoric in public. The sensitive soul of young Marchbanks cannot endure the thought of Candida's soiling her fingers in filling the lamps (although, according to Mr. Chesterton, a true lover would have thought the lamps glorified by her condescending to touch them). Marchbanks decides that he is himself Can-

dida's only proper companion; so, like the baron in Sudermann's play, he resolves to ask the husband outright to relinquish his wife. At first, the Reverend James merely laughs, then he talks in beautiful periods, then he grows angry and shakes the impudent youth. But Marchbanks, although physically cowed, is morally calm. "I'm not afraid of you," he protests; "it's you who are afraid of me. . . . I'll fight your ideas," he declares. "I'll rescue her from her slavery to them. You're driving me out of the house because you daren't let her choose between your ideas and mine."

Such tactics disarm the amazed clergyman. He who has cancelled an engagement rather than leave the youth alone with his wife, now resolves to give his rival a chance. But Marchbanks in turn is put upon his honor by the clergyman's trust. So, for two hours he merely reads verse to the bored Candida. Then, as he is about to succumb after all, he is rescued by Candida herself. "May I say some wicked things to you?" asks Marchbanks. "No!" answers the lady, "but you may say anything you really and truly feel. . . . I am not afraid, so long as it is your real self that speaks, and not a mere attitude."

Marchbanks, thus stripped of his attitudes, is silenced. He can only repeat her name with fervor. "Don't you feel that every time is a prayer to you?" he asks, and Candida parries the question with another: "Doesn't it make you happy to be able to pray?" When Marchbanks gives assent, Candida retorts: "That happiness is the answer to your prayer. Do you want anything more?" Marchbanks, in beatitude, replies, "No, I have come into heaven, where want is unknown."

As Morell, opening the door, finds the poet kneeling before Candida, he is saluted by that rival's startling proposal. "Oh, Morell, let us both give her up!" cries Eugene; "why should she have to choose between a wretched little nervous disease like me and a pig-headed parson like you?" Morell is astounded; he asks who will protect her, and Marchbanks voices Shaw's philosophy of woman in affirming that it is she who wishes someone to protect.

When the case is set before the lady, she is mightily amused. ". . . And, pray, my lords and masters, what have you to offer for my choice? I am up for auction, what do you bid, James?"

"I have nothing to offer you," says her husband oratorically, "but my strength for your defence, my honesty of purpose for your surety, my ability and industry for your livelihood, and my authority and position for your dignity. That is all it becomes a man to offer a woman."

"And you, Eugene?" asks Candida, "what do you offer?"

"My weakness! my desolation! my heart's need!" answers Marchbanks tactfully, divining this to be a plea likely to catch her.

"That's a good bid, Eugene," she says; "now I know how to make my choice." At this, Morell can only utter her name in a gasp of despair, but the weakness and surrender implied in the utterance win the day for him. "I give myself," says Candida, "to the weaker of the two." It is characteristic of the self-complacent husband that he takes this to be a verdict against himself, and of the quick-witted youth that he perceives it to mean a triumph for the husband.

Now Candida reads them both a lecture. Eugene has been ill-used by his relatives, disliked and misunderstood. Morell, on the other hand, has been petted and spoiled. "Ask James's mother and his three sisters what it cost to save James the trouble of doing anything but be strong and clever and happy," says Candida. "Ask me what it costs to be James's mother and three sisters and wife and mother to his children all in one. . . . Ask the tradesmen who want to worry James and spoil his beautiful sermons who it is that puts them off. When there is money to give, he gives it: when there is money to refuse, I refuse it. I build a castle of comfort and indulgence and love for him, and stand sentinel always to keep little vulgar cares out."

The clergyman, grown humble, perceives the truth of what his wife is saying. "It is all true, every word!" he exclaims. "You are my wife, my mother, my sisters: you are the sum of all loving care to me."

Eugene, weak as he has seemed, cannot abide the thought of being merely mothered and sistered by Candida. He departs, cured of his infatuation after having received from Candida a maternal kiss upon the brow.

Thus, a play which promised the usual thing in the way of husband, wife, and lover in perplexing combination, with an elopement, a duel, a murder, or a divorce as the outcome, has ended in reconciliation and self-enlightenment. In "Candida," Shaw, the satirist of marriage, has offered the sanest of solutions to the problem of 'The Eternal Triangle.'

CHAPTER VI

WAYWARD WOMAN

I. The wayward woman as a stock character in the modern drama; her waywardness a matter of passion or of principle. Sudermann, Wilde, and Pinero the chief analysts of this character. Minor and occasional portrayals of the type. Romantic or sentimental indulgence for the wayward heroine in Maeterlinck, Capus, and Schnitzler. "The Wounded Bird," by Capus a case in point. Militant morality in Jones's attitude toward the erring: his "Dancing Girl," an old-fashioned sermon; his "Mrs. Dane's Defence," part detective play, part problem play. Wayward women of the naturalists described, not argued about, —Hauptmann's "Rose Bernd," Bergström's "Karen Borneman," and Galsworthy's "The Fugitive."

II. Sudermann's women with a past, wayward through strength and self-justified: Magda, in "Die Heimat," maintaining her right to live outside the family; and Beata, in "The Joy of Living," maintaining her right to assert her freedom within the family, yet illogical in her fear of scandal. Sudermann's women with a present, wayward through weakness: Frau Adah, in "The Destruction of Sodom," an influence corrupting the hero; the baroness, in "The Flower Boat," corrupting her own daughter; Alma, in "Honor," an easygoing girl of the people without conscience; and Salome, in "Johannes," the traditional temptress.

III. Wilde's women with a present, wayward through passion: Salome as the personification of revolting lust; and the Duchess of Padua, as a wife, who, for the sake of her lover, slays her husband. Wilde's women with a past, wayward through interest: Mrs. Cheveley, in "An Ideal Husband;" and Mrs. Erlynne, in "Lady Windermere's Fan," as an adventuress redeemed, yet weakly justified by the dramatist; Wilde's Mrs. Arbuthnot, in "A Woman of No Importance," as a woman with a past, more sinned against than sinning.

IV. Pinero's women with a present: Iris as wayward through weakness, a lover of luxury; Letty as saved from waywardness by a dreadful example; and Agnes, in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," as wayward through strength, a believer in free love shown the folly of her theory. Pinero's woman with a past,—Paula, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,"

as reformed and married, yet learning that socially the woman with a past can have no future.

I

In the recent drama, few types of character have been more frequently portrayed than the wayward woman. Her waywardness has been represented as a matter of the past or of the present, as something repented of or persisted in. It has been represented, also, as trivial or grave, the result of passion or of principle. Among recent playwrights, three have achieved especial success in analyzing this character. After a preliminary view of several pieces by others, we may fix attention upon the works of Sudermann, Wilde, and Pinero, so far as these depict the wayward heroine.

Of dramatists who have described the erring woman in occasional plays, Maeterlinck, Schnitzler, Capus, Jones, Hauptmann, Strindberg, and Wedekind are the chief. The last three are naturalists; Jones is essentially a moralist; Capus and Schnitzler are sentimentalists, and Maeterlinck is a romanticist. The personal bias of each of these playwrights largely determines his attitude toward such heroines.

Maeterlinck, as we have seen, regards the woman who errs with romantic indulgence. Thus, his nun, Sister Beatrice, may violate her religious vows and flee from the convent with a lover, but in the end she will return there, forgiven by the Virgin in person. Three among Maeterlinck's women contemplate selling their favors, but only in order to save the lives of others. Two of this number consent; one declines. Yet the refusal of Mary Magdalen is due, not to any abhorrence at the deed proposed, but rather to a special dilemma. For she cannot so purchase the life of the Christ, since His doctrine requires the strictest adherence to virtue. The other women, in consenting to sacrifice honor, are noble in motive, Monna Vanna seeking to preserve from death her townsfolk, and Joyzelle, her lover. But in neither instance is the sacrifice finally required. This, too, is the case with Gemma, in Stephen Phillips's "Pietro of Siena." Gemma is prepared so to purchase the life of her brother, but, by softening the heart of the wicked bargainer, she escapes.

As a rule, the romanticists, in their treatment of the woman tempted to sin, are lenient. They avert the sin or extenuate it. The sentimentalists, too, are inclined to be lightly indulgent,—the Austrian Schnitzler making his feminine sinners charmingly naïve, and the Frenchman Capus painting his as agreeably philosophic. Of Schnitzler's heroines something will be said later; suffice it here to remark that they appear too delicate, too sincere, in their passing intrigues, to awaken much reprehension. Some, like the widowed mistresses who figure in "Light o' Love" and "The Legacy," are, to all intents, virtuous women. Others, like the loves of Anatol, are frankly folk of loose morals. Capus, in one of his plays—"The Wounded Bird" ("l'Oiseau blessé")—, has drawn a novel character, the girl deceived and deserted, yet self-sufficient. But he, too, sees no fault in her.

Yvonne Janson accepts life as she finds it. When her betrayer, having planned to make a rich marriage, offers her money, she refuses his bounty, partly because she scorns him, partly because she will not abide by his condition that she retire from Paris to the provinces. A distinguished cousin of the faithless lover, is struck by her sensible philosophy. "When a young girl has committed a fault," Yvonne tells him, "she should not boast of it, certainly; . . . but she should not blush for it, since the thing is past. She should suffer the consequences with a firm mind, and try to behave discreetly for the future."

Salvière, delighted with the girl's spirit, recommends her as an elocutionist to the secretary for foreign affairs. At the secretary's soirée, she wins applause by reciting La Fontaine's fable of the bird wounded by an arrow—, a piece suggestive of her own condition. When Salvière loses his heart to her, and for her sake refuses an ambassadorship, she yields for a little to his importunities. Yet for neither is the attachment a great passion. Yvonne, learning that Salvière's diplomatic career and his domestic life are both imperilled, consents to break off their *liaison*. With a sigh, Salvière accepts the ambassadorship. Yvonne's character is refreshing because it contrasts with that of most forsaken women of the stage. She is not a creature mournfully re-

signed or romantically despairing; she is not a hardened materialist or a social revolutionary. Instead, she is a gaily stoical victim of love, a vivacious little person fully able to take care of herself.

If there be something at least unmoral in the point of view of such Continental playwrights as Capus and Schnitzler, there is, on the contrary, something militantly moral in that of the average English dramatist, like Henry Arthur Jones. Jones may be sympathetic in his treatment of the erring, as in "Michael and his Lost Angel" and "Saints and Sinners." He may be unsympathetic, as when he depicts the lively Mrs. Arnison of "Carnac Sahib," the bone of contention between two men. But in neither case will Jones forget to drive in and clinch a moral. The clergyman's daughter, who, in "Saints and Sinners," is lured from home by a libertine, must atone for her fault through years of charitable work among the poor. The delectable Audrie Lesden, who tempts priest Michael to his fall, must die a penitent. In two other plays devoted to a wayward heroine, Jones is equally the moralist, preaching an old-fashioned sermon against the evils of loose living, in "The Dancing Girl;" and, in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," supporting the thesis that a woman with a past is no proper mate for a young man with a future.

Drusilla Ives, the heroine of "The Dancing Girl," is a Quakeress who leaves her native island off the Cornish coast, and in London becomes a dancer and the mistress of the duke of Guisebury. Now Guisebury is landlord of the island from which Drusilla has come. Moved by the sufferings of his tenants, he has consented to construct a breakwater for their protection. But he forgets his task; and the men of the island, embarking in despair upon an arctic expedition, are presumably lost.

By the third act of the play, Guisebury has reached the end of his resources. Before taking his life, he will give a last party in order to launch Drusilla into society by the aid of his respectable aunt. As Drusilla is dancing before the company, her father and her sister, long in quest of her, burst in. She repels them, but on receiving her father's curse, swoons and rolls down a flight of stairs, to the delight

of the gallery gods. As for Guisebury, he is restrained from suicide by his good angel from the Quaker isle—crippled Midge.

In the last act two years have passed, bringing reformation to the duke. Under the influence of Midge, he has completed the breakwater. The wayward Drusilla has died, reaping the wages of sin; and it only needs the safe return of the Arctic voyagers to convince the hardest heart in the audience that virtue is more profitable than vice. Jones, of course, rises to the occasion. Strange to say, this piece was successful upon the stage, despite the fact that it is an entertainment without intellectual substance, in which the situations, characters, and motives are ridiculously unreal, and the morality is forced and trite.

Far better is Jones's later play, "Mrs. Dane's Defence." Here the heroine is a more natural and sympathetic sinner, who, having put her past behind her, hopes to make amends by marrying a generous youth. When a society woman whispers scandal concerning Mrs. Dane, the young man's foster-father—a shrewd lawyer—insists upon disproving it in public. Mrs. Dane, during the investigation, maintains her equanimity, but just as she is about to be vindicated, her defences crumble before Sir Daniel's cross-examination.

The first three acts of the play are spent in unravelling this mystery quite in the fashion of the detective drama. The interest of the audience is engaged in discovering just how far Mrs. Dane may be involved by the charges brought against her. In the last act a new problem is proposed. Should this reformed woman be allowed to marry her suitor? She has been more sinned against than sinning; she has profited by her bitter experience; henceforth, her life will be spotless. Yet Sir Daniel Carteret opposes the match, and his arguments win the day. Thus Jones once more upholds the moralities; and yet, lest his audience should leave the theatre dissatisfied emotionally, he introduces into the background an attractive Scotch girl to be held in reserve for Lionel until he shall have recovered from his first grief at losing Mrs. Dane.

With the naturalists, the moral prepossession, so marked in

Jones, well-nigh disappears. The wayward heroines of the naturalists are described, not argued about. They are depicted in their shame, but not primarily as horrible examples. Strindberg, it is true, writes with a definite animus. He is bent upon displaying woman as the enemy of man. Therefore, but once or twice does he show her as man's victim. Yet, by such a terrible play as "Julie," wherein the heroine wantonly succumbs to her father's lackey, she is set forth, not as man's quarry so much as the slave of her own lust.

Of the women who make man their prey, Strindberg has given examples in "The Father" and "Comrades"—pieces to be described elsewhere. Other naturalists, like Hauptmann and Wedekind, refuse to betray their intellectual preconceptions. Thus, Wedekind's Lulu, the infamous protagonist of "Earth Spirit" and "The Box of Pandora," in her descent from crime to crime, and her murder when utterly degraded, shocks us no doubt into perceiving that such a career does not pay; but no *raisonneur* formulates this or any other idea in the piece. The author allows his work to stand or to fall by its truth to experience.

Hauptmann is equally impartial. His wayward heroines are less brutal, less sexually morbid than those of Wedekind, but not more moralized. He writes with a view to supporting no thesis of social reform. If, in "The Beaver Coat" and "The Conflagration," he satirizes the stupidity of the judge who cannot see through the tricks of Frau Wolff-Fielitz, he neither approves nor disapproves that astute lady herself. Such is his attitude, also, in "Rose Bernd," his best study of the woman seduced.

Rose is a blonde peasant girl who falls because her beauty tempts others to make her their victim. Professor Lewisohn, who translates the play into English, speaks of her "hunted purity," and epitomizes the tragedy by saying that here "traditional righteousness hounds a pure spirit out of life." Rose, however, is controlled by no devoted love. She is far from being an unsophisticated Gretchen. Although hunted, she is scarcely pure. Moreover, it is lust rather than righteousness that pursues her. She is courted honorably by a pious bookbinder, whose suit her puritanical father favors. But she can-

not care for this lover. At the same time, traps are being set for her by two unscrupulous admirers. One is the landowner, Flamm, to the protection of whose invalid wife the orphaned girl has been committed. The other is the rough machinist, Streckmann, who, chancing to catch Rose and Flamm in a compromising situation, uses his knowledge to compel the girl to his will.

Flamm is merely a weak voluptuary, kind enough to his wife, and at first intending no harm to Rose. But Streckmann is a sullen ne'er-do-well, ready to blame his own badness upon the attitude toward him of others. He spreads the scandal concerning Rose, violates her, strikes out with his fist the eye of her inoffensive lover, and then, being sued by her father for slander, blurts forth the truth about her in court. At this, Flamm turns upon her, furious to find that she has succumbed to the machinist, yet inwardly glad to be himself absolved of the charge of ruining her. The sanctimonious book-binder would forgive and even marry her; but Rose, half distraught, after giving birth to her child in the fields, strangles it.

The play is a study in suffering. Forces too strong for the heroine torture her. She belongs to the family of Eliot's Hetty Sorrel and Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles. The one man who might have protected her is hopelessly inefficient. August Keil, the book-binder, is made such a prig through the earlier part of the play that his Christian indulgence toward Rose at the last is wholly discounted. "I'm content," he declares; "the worse things get, the gladder I am. 'Tis laying up more and more treasures in Heaven."

The new freedom for women—a freedom too often of escape from moral restraints—is the subject of John Galsworthy's "The Fugitive" and of Hjalmar Bergström's "Karen Borneman." The heroine of the latter play is a woman wayward from principle, a cousin of Sudermann's "Magda." Like Magda, she leaves an old-fashioned home and, after widening her horizon in the city, returns to shock her pious father by the expression of her radical views. He demands, like the father of Magda, that she marry her lover, but only to learn that she has by no means confined her at-

tentions to one. Instead of attempting to shoot her, like the stern parent in Sudermann's piece, this gentleman of the old school assails his daughter only in words, to which Karen replies rhetorically, proclaiming the right of her sex to live untrammeled by convention. Here the author declares his belief that the demand for sexual liberty among women is a sign of progress. Women have a right to enjoy as they will what he terms "the most beautiful among the passions bestowed upon man."

Less radical and more subtle is Galsworthy's drama, "The Fugitive," its heroine a wife, who, drifting away from her husband, falls into error, and finally commits suicide. Clare is a sensitive thoroughbred to whom her prosaic and tactless lord becomes abhorrent. Having ceased to love him, she believes it dishonorable to live with him longer. After her first dash for liberty, she is half persuaded to go back to him, but he claims her as a matter of right, sets detectives on her trail, and thus drives her to seek the protection of her bohemian friend, Malise. When she perceives that her attachment to Malise will serve only to ruin him and that he would gladly be free, her sense of honor again turns her adrift.

A year passes. Clare is on the verge of woman's ultimate resort; the scene is a hotel supper-room on Derby day. Approached by a brutal old man-about-town, she shudders, beholding in him personified the slavery under which henceforth she must suffer. As he retreats rebuffed, she pours poison into her wine, while from the room adjoining sounds the refrain of a hunting song: "This day a stag must die."

Clare is both strong and weak,—strong in the sense of honor but weak in self-control and reason. For if honor commands that she separate from a husband she no longer loves, it would equally inhibit her giving herself, without love, to Malise, merely as an act of gratitude. It would further inhibit her ever considering the sale of her charms as a means of livelihood. To heroines like Clare the desire for self-assertion is everything. This is their trouble. When they fail and fall, it is the harsh world that bears the blame.

II

The plays already discussed roughly indicate what a variety of wayward heroines are to be found in the modern drama. But a somewhat closer view may be taken of the erring women of Sudermann, Wilde, and Pinero—three writers especially given to depicting this character. Sudermann's folk of the sort are of two classes, those with a past, self-justified sinners, or those with a present, sinners without principle. Between these groups of the strong and the weak stands such a figure as Marikke, in "The Fires of Saint John," a woman who sins through passion, yet thereafter develops sufficient strength to renounce the man who loves her. Of Marikke enough has already been said. Let us turn at once, then, to Sudermann's self-justified sinners—Magda and Beata.

Magda will be remembered as the heroine of "Die Heimat." When driven from home for defying the paternal will, she has gone to Berlin to live a free life. The man she first loves deserts her, and only long after do they meet. Toward her former lover, Magda feels contempt and gratitude, contempt for his cowardice, gratitude for his indirect service to her. "My soul was like . . . an Aeolian harp . . . ; and through you it was given to the storm," she says; "it sounded almost to breaking,—the whole scale of passions which bring us women to maturity,—love and hate and revenge and ambition, and need, . . . and the highest, the strongest, and the holiest of all, the mother's love!—All I owe to you!"

In short, Magda does not regret her past irregularity, since she feels that it has formed her character. When her father learns of her past, she defends her title to freedom as the only privilege left to an outcast.

Yet in her lame diatribes against the family as an institution, and in her intimation that she has had more lovers than one, Magda forfeits the sympathy that the recital of her sufferings had aroused. To the pastor she defends herself, by saying: "We must sin if we wish to grow. To become greater than our sins is worth more than all the purity you preach."

Self-justified waywardness, somewhat different in kind, is shown in Beata, the heroine of Sudermann's "Es lebe das Leben." This play, familiar to English-speaking audiences as "The Joy of Living," offers still another version of the old triangular plot. For fifteen years, the Countess Beata has secretly loved Baron Richard. Her husband, suspecting nothing, has made of Richard his most intimate friend. Richard and the wife have severed their guilty relations without ceasing to love; and, at the opening of the play, Beata has prevailed upon her good-natured lord, Count Michael, to retire from the Reichstag in favor of Richard. Richard is duly elected, but his opponent—a former private secretary—assails him in a speech that brings to light the hidden scandal. Although the world in general remains unconvinced, Count Michael learns the truth, yet finds himself in a dilemma. With Richard he may not duel, since that will corroborate the scandal; and to proceed at law against him will be to publish the facts. In the face of this difficulty, both men ask advice of Richard's son, who supposes that he is pronouncing upon a hypothetical case. "Has the husband a right to the other man's life?" asks Richard; and the son replies that the other, if a man of honor, "would be more eager to give his life than the husband could possibly be to take it."

Richard accepts the decision as final; he resolves upon suicide, but requests of Michael two days of grace. This respite he employs in the completion and delivery of a speech on the sanctity of the home, in hearing which the scandalmonger rather improbably relents, returning the letters that have served as a basis for his charge. Then Beata, determined that there shall rest no shadow on Richard's son, who is in love with her daughter, gives a luncheon at which her husband and her lover are seated side by side, a luncheon designed to silence gossip. After the men have drunk effusively to their friendship, Beata proposes a toast. "My dear friends," she says, "you all go on wishing one another a long life—, but which of us is really alive? Which of us really dares to live?" Then, raising her glass, into which, unobserved, she has dropped poison, she adds, "And the only living soul among you, I drink to the joy of living!"

Beata's guests believe her to have succumbed to heart disease. But she has left a note of explanation for her husband: "I see that some one must pay the penalty,—better I than he. He has his work before him—I have lived my life. . . . He cannot die now without causing the scandal you have been so anxious to avert. I have always loved happiness, and I find happiness in doing this for his sake, and the children's, and yours."

Ethically, Beata would seem to defend herself, even while admitting the justice of the penalty exacted of her. She talks of the others as not really living, because they have become the slaves of conventional laws; but, although she has dared to rebel against one such law, she has done so only in secret. She possesses something of the free individualism of the Ibsen heroine, yet she is an individualist only by halves. If her bravery and altruism make her seem heroic, her readiness to stoop to deception, and her insistence upon her devotion to the husband whom she has persistently tricked, render her morally absurd. Either the author has meant to show her as deluded in justifying her conduct, or else he blinks her moral obliquity.

Fear of scandal, indeed, hopelessly weakens both Richard and Beata. Yet even in this respect the play faithfully portrays modern aristocrats, leading lives apparently humdrum that conceal romance and tragedy.

Now if Sudermann, in Magda, in Marikke, and in Beata, has drawn women whose waywardness he somewhat justifies, he has drawn other women as well for whose errors he asks no indulgence. Such are his Salome, his Alma in "Die Ehre," and his Frau Adah in "Sodoms Ende." The last piece—"The Destruction of Sodom"—is a caustic satire upon corruption in the polite circles of Berlin society. Adah Barcinowsky is the unscrupulous wife of a speculator. She has taken a fancy to a young artist whose painting, "The Destruction of Sodom," has captivated the public. Adah acts as the artist's patroness, and introduces him to her salon of cynical voluptuaries. The play sets forth the baneful influence of Adah and her friends upon the artist, whose creative powers shrivel with his loss of virtue and of faith in himself.

Frau Adah, in order to still the scandal that has begun to link her name with that of the talented Willy Janikow, resolves to marry him off to her niece. The naïve Kitty is already in love with Willy, and as she is an heiress, her wealth will settle him for life. At the same time, this marriage will permit Adah to be with him more frequently than before, without exciting suspicion. Now Willy is a weakling. Although he cares nothing for Kitty, he is willing to profit by the proposed match. Nevertheless, he laments in maudlin fashion this selling of himself, as though it were the deed of another. In the meantime, he has been flirting with an adopted sister, the innocent Clärchen, who also loves him. But Willy has no mind to do more than amuse himself with Clärchen and then turn her over to a poor friend who lodges in the house and who worships the ground she walks on.

Willy, taking advantage of Clärchen's trust in him, ruins her, and immediately proposes to the heiress, in accordance with Frau Adah's scheme. But the heiress, having learned of his relations to her aunt, flees from him. He pursues and overtakes her, and leads her to his studio. Here he prevails upon her to confess her love for him, and here his eyes are suddenly opened to the happiness within his reach which he had been about to throw away. Just as he feels awakening within his breast some genuine response to her love, news is brought to him that his victim, Clärchen, has flung herself into the river. It is her distracted lover who bursts in with the tidings. Willy, now all contrition, sends off Kitty on a pretence, and, over the body of the girl for whose death he is responsible, reveals to his injured friend his perfidy. At first, the friend thinks to slay the girl's betrayer and his own; but he cannot muster courage for the deed, despite Willy's pleading for death. Then from this poignant situation the wretched artist is released by a god-out-of-the-machine, a sudden hemorrhage. Willy dies, himself a victim of the poisonous influence of Frau Adah and her immoral salon. But it may be doubted if one so weak could ever have achieved success in art or in life, even amid influences the most benign.

A sister to Frau Adah in the matter of corruption is the middle-aged heroine of Sudermann's "The Flower Boat"

("Das Blumenboot"). Her father has grown rich as the founder of a great firm, and in youth she has been married off to his partner. On being left a widow, she has taken as second husband her dissolute lover, Baron Erfflingen. Then, having induced her elder daughter to wed the humdrum manager of the firm for business reasons, the baroness grows so disdainful of him as a Philistine that she deliberately incites her child to be untrue to him, with the result that he is ultimately aroused to murder his rival on finding the latter at a rendezvous on a flower boat. In the meantime, the younger daughter of the wicked baroness has been equally corrupt, aiding indeed in bringing about her sister's downfall, and making a loose match on her own account with a loose cousin; but both he and she experience a change of heart before the end of the play, and the audience is expected to reap the benefit of a salutary lesson from their conversion and from the awful examples of conscienceless money-worship displayed throughout.

An analogue in the lower class to Sudermann's Frau Adah and Baroness Erfflingen is the Alma of "Honor" ("Die Ehre"), a girl of the people, wayward, like these folk of the upper middle-class, through weakness. Alma is fond of comfort and finery, and insensible to the ideal of honor so dear to her brother. She is willing to accept dishonor, indeed, so long as she may still receive the attentions of the son of a merchant prince. She is essentially vulgar, a sister of Ibsen's Regina, beyond hope of regeneration. One other wayward woman from Sudermann's ample collection may here be mentioned—the Biblical temptress, Salome. In Sudermann's "Johannes," Salome is represented as in love with the Baptist, and slaying her maid as a possible rival. But Johannes meets her every advance with reproof. When she claims his head as the fee of her dancing, it is at the prompting of Herodias as in Scripture. Yet, to the last, Salome would have relented had the prophet been willing to ask of her his life. In Sudermann's treatment of the story, Salome is subordinate in interest to Johannes. It is the prophet, not the temptress, wh[illegible]ages attention, and it is the prophet's faith in the new [illegible]ss of [illegible] of love preached by the Messias that

brings his own death. For when, with a mob at his beck, Johannes might have cast at Herod a stone as the signal for a general revolt, he refuses this resort to force, and, dropping the missile, says quietly, "In the name of Him who bids me love thee!"

III

With Sudermann's "Johannes," a drama marked by spiritual insight, it is inevitable that we should compare the "Salome" of Oscar Wilde. Here, as the title indicates, it is the temptress who holds the centre of the stage. She is a passionate, morbid creature, infecting with love the heart of Herod, and the heart, also, of a Syrian soldier, who out of jealousy at her interest in the prophet Jokanaan, slays himself in her presence. Wilde's Salome is chaste in her life, yet her passion is intense as madness and of the earth. As she first looks upon the prophet, she cries: "I am amorous of thy body, Jokanaan! Thy body is white like lilies of a field that the mower hath never mowed. . . . The roses in the garden of the Queen of Arabia are not so white as thy body." When the prophet rebukes her, she declares him hideous, yet falls to praising the mouth that condemns her. In asking for the head of Jokanaan, she is unprompted by Herodias. She would wreak revenge upon one who has scorned her love. "Ah! thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan," she says, as the head is brought to her. "Well, I will kiss it now. I will bite it with my teeth as one bites ripe fruit. Yes, I will kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan." So she raves on, declaring that he was the man among men that she loved. As Herod mounts a stairway to escape the sound of her voice, he shouts to his soldiers below, "Kill that woman!" and they obey, rushing forward, crushing her beneath their shields.

This piece, however powerful as a portrayal of abnormal passion, is feeble in motivation. That Salome, the virgin, should have conceived of a sudden so fleshly a love for the melancholy prophet is unbelievable. To have shown her already in love with him, and now wavering as a wicked woman might, between lust and reverence for his strange

soul would have redeemed the drama from the charge of brutality justly laid against it.

Another wayward woman of the same stock is the heroine of Wilde's early play, "The Duchess of Padua." The duchess falls in love with the sworn enemy of her husband. In order to gratify her lover, she murders that husband, but Guido now shrinks from her; she has slain Love itself. In retaliation for his sudden coldness, the duchess lays the crime at Guido's own door. During his trial, she seeks to prevent his speaking, lest he reveal her perfidy; but when he at last breaks silence, it is falsely to assert his guilt in order that she may be saved. At this evidence of his devotion, the duchess is touched. She goes to the condemned man in prison, drinks off the poison that has been left for him to drain, and urges him to flee in her garments. But Guido refuses; love for her has been reborn in his breast. In sin they are reunited. He has sought murder in his heart; she, who was wont to weep even for a whipped hound, has really done it. "Can love," she asks, "wipe away the blood from off my hands, pour balsam in my wounds, heal my scars, and wash my scarlet sins as white as snow?"

To this, Guido replies, with ethics all askew, "Who sins for love, sins not." They kiss; the duchess dies in a spasm, and Guido, killing himself with her dagger, falls across her body, dragging down a cloak that covers her. At this point, the stage direction continues: "The Chief Justiciar . . . draws away the cloak from the Duchess, whose countenance is now the marble image of Peace,—showing that God has forgiven her." But the reader of the play may well doubt divine forgiveness for this particular sinner, or a calm face after death as evidence of heavenly pardon for any sinner.

It is not in such romantic dramas, however, that Oscar Wilde is at his best in drawing wayward women, but rather in his realistic plays of modern life. In these witty and amusing satires upon English society, the woman with a past occupies a prominent place. "An Ideal Husband" shows her as an adventuress, who, in order to further a fraudulent scheme for an Argentine canal, undertakes to blackmail the English under-secretary for foreign affairs. Sir Robert

Chiltern owes his rise to the fact that as a poor young man he had sold a diplomatic secret. The astute Mrs. Cheveley has evidence of his dishonest action and holds it over his head. He must yield official support to her scheme or else be exposed.

Sir Robert, for fear of losing his wife's respect, determines to fight the adventuress. But the latter easily takes revenge. She informs the wife regarding her husband's past. The wife, having lost her ideal, rails at Sir Robert. He protests that she has made the mistake of most women. "Why can't you women love us, faults and all?" he asks. "Why do you place us on monstrous pedestals? . . . It is not the perfect, but the imperfect who have need of love." He talks so eloquently that he convinces himself that he is the injured person. With unction, he exclaims: "Let women make no more ideals of men! Let them not put them on altars and bow before them, or they may ruin other lives as completely as you—you whom I have so wildly loved—have ruined mine!" This is sophistry of the worst, but it answers the playwright's purpose. In the end, through the aid of a friend of Sir Robert's, Mrs. Cheveley is put to rout; Sir Robert himself makes a telling speech in the House assailing the Argentine scheme, and in consequence is offered a seat in the Cabinet. When he hesitates, his friend and his wife urge him to accept. "You can forget," his wife says: "men easily forget, and I forgive. That is how women help the world. I see that now." Of course, Ibsen would never have permitted so easy a compromise with conscience, but Wilde is no reformer with a mission, and his Sir Robert does as most men would under the conditions.

Obviously, the adventuress of "An Ideal Husband," is a creature to be fought and conquered. But Wilde's adventuress, in his best play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," reveals toward the last a kinder nature. She is a woman long confirmed in waywardness, but not wholly bad; and Lady Windermere herself is the woman tempted and tottering, yet saved from falling by one more sinful. The plot is sufficiently trite. A youthful wife learns that her husband is attentive to a widow of poor repute. When she confronts her husband

with a record of the sums disbursed by him to Mrs. Erlynne, he merely declares that his wife's honor is untouched, and urges her to invite Mrs. Erlynne to her birthday party. Lady Windermere naturally refuses, and when her husband, notwithstanding, sends off an invitation, she vows that if Mrs. Erlynne comes to the party, she will strike the adventuress across the face with the fan that is his birthday gift. At the critical moment, however, Lady Windermere loses courage, and Mrs. Erlynne sails on triumphant, making her way from man to man, scorned by the women. Now Lord Darlington, who has been paying secret court to Lady Windermere, takes this opportunity to avow his passion and urge her to elope. "If I know you at all," he says, "I know that you can't live with a man who treats you like this."

As Lady Windermere is debating with herself Darlington's suggestion, Mrs. Erlynne, who has brought an elderly admirer to the point of proposing, corners Windermere and requests a handsome settlement as a preliminary to her marriage. This bold demand strengthens the belief of the audience in Windermere's guilt. Accordingly, when Lady Windermere decides that she will fly to Lord Darlington, she fails to alienate sympathy. But Mrs. Erlynne, who has found and read the note of farewell written by Lady Windermere to her husband, cries: "How can I save her? How can I save my child?" and stands revealed as the mother of the foolish young wife.

What, then, is the true state of the case, so far as Windermere and Mrs. Erlynne are concerned? Merely that she has been exacting blackmail of him. He has sought to spare his wife the shame of knowing that her mother still lives, and lives as such a creature. Lady Windermere has long idealized the mother she supposes dead; he fears that the shock of learning the truth may prove too much for her.

The third act opens with Lady Windermere awaiting Lord Darlington's arrival at his rooms. She has come to throw herself upon his protection. But Mrs. Erlynne has followed, in order to save her from taking the fatal step. Lady Windermere yields to the entreaties of the adventuress; but, before she can act, voices are heard in the hall. Darlington,

Windermere, and other men are coming in. Impulsively, Mrs. Erlynne hides Lady Windermere behind a curtain, and herself slips into an adjoining room. It is the old theatric device of concealment, useful in exciting dramatic suspense. The men are discussing Mrs. Erlynne. Windermere defends her; Lord Augustus admits that he is about to marry her, and Darlington moralizes on love romantically. In the meantime, one of the men has picked up a lady's fan, which he exhibits slyly to each of the others as proof that the moralizing Darlington is not all that he seems. Windermere, on recognizing the fan as that of his wife, demands an explanation. As he steps toward Darlington, he sees the curtain move, but before he can withdraw it, Mrs. Erlynne, calling his name, comes from her own place of concealment and thus diverts his attention. As they all turn to stare at the adventuress, Lady Windermere slips from behind her curtain of refuge and escapes unperceived.

"I am afraid," says Mrs. Erlynne to Windermere, "I took your wife's fan in mistake for my own, when I was leaving your house to-night."

In the fourth act, Mrs. Erlynne calls to return the fan to Lady Windermere and to say good-bye. She extorts from Windermere a promise that he will never reveal her identity to his wife, and from the wife a promise that she will never reveal to her husband how close she had been to deserting him. All Mrs. Erlynne's hopes of a fine match have been shattered by the compromising situation in which she has been found the night before. But the dramatist lacks the courage to let her go forth unrewarded for her one unselfish deed. Lord Augustus, in spite of what has occurred, persists in wishing to marry her. "Well," says Windermere to the groom-to-be, "you are certainly marrying a very clever woman." And to this Lady Windermere adds, "Ah, you're marrying a very good woman."

Mrs. Erlynne, however, is not so good as Lady Windermere supposes. She has been a hardened sinner, the blackmailer of her son-in-law, without a touch of maternal instinct, until she sees her daughter about to fall. At last she has done a good deed and captured a well-to-do husband, but there is

little evidence for supposing that she will greatly alter in the future. Like the favorite characters of Bret Harte, she is mainly evil, but with an impulse of natural generosity still surviving.

The play itself is brilliant in its dialogue, especially among the minor personages, who have little to do except strike out epigrams, but it suffers from a serious defect. That a man of the world like Windermere should have imperilled his reputation and damaged his fortune by submitting so quietly to blackmail is not to be believed; yet, granted that he had done this, it still remains inconceivable that he should never have foreseen his wife's misapprehension of his conduct. In attempting to shield this wife from the pain of losing her ideal of her mother, he does what is certain to subject her to worse anguish, the anguish of supposing him disloyal as a husband.

In Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," the adventuress is replaced by the injured saint. Twenty years before the play begins, Lord Illingworth, a cynical man of the world, has betrayed an innocent girl, who figures here as Mrs. Arbuthnot. The child of their union is now about to be taken abroad by the unsuspecting Illingworth as his secretary. To Gerald, such an engagement means social advancement and the gratification of boyish ambitions. But at this juncture Mrs. Arbuthnot, recognizing in Lord Illingworth the George Harford who has ruined her life, refuses her consent to Gerald's appointment.

To Illingworth, Mrs. Arbuthnot is only 'a woman of no importance,' and he treats her with cool contempt. He is determined to have the boy. He tells her frankly that he regards Gerald's future as of greater moment than her past. "What excuse can you give to him for making him decline such an offer as mine?" asks Illingworth. "I won't tell him in what relations I stand to him, I need hardly say. But you daren't tell him. You know that. Look how you have brought him up. You have educated him to be your judge if ever he finds you out. And a bitter, an unjust judge he will be to you." Later, the mother, to test her boy, recites to him her story as though it had been that of another, and notes his harsh judgment on the woman in the case. At

that moment, Gerald's sweetheart bursts in upon the mother and son, imploring protection from Illingworth, who, on a wager, has tried to kiss her. Gerald springs toward Illingworth threateningly. "Don't hold me, mother!" he cries. "Don't hold me—I'll kill him!" There is nothing for it, then, but confession. "Stop, Gerald, stop!" she begs. "He is your own father!"

This is the most dramatic scene of the piece, a situation used by Dumas, and recently by Bernstein, in "Israël." Gerald has now no thought but to repair his mother's honor. He determines that Illingworth must marry her forthwith. But Mrs. Arbuthnot refuses to entertain the idea, and Gerald's sweetheart, the little Puritan from America, comes to the older woman's aid. Her own prudery has been overset by this event. She cries out against such a marriage. They will go together across the seas to a younger and better land. She herself cares nothing for the fact that Gerald has no name.

IV

Most of the charm of Wilde's plays of contemporary English life lies in their flashing wit and not in their study of character. His wayward women are inferior, therefore, to those of Sudermann and also to those of Pinero. For Pinero is a master analyst of the feminine heart. Three of Pinero's heroines, in particular, may here be taken as types of the wayward,—Mrs. Ebbsmith, Mrs. Tanqueray, and Iris.

Iris is weakest of the three, a lover of pleasure, without moral fibre. In the play that bears her name, she is shown alternating between two men, one for whom she cares, and the other, who, by means of his wealth, finally conquers her. Trenwith she would have married except that he is poor, and the terms of her dead husband's will require her to forfeit an estate in case of remarriage. Although she cannot bring herself to accompany Trenwith to his ranch in British Columbia, she promises to wait for him to make his way there. When he is gone, and she has been left in poverty by an embezzlement, the other man supplies her with funds, and ultimately ruins her. Then Trenwith returns, prepared to

make good his promise of marriage. But when she tells him the truth, he leaves her; and the brute, who from hiding has watched her meeting with his rival and found his suspicions of her love for the other man confirmed, turns her out of his rooms, and in fury smashes the furniture.

Iris is a new Manon Lescaut. She knows her own weakness. "Poor, weak, sordid Iris," she calls herself, "who must lie in the sun in summer, before the fire in winter, who must wear the choicest laces, the richest furs, whose eyes must never encounter any but the most beautiful objects,—languid, slothful, nerveless, incapable almost of effort." She knows that she needs either recklessness or self-denial; and, lacking both, she temporizes with Trenwith. Though she cannot marry him without losing her property, she is willing to support him and let tongues wag as they may. When he plucks up courage and goes forth to the wilderness alone, she quickly succumbs to his wealthy rival. But on Trenwith's return, she begs to be taken back, alleging that it is the good in her that has proved her downfall, that her scruples lest she be a burden to him in the New World have exposed her to temptations greater than she could bear. In other words, she excuses her conduct, whereas the spectator of the play must condemn it as far from inevitable.

In "Letty," Pinero has drawn a heroine tempted, like Iris, to follow the line of least resistance, but gathering her forces to oppose elopement with a married man of superior class, and justified in the end by the happiness she achieves as wife of a little photographer of her own world. Letty is a clerk in a bucket-shop. Her employer offers her marriage. He is well-to-do but rough-and-ready. She cares nothing for him, yet is attracted by the thought of the comforts that he can give her. In the meantime, she has been fascinated by Nevil Letchmere, a customer of the firm, who wishes to save her from her employer. Nevil has a wife with whom he does not live. He cannot marry Letty, but he will take her abroad. She has about surrendered to his proposal, and has come at midnight to his rooms to perfect the plans of their journey, when word is brought that Nevil's sister, herself mismated, has eloped to the Continent with an admirer. The brother

is shocked; he feels that, in his own philandering, he has failed to watch over his sister as he should. Moreover, both he and Letty recognize in Mrs. Ivor Crosbie's mistake a forecast and analogue of their own proposed action. The good in Letty recoils. She begs Letchmere to save her as the only reparation he can make for having neglected to save his sister; and the duty thus imposed upon him he accepts.

No novel idea is developed by the piece. It merely reaffirms the worldly wise maxim that it doesn't pay to fly in the face of convention, or to scorn the lines of class-cleavage. The play exists, however, less to enunciate this commonplace doctrine than to tell a story and to set forth a group of characters with fidelity to life. The hero talks too much in the stilted and sententious vein dear to the younger Pinero; but Letty is quite natural—a well-meaning, weak, affectionate, vacillating creature, who by a narrow chance avoids the shoals and rocks that threaten her, and slips into the smooth waters of a bourgeois marriage.

Letty escapes waywardness by virtue of witnessing it in another. As soon as she is forced to think, she is saved; at heart she is a conservative. Iris, however, is neither conservative nor radical. She never thinks; she merely feels, and her waywardness is a matter of weakness. The heroine of Pinero's "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," differs from these other two women in that she is always a thinker, a rational radical, whose waywardness—if you call it such—is due to her strength. Agnes Ebbsmith is a good woman of revolutionary ideas, caught from her father, and deepened by her own unhappy experience of wedded life. She is an advocate of spiritual free love. As a nurse, she has fallen enamored of her patient, Lucas Cleeve. He, too, has been unhappy in marriage, and fancies himself ready to accept all her theories. So, they have formed a union designed to be ideal. But Pinero's play—"The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith"—exhibits the failure of this union, a failure due to the character of the man in the case and to the nature of love in general.

Lucas is a sensitive egoist wrapt up in his career. He has self-esteem without self-confidence. As soon as his friends

begin to deplore his departure from convention, he is done for. Already he has feared that each success he achieved might be his last. Now he suffers agonies at being ridiculed by the worldly.

He realizes that he is unfitted to shine as a social reformer; he knows that it is passion, not principle, that has bound him to Agnes, and ultimately he decides to renounce her. The steps in his falling away are carefully indicated. First, he recants faith in their dream of marital reform. Then, he resolves to win back respectability by marrying Agnes when possible. And, next, he considers returning to his wife, at least in appearance. Up to this point, Agnes has consented to follow him. Her earlier fear had been lest she find herself "loving Lucas in the helpless, common way of women." But, bit by bit, she has come so to love him, complacently donning the beautiful dress he has bought for her, and yielding to his every whim, since, in fighting his uncle, the Duke of St. Olpherts, for mastery over Lucas, she has needed to draw upon every physical charm in her armory,—weapons hitherto disdained.

But when Lucas, for the sake of quieting all scandal, would return to his wife, although still maintaining in secret his relations with Agnes, the latter rebels, and prepares to seek refuge with friends. At this juncture, the wife comes in person to beg the woman she has deemed a Circe to continue exerting her spell over Lucas until he can be lured back to his former associates and ambitions. This suggestion is both an insult and a confession; yet Agnes, who learns for the first time what the wife, too, has suffered from the meanness and vanity of Lucas, consents. But the wife, now stung with self-shame at having asked of her rival this wretched service, rejects it. Then, when Lucas pleads with Agnes to rejoin him, she grows firm in refusal, for at last she sees him truly and sees herself.

Yet she promises, when she has again learned how to pray, to remember him in her prayers. He stares at her, incredulous. "Pray!—You!" he exclaims; and his words are proof that he never has fathomed the depths of her nature.

Agnes Ebbsmith has learned the futility of defying a social

institution. She has learned the weakness of human nature that renders such institutions essential. And Pinero, in his masterpiece—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"—, again lays stress on the same general moral. The question here proposed is not, May marriage be dispensed with? but rather, Can marriage clothe with respectability the woman who has earlier sinned? Aubrey Tanqueray believes that it can, and to prove his contention, marries, with eyes open, the lovely yet once disreputable Mrs. Jarman. But only misery results. Aubrey's daughter by his first marriage is as cold as her mother had been. She feels an instinctive aversion to Paula. Society will have nothing to do with the second Mrs. Tanqueray, and the only woman who calls comes, after months of neglect, merely to rescue Ellean from her influence.

Paula herself is bored, yet hungering for love and sympathy. Try as she will, she cannot shake off the ideals and the habits of thought of her earlier life. Angry that Ellean has been so anxious to leave her, and that Aubrey has been so willing to let the girl go, Paula insists upon bringing as guests to the house two of her quondam friends—the déclassé Mabel Hervey and her tippling husband, Sir George. But these people whom once she could have liked, distress and disgust her, and she yearns to be rid of them. Then Ellean, who in Paris has fallen in love with an English officer, comes home, transformed from her colder self. She even embraces Paula as she tells how her lover is waiting there in the garden. Paula, delighted at Ellean's first confidence, begs her to bring him in. But, as Paula turns to receive him, the past, which she had thought forever banished, confronts her. For Ellean's Captain Ardale, the hero of India, is her own unheroic first lover. Of their past alliance Tanqueray is in ignorance, and Ardale wishes him kept so. But Paula refuses.

Ardale storms and pleads, bullies and begs, and then weakly withdraws. For the loss of her lover, Ellean blames Paula. "Why, after all, what can *you* know?" she asks. But the truth dawns upon her, and Paula's protestations are in vain.

"It's a lie!" cries Paula, forcing the girl to her knees.

"You shall beg my pardon for it. Ellean, I'm a good woman! I swear I am! I've always been a good woman!"

Yet, after this outburst Paula grows hopelessly calm. The patient Tanqueray tries to encourage her. They will begin life afresh somewhere else. But Paula is now convinced that they cannot outlive the past. "I believe the future is only the past again," she tells him, "entered through another gate. . . . To-night proves it." Then she pictures for him the future, when her beauty shall have faded. "You'll see me then at last with other people's eyes," she tells him; "you'll see me just as your daughter does now, as all wholesome folks see women like me. And I shall have no weapon to fight with—not one serviceable little bit of prettiness left to defend myself with! A worn out creature . . . my hair bright, my eyes dull, my cheeks raddled and ruddled—a ghost, a wreck, a caricature, a candle that gutters, call such an end what you like! Oh, Aubrey, what shall I be able to say to you then? And this is the future you talk about!" In her speech, Paula misses the moral view, the conception of growing old nobly, of rising through a conquest of character to higher levels with the passage of the years. But the speech is in keeping with her own nature. She has scarcely made it and gone out, when Ellean comes running in to announce that Paula has killed herself. "I helped to kill her! If I'd only been merciful!"

Few plays of the modern stage can compare with this in power,—a power due less to the plot and the moral, than to the dramatist's accurate characterization and his technical skill. Like all great art, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" seems perfectly simple. It relies upon action, gesture, and facial expression rather than rhetoric. The most impressive scenes are those in which the words are in themselves least noticeable. When Paula, all happiness, springs upon the sofa to be sure, by catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror, that she is looking her best before Ellean's lover is brought in, there is a moment of silent suspense more telling than any verbal eloquence. The most affecting dialogue is almost monosyllabic. As Wordsworth advised with regard to poetry, so here, it is the feeling that gives importance to

the words, and not the words that give importance to the feeling.

No one of the three dramatists whose plays have just been discussed possesses any novel or profound conception of life. Sudermann and Wilde are deficient in moral logic. Pinero, although logical in his treatment of character, is without a fresh or fixed *Weltanschauung*. And yet, any moralist who chooses to do so may take comfort from the wayward women portrayed by these dramatists. Such women, in one way or another, atone for their deeds. Those who are wayward from malice or weakness reap their reward of anguish or death, and those who are wayward from principle fare little better. In none of these plays, not even in Wilde's "Salome," is vice made alluring. The moralists, then, need not fear that the modern drama, which has dealt so freely with sex relations, will corrupt its devotees. Nor need the women who attend these plays resent their over-frequent exhibition of feminine waywardness. With few exceptions, the men in such dramas are even more to be condemned than their wayward sisters.

CHAPTER VII

THE PRIESTLY HERO

I. The priestly hero long satirized on the stage in revenge for clerical attacks on the theatre. Unsympathetic portrayals of this character less common at present than formerly, yet surviving in plays by Jones, Hauptmann, Ibsen, and Björnson.

II. Churchmen in minor rôles represented with sympathy by Jones, in "The Physician," "Carnac Sahib," and "The Crusaders," and by Shaw, in "Candida," and "The Devil's Disciple." Passive prophets in the Biblical plays of Wilde, Sudermann, and Rostand. The exaltation of priestly heroes who sacrifice themselves in love, in Anzengruber's "The Parson of Kirchfeld," Jones's "A Clerical Error," and Sudermann's "Heimat."

III. Militant churchmen depicted as the foes of hypocrisy by Jones, in "The Philistines," "Saints and Sinners," "The Hypocrites," and "The Galilean's Victory,"—the second an old-fashioned didactic drama, the third a more modern attack upon the palliation of wrongdoing in high places.

IV. Men of religion who struggle with love and free-thought in others and themselves, as drawn by Jones in "Michael and His Lost Angel," by Ibsen in "Rosmersholm," and by Lavedan in "The Duel;"—the first a romantic study of a priest's temptation to passion, his fall and repentance; the other two intellectual studies of the conflict between free-thought and faith, exhibiting the reaction of character upon character and of ideal upon ideal.

V. Studies in the spiritual potency of love and faith associated with priestly heroes, in Kennedy's "The Servant in the House" and Jones's "The Galilean's Victory,"—the latter raising the question of the propriety of using religious experience for theatrical purposes. The spiritual potency of love and faith as demonstrated by the healing of the sick, in Jones's "Judah," in Moody's "The Faith Healer," and in Björnson's "Beyond Human Power,"—Moody being a champion of faith, and Björnson a common-sense positivist, intent upon indicating its limitations. "La Foi," by Brieux, as a sceptic's defence of religion on utilitarian grounds.

I

Ever since the English recoil against Puritanism, toward the close of the seventeenth century, clergymen have frequently been the objects of ridicule, satire, and reprehension on the stage. Dramatists have thus taken easy revenge for the opposition to their trade fostered in clerical quarters. The caricatured churchman is, accordingly, a stock figure of the theatre, one especially dear to the makers of farce. Instead of the priestly reconcilers of the Shakespearean drama, comic blundering clerics or those hypocritical and obsequious have become the rule. But of late, a reaction against this misrepresentation of the clergy has set in. Indeed, with certain playwrights, like Henry Arthur Jones, the priestly hero is now a favorite; and such heroes are represented, in considerable variety as well, by other dramatists. Although the unsympathetic portrayal of the clergyman continues, there has come into being a body of plays devoted to exhibiting in all seriousness men of religion face to face with the issues of life.

Of the unsympathetic treatment of the priest in the recent drama something must first be said. This attitude of antagonism, so far as it repeats the older attitude of the fun-maker toward the sober Puritan, is without especial significance. It is largely mischief which leads Shaw, for instance, to describe the Reverend Samuel Gardner, of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," as a coarse and profligate fellow. So, too, Sudermann in "The Fires of Saint John," sets forth Haffke as a rough and unspiritual pastor who has secured his position through currying favor with fellow students. The farcical avarice of the hedge priest in Synge's "The Tinker's Wedding," the purring softness of Archdeacon Daubeny in Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan," and the professional stiffness of Prebendary Bostock, his wife, and daughter in Jones's "Manœuvres of Jane" are all examples of the comic traits bestowed upon the cleric in accordance with an older tradition.

More significant than such farcical traits are the narrowness, the formalism, the fear of what others may think and

say ascribed to some of the churchmen of Ibsen, Hauptmann, and Jones. Puritan prejudice against the theatre is lightly assailed by Jones in his comedy-sketch, "The Deacon." Here the hero comes to town to attend a meeting of protest against the stage, but concludes by applauding a performance of "Romeo and Juliet." Puritan fear of what others may say is assailed by Jones in the Canon Bonsey of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," a priest, worried by a scandal that threatens his flock, and fearful, above all, of what effect it may have upon his noble patroness. The same dread of scandal and awe of the aristocracy may be seen in the Reverend Algernon Portal, who, in Jones's "The Crusaders," opposes a social reform merely because it brings into his respectable parish five hundred girls from the city sweat-shops. His is the attitude, also, of two other churchmen of Jones, the unctious vicar of "The Hypocrites," and the time-serving bishop of "White-washing Julia," who holds aloof from the heroine so long as a cloud rests upon her, and then, when it blows away, grows indulgent.

Hauptmann, like Jones, displays the Puritanism of the cloth in certain characters such as the vicar of "The Sunken Bell," who would summon Heinrich down from the heights of artistry to the valley of common duty toward wife and children, or Pastor Spitta of "The Rats," who comes to Berlin from the country to reclaim a son turned actor. In such a personage, too, as the August Keil of "Rose Bernd," a bookbinder who has longed to be a missionary and glories in misfortune as God's chastisement, Hauptmann pays his respects to Puritanism.

With Ibsen, the object of satirical attack, so far as his churchmen are concerned, is not mere narrowness so much as smug hypocrisy and the spirit of compromise. Ibsen's Brand and Rosmer, despite certain deficiencies, are men of honest conviction and plain dealing; but the tipsy Molvik of "The Wild Duck" is at least self-deluded; and Pastor Strawman, in "Love's Comedy," and the bishop who seeks to temper the fearless radicalism of Brand, and Pastor Manders, who plays so important a part in "Ghosts," are compromisers, timorous and conventional. Manders in

particular is a careful creation, combining innocence and worldly wisdom, credulity and suspicion.

Some of the qualities of Manders appear dispersed among the less vital churchmen in Björnson's "Beyond Human Power" ("Over Ævne," Part I), men of religion who meet in conclave to determine what attitude they will take toward the miracles wrought by Pastor Sang. The bishop would refrain from giving judgment until he has felt the public pulse. A colleague would praise God for the wonders without committing the clergy to any absolute stand in regard to them. One would subject these miracles to tests by medical experts in order to shift responsibility in the matter away from the church. Another would treat the miracles as happenings in accordance with law, but a law not yet understood. Still another would denounce these departures from the established order.

Satire of this sort on men's deadening attachment to forms is expended, also, against such allegorical figures as the priest, in Maeterlinck's "The Blind," sitting lifeless in the midst of those who had hoped in his guidance, and the Bishop of Lancashire, in Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," an old man dull of sight and hearing, who is chiefly intent upon increasing the emoluments of the higher clergy.

II

It will be observed that all of these satirized churchmen are but minor persons of the plays that include them. Some, indeed, like the Bishop in "Brand," the vicar in "The Hypocrites," the Bishop of Lancashire in "The Servant in the House," or the members of the Bishop's Council in "Beyond Human Strength," are employed expressly as foils to throw into relief the virtues of other characters—the true priestly heroes of those dramas.

From the unworthy churchmen, whatever their use, let us turn to those described with obvious sympathy. A first group may well include such as appear in pieces concerned with other than religious issues, subordinate characters conceived as kindly and agreeable. To this class belong Pinero's

pleasant little curate in "The Thunderbolt," and his Yorkshire parson in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," with Jones's quaint old Peregrine Hind in "The Physician" and his fighting chaplain in "Carnac Sahib." Peregrine Hind declares his belief in belief. When asked which of three versions of a holy legend he accepts, he confesses his faith in all three, since, as he says, "So many people now-a-days believe in nothing at all, it does no harm to have a few old-fashioned folks like myself who believe a great deal too much, believe everything that's told them,—so long as it is beautiful and helpful."

As for the chaplain of "Carnac Sahib," he considers himself a duffer at prayers, but thinks he might handle a gun like the rest if given a chance. So well, in fact, does he fight at the siege of Fyzapore that his comrades vow never again to say an ill word of a parson. This chaplain is as rational in religion as the lady in Jones's "Masqueraders" who remarks, "We must believe that there is a kind of a sort of a something somewhere," or the friend who retorts to her, "If you like to believe there is a kind of a sort of a something somewhere, I am as willing to pretend to believe that as anything else."

One other character of Jones may be classed with his churchmen sympathetically set forth in subordinate rôles. Philos Ingarfield, in "The Crusaders," if not a priest, is at least a professional reformer. Those associated with him are broadly satirized as insincere or self-seeking, but Philos is treated by the dramatist with consideration. Like the Judah of Jones, he is an ascetic idealist who tells a lie for the sake of the woman he loves. In so doing, Philos imperils the reform which he has espoused heart and soul, for he threatens his moral usefulness in accusing himself of an intrigue of which he is innocent. Fortunately, the actual culprit refuses to permit Philos so to sacrifice himself; and reads the philanthropist a lesson on his folly and the futility of reform in general.

Among the churchmen of Shaw three at least are treated with humorous sympathy—Father Keegan, the mad priest of "John Bull's Other Island;" James Morell, the pompous yet childlike husband of Candida; and Anthony Anderson,

the minister turned soldier, in "The Devil's Disciple." When Anderson discovers that Richard, the outcast, on mere impulse, has taken his place as captive to the British and is soon to be hanged, he throws off his gown, laughs at his wife's suggestion of praying, and dashes away to raise a troop to free the rogue who would rescue him. As for that excellent parson, the Reverend James Morell, he is wholly wrapt up in his own importance, flattered and coddled by women, talking his cant with an innocent love of fine periods. His power with his flock and his typist, the sharp-tongued Proserpine Garnett, is fully understood by his wise-hearted wife. "Why," she asks, "does Prossy condescend to wash up the things, and to peel potatoes, and abase herself in all manner of ways for six shillings a week less than she used to get in a city office? She's in love with you, James, that's the reason. They're all in love with you. And you are in love with preaching because you do it so beautifully. And you think it's all enthusiasm for the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, and so do they."

If in worldly wisdom Morell is only an infant, other churchmen who occupy minor positions in the recent drama are masters of worldly experience. Such is the case with the good old bishop in Lavedan's "The Duel" and Father Euvrard, the heroine's confessor, in Bourget and Cury's "A Divorce." The latter, although he has fostered the scruples of Madame Darras at marrying a man with a wife still living, steps in to prevent her leaving that sceptical husband; and the former, with benevolent tact, makes peace between the brothers, a priest and a free-thinker, who have sharply contended for love of the same woman.

Enough has been said, however, of churchmen represented with sympathy on the stage in subordinate rôles. Of greater interest are the priestly heroes proper, protagonists in sixteen or eighteen plays. Some among these are fairly passive, the characters, for instance, of the Biblical drama;—John the Baptist in Wilde's "Salome" and Sudermann's "Johannes," or Jesus in Rostand's "La Samaritaine" and Maeterlinck's "Marie-Magdeleine." The remainder—men of religion of to-day—are more active. Among the latter, some sacrifice

themselves unselfishly in love; some strive against hypocrisy in others; some strive against free thought or passion in others and themselves, and some test the spiritual and material potency of love or faith.

Of the priestly heroes who sacrifice themselves in love a classic instance is the protagonist of Ludwig Anzengruber's "Parson of Kirchfeld" ("Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld"). This idyllic peasant drama was written at a time when clericals and free-thinkers were at war in Austria. Anzengruber sought to mediate between the two, and his Parson Hell, accordingly, faces against scepticism on the one side and against obscurantism on the other. The very name of Hell implies light, just as the name of Count Finsterberg, the obscurantist, implies darkness. The political and temporal aspects of the piece, however, are comparatively unimportant. It lives by reason of the universality of the conflict it presents, a conflict between love and the sense of duty, between liberalism and enlightenment.

Pastor Hell has taken into his home as helper to his old housekeeper an orphan girl, with whom he falls in love. One evening in his garden, he gives her a gold crucifix that had belonged to his mother, and ventures to express the hope that she may always share his house. Now this scene has been spied upon by a rough fellow embittered against religion and its upholders. He assails the Pastor and spreads the scandal. When Anna appears at church wearing the crucifix, the tavern riff-raff gossip over the affair, and only one youth, Anna's earlier admirer, takes her part. On his offering her marriage, Anna begs the parson to unite them, and the latter consents. But as he steps from the church, after the ceremony, word is brought to him that the consistory has removed him from office. His sacrifice therefore seems useless. He has lost both Anna and his flock. For a moment he thinks of death, but recovering his poise, resolves to confront his judges with the truth. As for the sceptical outlaw, he is promptly converted to the parson's side. For the parson is willing to perform the last rites over the outlaw's mother, who has drowned herself, whereas the church formalists have refused her Christian burial.

Still another play of this kind, less grave in its sentiment, is "A Clerical Error," by Jones. Here the picture is brightened by humor, a trait not often elsewhere allowed to Jones's priestly heroes. The Reverend Richard Capel is a country vicar of middle age, who prefers to joke his parishioners into virtue, since he knows that his jests are better than his sermons. Through an error, Capel believes that his pretty ward is in love with him. But Minnie, as a fact, loves his nephew, a scapegrace, who, after having been forgiven for a theft from his uncle, has gone away vowing amendment. When the vicar proposes to Minnie, her sense of gratitude to him ties her tongue; but a humorous butler enlightens the vicar as to his "clerical error." Then the good man, chancing to witness unperceived the meeting between his ward and the returned and reformed prodigal, is touched by the girl's admission of love for the youth and by her resolve, in spite of that fact, to be true to her guardian. With a sigh, the Reverend Richard relinquishes his dream, and pretending to Minnie that his proposal had been only one of his jokes, drinks to the future of the happy pair.

Unselfishness in love is also the trait of Sudermann's Pastor Heffterdingt, a secondary personage, though one of the best in "Heimat." When the pastor sues for Magda's hand, she repulses him; yet his heart remains hers in spite of this rebuff, and in spite, too, of her reckless life in Berlin after leaving the quiet town of her birth.

III

The priestly hero who wins sympathy by the unselfishness of his renunciation in love is necessarily a somewhat passive character. But the priestly hero who strives against the hypocrisy of the world is a figure more militant. The first of such modern assailants of half-way compromise is Ibsen's Brand, standing to his doctrine of "All or Nothing" with unflinching courage, out-facing the timorous clergy who profess one law of life but follow another.

Among English dramatists, Jones in particular has struck with a heavy hand at the self-appointed guardians of moral-

ity. Sometimes he has made such guardians functionaries of the church, like the deacon in the play of that name, and like that other deacon in "Saints and Sinners"—a piece shortly to be described. More often, the self-righteous are mere individual moralists, such fellows as the sour-faced Palsam of "The Crusaders," suspicious of all the world, and ready to reform it by talking scandal, or the busy-body Bevis of "Whitewashing Julia," so occupied in attending to other people's morals that he can find no time for his own. Such, too, is the smug Mr. Jorgan, of "The Philistines," who leads the self-righteous of Market-Pewbury in demanding that the painting of a Bacchante be destroyed. Jorgan's addiction to the phrase, "in the interests of morality," does not prevent his yielding in private to the wiles of a French model, or attempting to saddle his fault upon another, or arguing that to show him up would be to injure the respectability of the community at large.

When Jorgan's scapegoat declares his intention of outfacing public sentiment, a lady tells him, "You're fighting the strongest force in English life—that black, bitter stubborn Puritanism that you'll never change, my dear boy, till you've changed the climate of the country and the very bone and marrow of the English race." Of the same sentiment, Sir Christopher Deering, in "The Liars," remarks: "You know what we English are, Ned. We're not one whit better than our neighbors, but, thank God! we do pretend we are, and we do make it hot for anybody who disturbs that holy pretext."

It is against this sentiment that Jones directs his satire in an early play—"Saints and Sinners"—as well as in a late one—"The Hypocrites." Of these two, the first is notably old-fashioned, a good example of the didactic stage entertainment of the early 'eighties. It contains a villain in high-life and a middle-class hypocrite, a pair of elderly comic lovers, and two low-comedy old men, to say nothing of a lovely heroine led astray, her honest lover disdained until too late, and her long-suffering father, who is an upright priestly hero. There are nine scenes in the five acts of the play, and each act concludes with a set tableau. The villain breathes

his inner thoughts to the audience in extended monologues, as absurd psychologically as they are ineffective dramatically.

The author, when his play came to be printed, confessed its faults in a preface, but excused them as due to the general artificial practice of the stage at the time. He had composed it after a long apprenticeship, he explained, to "the dull devil of spectacular melodrama." Notwithstanding its defects, "Saints and Sinners" evoked lively discussion as to the propriety of depicting religious life in the theatre. It received the commendation of no less a critic than Matthew Arnold, who saw in it, so he wrote, an assault upon "faith in the middle-class fetish."

The central character of the play is the dissenting minister, Jacob Fletcher, whose daughter is flattered by the unscrupulous Captain Fanshawe and carried off to London like the heroine of any eighteenth-century novel. Sought by her father and her farmer-lover, Letty is brought home, and the story of her fall is concealed. But the greedy Deacon Hoggard uses his knowledge of the affair to compel the minister to his wishes. The minister is trustee for a widow whom Hoggard would defraud. Although the alternative for the minister is hearing his daughter's shame proclaimed in public, he refuses to desert the widow's cause. Instead, he himself announces to his congregation Letty's fault, and resigns his charge. The repentant Letty dies just when her lover, after winning a fortune abroad, returns to marry her.

This melancholy conclusion displeased an optimistic public, and Jones consented to alter it; but he defended his Deacon Hoggard, who had been assailed as a character impossibly vile, maintaining that Hoggard was "no unfair representative of a very widely-spread class in narrow English religious communities." It is notable, however, that in his far better play, "The Hypocrites," Jones makes his churchman's adversary more human. He had come to realize that there is little merit in knocking down a bundle of straw.

The priestly hero of "The Hypocrites" is the curate, Edgar Linnell, an independent champion of reform. He has angered an influential brewer by urging the erection of a

model club for working men, and now he angers the vicar and his wealthy patrons by opposing the marriage of one of the latters' tenants with a bad woman of the parish. This woman complains that she has been seduced, and the Wilmores contend that in such a case it is the duty of the man to repair his wrong by marriage. But they change their tune when a parallel situation arises in their own family. Although their son has betrayed a girl of poor estate, and Linnell, the curate, demands that Lennard marry her, the moral Wilmores fight the proposal with implied and overt lies. Eventually, the youth himself breaks down, and confesses his guilt. He has loved Rachel from the first, and will marry her rather than the heiress selected for him by his parents. Technically, the play builds up to a fine climax at the end of the third act when Linnell is outfaced by his opponents, and in seeming defeat, denounces them as hypocrites. In point of characterization, however, there is nothing novel here, unless it be the curate himself—an earnest, overworked, and underfed ascetic, gentle in manner until aroused.

In still another play—"The Galilean's Victory," called, also, "The Evangelist"—Jones takes a fling at religious intolerance and provincial hypocrisy. Here a revivalist is relied upon by a man of wealth to render docile his turbulent workingmen. Such is the spell exercised over the masses by the revivalist that those who had threatened a strike are appeased, and Sir John Nuneham is rendered happy. But the local clergy grow jealous at the intrusion of one who professes contempt for forms and ceremonies, and who declares that "God builds his temples on the ruin of churches, in the human heart."

IV

The priestly heroes who strive against hypocrisy in others are more than matched by those who strive against love or free-thought in others or themselves. Ibsen's Pastor Brand is both a foe of compromise and, mistakenly enough, a foe of love. He regards love as weakness; he tries to stamp it out in his own nature and to make it subordinate to will in the

nature of others. In dying, he asks if all his efforts to master feeling and to strengthen will have been in vain, only to hear a voice proclaiming of the Deity, "He is the God of Love!"

Such love, then, as Brand has disdained—filial, maternal, conjugal, and divine—is worthy love, an essential part of every rounded life. But the enemy combated by Jones's priest, in "Michael and His Lost Angel," is love as lust and passion—a more usual foe. The play develops again the theme of "The Scarlet Letter," but from the minister's rather than the woman's point of view.

The Reverend Michael Feversham is a tranquil scholar of middle age. When he detects in sin the daughter of his secretary, he requires that she avow her guilt before his congregation. Ere long he, too, is tempted to a like sin and falls. Then, after a desperate struggle, he obeys his own precept by making public confession. Although his temptress—his 'lost angel'—has been driven off by Michael, she follows him to Italy, and there expires in his arms. Already he has resolved to adopt Catholicism, and to the priest who assures him of peace and comfort in the Church, he says: "Take me! I give my life, my will, my soul, to you! . . . only persuade me that I shall meet her again."

Michael's 'lost angel' is Audrie Lesden, an adventuress impressed by reading one of his books. She seeks him out, curious to know how far she can weave her spells about him. Michael rebukes her for heartlessness, and Audrie herself makes no pretence to virtue. She brings Michael contributions for the restoration of his minister, yet warns him against herself. When Michael, aware of his danger, retires to a deserted island to meditate, Audrie pursues him, claiming him as her purchase from the powers of evil. Just as she is sobered by his self-control, and ready to part from him forever, she discovers that chance has thrown them together. The boatman she had commissioned to call for her has failed to receive the order; and for the night she is marooned on the island with her saint.

The sin of Michael is passed over by the dramatist, but not his remorse. "I have sinned—as David sinned," Michael tells his people. "It is my just sentence to go forth from you,

not as your guide, your leader, your priest; but as a broken sinner, humbled in the dust before the Heaven he has offended." So Jones employs once more a clergyman's public confession, a device used, as we have seen, in "Saints and Sinners," and repeated, also, in "Judah." But "Michael and His Lost Angel" is the best of the three plays. "Saints and Sinners" is over-trite. "Judah," if original in conception, is mediocre in execution. "Michael," although its central conflict be sufficiently old, is full of fresh interest. It is written more carefully than most of Jones's work. It is romantic, yet sufficiently real to satisfy reason and the sense of fact. Its setting is poetic, and its personages truly live. Morally, Jones is interested in showing how character affects character. When Audrie asks, "Do you think that you can have any influence on my soul without my having an equal influence on yours?" Michael answers, "Action and reaction are equal and opposite." Yet, excellent as is the play in many respects, it is too sombre in tone to serve as an entertainment for the unthinking, and too free from problems and subtleties to furnish food for thought to the intellectual. It did not, and could not, therefore, win great success in the theatre.

Better adapted to the needs of those desiring a mental stimulus from drama are such plays as Lavedan's "The Duel" and Ibsen's "Rosmersholm." Both exhibit the priestly hero, not only in a conflict with love, but more especially in a conflict with free thought. Whereas the Abbé Daniel, in Lavedan's play, remains a champion of faith to the last, Ibsen's Rosmer is half converted to the free-thinking of Rebecca West. Rosmer, on the whole, is a dynamic character; the Abbé Daniel, on the whole, is static. Yet even the latter acquires from his struggle with a materialist brother new toleration for free thought and the worldly life in others; while Rosmer retains, in spite of himself, his old reliance upon the churchly traditions of the home in which he has been reared.

In Lavedan's "The Duel" ("Le Duel"), two brothers, opposed in faith and profession, contend with each other for the love of a woman. One of these brothers is a physician;

the other is an abbé. The first is a free-thinker, though formerly a mystic. The second is a pious ascetic, though once irreligious and perverse. The physician has followed the example of his atheistic father; the abbé has followed that of his devout mother.

The woman concerning whom the brothers contend is the unhappy wife of a degenerate duke. She loves the physician, and chances to make confession of her infatuation to his brother, the abbé. The latter, not knowing the identity of her admirer, warns her against this temptation. Then the brothers meet. The physician is naturally jealous of the priest, and, being rebuked, retorts by making the abbé doubt the virtue of his own interest in the lady, and his very fitness for service in the Church. The duke, at this juncture, conveniently commits suicide, and a venerable missionary bishop intervenes to adjust the difficulties of each of the principal characters.

This bishop, who in China has withstood tortures for his faith, is the most tolerant of men. To the duchess, on the point of entering a cloister, he advises life in the world and marriage with the free-thinking physician. To the priest, who would lay down his office from a sense of unworthiness, the bishop advises life in the Church. When the abbé begs to accompany his counsellor to a leper colony in the Far East, the bishop consents only on condition that the abbé meet the duchess frankly in farewell. There must be no running away from temptation.

As a proof of self-conquest, therefore, the abbé assures the woman who had almost turned him from his priestly function that her happiness and duty lie in human love, and gives her over to his brother. Thus, the conflict between faith and free thought, asceticism and love, is reconciled by the wisdom of the bishop. The abbé has learned to respect honest doubt in the physician, and the physician has learned to respect honest faith in the abbé. The pair are at last not merely brothers but brethren.

V

Another group of plays dominated by the priestly hero comprises those that exhibit the spiritual potency of love and faith. Such virtues are exalted in "The Servant in the House" and "The Galilean's Victory," in "Judah," "Beyond Human Power," and "The Faith Healer." Something has already been said of the first two, and a word for each may here suffice. In Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," a vicar grows troubled in conscience by the treatment he has accorded his uncouth brother, a drainman. He is further worried by the symbolically significant stench that arises from the drains beneath his church. But he learns the lesson of fraternal love from the other brother, the symbolized Christ, who enters the house as a servant; and who inspires, not only the vicar, but the drainman, to labor for the religion of humanity.

In the second of these plays—Jones's "The Galilean's Victory," the evangelist, who arouses the ire of all the formal champions of religion by preaching a faith of the heart, discovers that the daughter-in-law of the lord who had summoned him to Trehnstown has been carrying on a guilty intrigue with a young physician. Yet, on being questioned by the lady's husband as to her infidelity, he—the moral leader—lies in order to save her. Christabel, however, at a revival meeting is overwhelmed with a sense of sin, whereupon she gives her daughter and herself to God, and confesses to her husband.

The crux of this play is the scene of Christabel's conversion. Can such a scene be dramatically effective? Can religious conversion—which is necessarily personal and intimate, an entering into the individual of a mystic power from without—ever possess the universality required of emotion in the drama? These are questions that the critics have asked. Walter P. Eaton, among others, has answered in the negative. Of Christabel, we know intellectually, he says, "what is going on within her mind. . . . But emotionally we do not know, because her emotions have begun to enter that region of the religious consciousness where they

cease to speak a universal language and adopt an utterly personal one."

Such a criticism by no means implies that ministers of religion or their converts are characters unsuited to the stage. It affirms, however, that the inner experiences of religion are not dramatic material except in so far as they are used as the originating motives of actions themselves dramatic. Hence, Mr. Eaton and others who have disapproved of this play would not of necessity dispute the contention of Jones that the theatre is entitled to represent religious as well as secular experience. "Those who would deny to dramatists the right to depict religious life upon the stage," writes Jones, in his essay "Religion and the Stage," "should show either that religion has become a very unessential and useless portion of human life, . . . in which case the playwright can afford to treat it as a naturalist does an organ that has lapsed into a rudimentary state, or they should show why religion should not occupy the same part in the dramatic scheme . . . that it is supposed to occupy in the outer world around him—shall we say one-seventh?"

Certainly, in the best plays of Jones, religious experience is presented, not for itself, but as a motive to action, and as prompting always to a moral conflict. In "The Galilean's Victory," in "The Hypocrites," and in "Saints and Sinners," the principal object of this conflict is a world of Philistines opposed to a priestly hero. In two other plays, however, Jones is intent upon showing such a conflict waged within the soul of the priestly hero himself. This is the case in "Michael and His Lost Angel," already discussed, and in "Judah."

Judah Llewellyn is a mystic, half Celt and half Jew, attracted to the miracle-worker, Vashti Dethic. Now Vashti, before engaging in her feats of faith-healing, is accustomed to fast, a trick connived in by her rascally father. Since Vashti's cures are remarkable, she half believes in the supernatural source of her powers, and is sick of practising deception. When she and her father are summoned to attend the invalid daughter of Lord Asgarby, Vashti consents to go through the hunger-ordeal only on condition that it shall be for the last

time. A sceptical professor has resolved to expose what he believes to be her fraud, and to this end, watches the tower in which Vashti is confined. Judah, the minister, also keeps vigil, for he regards Vashti as the realization of his dreams, a woman who exerts her spiritual forces for the benefit of others. What is his horror, then, to see her one night secretly accepting food from her father! But Judah's love for her withstands even this shock, and, in order to save her from exposure, he perjures himself.

Now the invalid, out of sheer faith, improves so greatly, that Lord Asgarby in gratitude, promises to erect for Judah as Vashti's accepted suitor, a memorial church. Vashti's deception, although known to the sceptical professor, is concealed by him for motives duly elaborated by the dramatist. But Vashti and Judah are tortured in conscience, and Judah at length makes public confession. He refuses to accept the gift of the church, and resigning his ministry, resolves to remain in the community and work there to win back the respect of his flock.

The hypochondriac girl has proved in her own case the spiritual potency of faith; Judah, in turn, has proved the spiritual potency of love, a love that can transform even a lie into an instrument of moral growth. Judah's love has enabled him to endure a blow to his faith, but that faith itself is not shattered, although he knows that part of Vashti's performance has been clap-trap. All that was worthy in her powers he may still develop through his faith and love; just as she, through love and faith, may yet hope to serve the world.

If both Judah and Vashti are characters fairly vital, the minor personages of this play are either types or caricatures. Jones has thrown in these farcical persons for the sake of comic relief, but they blur the effect of an otherwise serious play. A touch of humor in the protagonist would have been more artistic. Humor, however, is a trait that Jones, except in the lightest of comedies, does not venture to bestow upon his priestly heroes, lest he detract from their dignity.

Two other pieces that may be associated with "Judah," as dealing with the miraculous cure of the sick are Björnstjerne

Björnson's "Beyond Human Power" ("Over Ævne"), in its First Part, and William Vaughan Moody's "The Faith Healer." Björnson's play suggests the limitations that faith and love cannot safely exceed. Moody's drama, on the contrary, suggests the sweeping away of all barriers, when faith is fortified by love.

Moody's Ulrich Michaelis, a hero patterned after the actual faith-healer, Schlaetter, is a sheep-herder of New Mexico, who has felt himself compelled of the Lord to go forth and practice his cures upon the believing. As he journeys eastward, attended by an Indian boy raised from apparent death, he comes to a town of the Middle West. His first glad faith has left him, and he is longing for positive proof of his mission from on High. Invited to rest for the night in the house of a townsman, Ulrich is attracted to the orphan niece of his host. For Rhoda he exerts all his powers, causing her bed-ridden aunt to rise and walk; and yet, despite his seeming miracle, he is deeply perturbed. The voices that once gave him counsel are silent. He is wearied, and under the sudden ferment of a passion, the virtue of which he questions, his faith in himself ebbs away.

As if in electric response, the woman who had walked suffers a relapse, and a child brought in to be cured defies the healer's endeavors. He learns, moreover, that the physician he has summoned in despair to care for the child is the betrayer of the girl who now stirs his pulses. Yet, when Rhoda rejects the physician's offer to repair through marriage the wrong he once did her; when, instead, she declares her readiness to cast in her lot with Ulrich, the latter is willing to forego his dreams of human service. He would carry her back to his mountains, and there forget the world.

At this crisis, it is Rhoda's faith that saves the self-doubter. She refuses to countenance any abandonment of his mission; she dismisses with scorn the scoffing physician; she artfully holds together through the night the crowd which Ulrich himself would have dispersed, and at sunrise she brings in the people that they may witness the final healing of her aunt. Ulrich, exalted by her faith in him, rises to the level of that faith. Once more, at his behest, the invalid walks, and even

the infant, given up for dead, recovers. Faith in the spiritual potency of love makes love potent to regenerate faith. Under the inspiration of a love like this, all things are possible.

Such a doctrine is by no means so credible as that preached by Björnson, in "Beyond Human Power," yet Moody has made the most of it, relying for his effects upon the combination of realism and symbolism dear to Ibsen. Thus, the scenes and the people of the play are matter-of-fact, and the incidents are subject to a natural explanation. At the same time, such natural matters are controlled by a certain symbolism. Ulrich is the doubting soul, confirmed in its faith through love; Rhoda's uncle—the disciple of Darwin and Spencer—, and her lover—the immoral physician—represent the forces at war with the life of the spirit; and the sun that rises upon the last act is suggestive of the light of love bringing a return of faith and hope.

More subtle than "The Faith Healer," and more likely to appeal to a generation trained to free thought is Björnson's "Beyond Human Power," a play exhibiting various degrees of faith and doubt, and their effect upon the will. Pastor Sang is the man of absolute faith. For the sake of his flock he dares more than any other, venturing, in mist, upon the wild mountains and, in storm, upon the raging seas. He is possessed of a supernatural power that enables him to work miracles through prayer in such as believe. Yet, according to his wife: "He is wanting in one whole sense, the sense of reality. He never sees anything but what he wishes to see; therefore, for instance, nothing evil in anyone." Except for Klara's interference, the pastor would give away even their daily bread. She herself has fallen ill from overstrain, from the prolonged effort to combat the philanthropic irresponsibility of her husband.

But if Sang be a thorough-paced fanatic, he is also immensely tolerant. "The need of faith, in order to escape condemnation," he says, "is God's business; ours is sincerity." To his sceptical wife he declares, "I think I love you all the more, because you do not share my faith entirely; . . . You have sacrificed yourself inch by inch, not from faith, not from hope of reward here or hereafter;—from love alone."

Sang's wife, lying helpless on her couch, cannot believe as he believes; for that reason, he who cures others cannot cure his own dear heretic. His children are unbelievers, also. Once their father's aids and companions, they have become doubters while living abroad. They have found no other Christians such as he; and they have learned that long before the inception of Christianity, its doctrines were taught by Eastern and Greek mystics. Yet the fact that the truths of Christianity are older than itself should not, as the pastor says, count against it. What is needed, he thinks, is some one with abounding faith to demonstrate these truths. Then all the world will see and believe. "If only one were bold," he asks, "would there not then be thousands bold?" Forthwith, he resolves to be that one. He will cease doubting his power to restore his wife to health. For that wife must be as dear to God as those who believe, since God is the Father of all. The pastor, heartened to a supreme act of faith by this reasoning, enters his church to pray, vowing never to come forth from it until he has got from God's hands sleep for his afflicted wife, and, after sleep, perfect health.

Then, strangely enough, sleep does fall upon the invalid, a sleep so profound that even the onrushing of a landslide fails to awaken her. As the avalanche bears down upon the church and the praying pastor, it suddenly swerves aside, sparing him, as though by Providential intervention. Thus his faith appears to have ruled even the forces of blind nature.

Hundreds have gathered to witness the expected miracle of the healing of the pastor's wife. A ship bearing the bishop and various churchmen calls in the fiord and, with its passengers, swells the crowd. The churchmen discuss the position they had best assume toward these wonders. Some find in Sang's cures an evidence of heresy, others an evidence of fraud; yet all hesitate to pronounce against them, lest the people be offended. One churchman—Pastor Bratt—is an honest doubter; but he alone yearns to prove Sang's works authentic. He has come hither looking for the supreme miracle without which he must henceforth renounce the Church. "For, if the miracle is not here," he says, "then it cannot be."

The enthusiasm of Bratt inspires the rest. As they await the miracle with renewed confidence, the daughter of Pastor Sang announces that her mother has wakened and is walking. At the next moment, in comes Klara herself, with her eyes fixed upon the church, from which sound loud 'hallelujahs' as the pastor, followed by the rejoicing people, approaches. Klara, bearing up until she and her triumphant husband meet, sinks in his embrace. She has risen and walked, out of love for him, not out of faith. But the strain has killed her. As the truth flashes upon the pastor, he too falls stricken. Both he and Klara have attempted what lies beyond human power. Love and faith are beautiful and potent, but they may push us to dangerous extremes. We are men, not supermen.

It is the peril of willing more than we can perform that Björnson here points out. He does not assail faith itself. Yet the inference is clear that faith works in us subjectively, without much reference to an external reality. Björnson's play contains the germ of religious scepticism therefore, although it be a play of religious faith. For the purely sceptical standpoint in a drama dealing with religion, we must turn to "La Foi," by Brieux.

Now "La Foi" does not celebrate the deeds of a priestly hero. Its priest, indeed, is a charlatan, and its central figure an agnostic. Yet the piece may well be considered in this connection. For Brieux, like Moody and Björnson, bears witness to the might of faith in the human soul. It is his standpoint alone that differs from theirs. He writes as one emancipated from attachment to any creed, endeavoring to explain and justify the phenomena of faith as averred by others.

Is religion a necessity? Should we respect the religious belief of others when convinced that it is illusory? Such are the questions that Brieux suggests. The thought of writing the play occurred to him when, in visiting a famous shrine, he checked his first impulse to denounce what he deemed superstition on reflecting that the faithful were happy in contemplating an ideal, and that it would be folly to disturb them. Later, while travelling on the Nile, Brieux conceived the no-

tion of expounding his thesis in an ancient Egyptian setting. By this device, he might discuss the problems of religion impartially, without fear of shocking the sensibilities of any. "La Foi" is thus a philosophic tragedy, a sceptic's apology for religion. It is intended to throw light upon contemporary faith, not directly, but by means of an apologue.

Satni, the hero of "La Foi" ("Religion"), has been destined for the priesthood, but, in travelling beyond the confines of his native land, he has learned to think for himself. When he returns, he finds that the woman to whom he is betrothed has been selected as the annual victim to propitiate the god Ammon and secure the inundation of the Nile. It is the custom for the virgin so nominated by the priests to be accepted or rejected by the bowing of an idol in the temple. But, since the victim has the right to refuse to become the bride of the deity, there is hope that Satni may prevail upon her to decline the empty honor. He assures his Yaouma that her election is but a trick of the priesthood; that her sacrifice, moreover, is useless, since the Nile will rise whether she die or live. Yaouma, however, is deeply religious, and, being called upon to decide between a god and a man, she chooses the god.

By chance, Satni, the rationalist, comes to be esteemed as himself divine. Through his superior knowledge he has performed certain cures. Furthermore, as if at his behest, a thunderbolt has leapt from heaven, preventing for the moment the sacrifice of his beloved. Satni, therefore, is regarded by the people with peculiar veneration, and a lord, whose property has been unjustly confiscated, offers to assist him to slay both Pharoah and the chief priest, that he may himself become the master of Egypt. From the throne he can make effective those reforms which he has at heart. But Satni refuses to climb to power on the ladder of deceit and usurpation. On the contrary, to show his disdain for superstition, he encourages the slaves to overthrow their idols. Forthwith, he learns his error; for the slaves, freed from fear of the gods, become merely violent; and Yaouma, horrified by his incitement of them to sacrilege, is but confirmed in her resolve of self-immolation. Miéris, too, a lady, deprived

by his teaching of the hope of recovering her sight through a miracle, or of meeting her lost babe beyond the grave, seeks death, and his parents curse him.

Now Satni is assailed anew by temptation. The chief priest has saved him from the wrath of Pharaoh in order to offer him power in the priesthood. Satni has learned, says his tempter, that to deliver men from respect for the gods is only to unchain their passions. He must perceive that religion is the greatest force for the conservation of organized society. Each possesses the faith he deserves,—a brute superstition if he be brutish, an intelligent and liberal faith if he be enlightened. To these general arguments, the priest adds a personal appeal. It is the law that the victim chosen to propitiate Ammon may escape the sacrifice if she marry a priest. By becoming a priest, Satni may wed and save Yaouma.

Against even this seductive argument, the rationalist stands firm; but, when his pity for humanity is appealed to, he yields. For the chief priest, in order to convince him that the people need a religion, shows him in the temple a throng of suppliants beseeching forgiveness of the idol. So moved is Satni by their sufferings that at length he stoops to deception, consenting to wield the lever that causes the head of the idol to bow in acquiescence. Yet, by this compassionate act, he, the unbeliever, is false to himself and becomes an accomplice of the wily priest. All that the priest has sought is to excite the worshippers into waging a war of conquest for Pharaoh. Satni's pity for them has but increased their misery. In remorse, he proclaims that it was he who caused the idol to bow. But most refuse to believe him, and the rest are enraged by his words. Yaouma, unheeding, passes him by on the way to sacrifice, rapt in her folly, and the disciple of reason and humanity falls dying, struck down by the dagger of a dwarf, disappointed because he had not been made tall by a miracle.

The futility of combating religion is what Brieux would here emphasize. Men must believe in something outside of themselves, whether theirs be the mystical faith of a Yaouma, or the brutal faith of the crowd, or the humanitarian faith of

a Satni. Yet, if Brieux be engaged in this play in justifying religion, he is an ally little likely to be welcomed by religionists. His argument in favor of faith recalls the defence of God set up by Voltaire. "Even if there were no God," said Voltaire, "it would be necessary to invent one."

CHAPTER VIII

SCENES FROM MARRIED LIFE

I. The relations of husband and wife a comparatively recent theme for the playwright, first figuring in the 'bourgeois drama' of the eighteenth century, and first studied in detail by Ibsen, but now occupying the attention of many writers for the stage; two groups of dramas dealing with married life—those that depict marital disasters, those that depict marital adjustments; the joy and harmony of marriage never the theme in either group, since drama can arise only from a conflict of forces, and must disappear as soon as the conflict is resolved. Scenes of marital disaster.—Three cases set forth by Pinero: "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," which asks if there be a future in marriage for a woman with a past; "The Profligate," which asks if there be a future in marriage for a man with a past; and "Mid-Channel," which portrays the perils of middle age for the married; Hervieu's "The Enigma," a study in wifely infidelity that is half detective play. The folly of 'trial marriage' implied in Schnitzler's "Intermezzo."

II. Black marital misery displayed with disturbing realism by Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," an arraignment of marriage for money; by Tchekhov's "Ivanov," a picture of marital incompatibility bringing disaster to a weak husband; and by Strindberg's "The Dance of Death," a study of hatred in marriage, husband and wife being engaged in a duel of sex as victims of a blind force that alternately attracts and repels.

III. Scenes of marital adjustment: Hervieu's "The Awakening," a wife tempted to leave her husband, but restrained on finding how little her life is affected in supposing the death of her lover; Capus's "The Transients," an adjustment secured through the easy toleration of the wife; Jones's "The Case of Rebellious Susan," a more sober English analogue of this situation, the wife consenting to indulgence after a futile effort at revolt. Three instances of marital misunderstanding and the remedies for each, presented with worldly wisdom by Björnson: "The Newly Married," moralizing on the difficulties of first adjustment in wedlock; "Geography and Love," moralizing on the elderly husband whose devotion to work leads him to neglect his wife; and "When the

New Wine Blooms," moralizing on the elderly wife whose devotion to her house and children leads her to neglect her husband.

IV. The problem of second marriage, touched on by Pinero in "Lady Bountiful," and further developed in "His House in Order,"—a second wife sacrificed on the altar of the first, but rescued in due time.

I

It is a commonplace of literary history that until recent times both drama and fiction have dealt primarily with love before marriage rather than with the relations of husbands and wives after it. Tragedy, of course, since the appearance of the "Agamemnon" of Aeschylus, has frequently depicted marital infidelity as leading to bloodshed and utter woe. Comedy, also, from the early French farces and English interludes to the polished pieces of the Restoration theatre, has again and again laughed at such infidelity. But, save for this favorite subject, the lives of the married, as such, have been little exploited on the stage. The rise of the bourgeois drama in the eighteenth century in England, France, and Germany, tended to induce some study of the marital among other family relationships, but the extensive treatment of more than the world-old theme of unfaithfulness has been deferred until the last quarter century.

With the revival of the bourgeois play by Ibsen, however, considerable attention was given to the relations of husbands and wives. Sometimes these relations are but incidentally involved, as in "Ghosts" and "When We Dead Awaken." But in other plays, such as "A Doll's House," "The Wild Duck," and "Little Eyolf," marital life occupies a larger share.

In "A Doll's House," we are asked to consider how far the husband should allow his wife to develop her individuality. In "The Wild Duck," we are led to examine, among other things, the attitude of the wife to the husband, and of the husband to the wife and the child, when the wife has a past. In "Little Eyolf," we are called upon to observe the conduct of selfish parents with regard to each other and to their offspring. In each of these plays Ibsen has drawn the life

of the married with telling strokes, proposing also for solution certain marital problems. It is noteworthy that he has made very little of the motive of infidelity so dear to his predecessors and contemporaries. He has indicated unhappy conditions in marriage as preliminary to his main action in "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm;" or as involved in that action, in "Hedda Gabler" and "The Master Builder," and he has made clear the essentials for a happy union, in "The Lady From the Sea," the heroine of which mopes without her freedom but grows content in marriage when accorded it.

Other dramatists, of late, have displayed marital relations in great variety. Thus, to name at random only a few, Hauptmann, in "Lonely Lives," exhibits the scholarly husband mismated with a simple wife, and d'Annunzio, in "Gioconda," the devoted wife deserted by her sculptor husband whom she cannot inspire in his art. Shaw, in "Candida," sets forth the mothering by a wise wife of her conceited parson husband, and Sudermann, in "Happiness in a Corner," the salvation by her husband of a sorely tempted wife. Echegaray and Maeterlinck depict, in "The Great Galeoto" and "Monna Vanna," respectively, innocent wives so far doubted by their husbands as to be driven from them to those not regarded even as lovers before. And to the list might be added many another piece discussed elsewhere in connection with the triangular plot, the wayward heroine, and the ideal of honor.

So important, however, are these scenes from married life that a special group of plays concerned in presenting them may here be distinguished. Such plays fall naturally into two classes,—those that depict marital adjustments, and those that depict marital disasters. The first end in cheerful reconciliation; the second end in pathos or tragedy. Among the sources of misunderstanding in both are infidelity, preoccupation with work, the interference of parents, sins of the past that rise up as obstacles in the path of the future, the disparagement of a second wife by comparison with her predecessor, and the weariness of middle age.

Since the drama is necessarily dynamic, and happiness as

an ideal condition is static, these plays do not portray peace and harmony in marriage. They show, instead, the operation of forces which oppose that state, forces which are gradually overcome, or which gradually triumph. When the disturbing forces are destined to be overcome, as in the plays of marital adjustment, happiness is the *terminus ad quem* of the action. With happiness achieved, the curtain falls. When, however, the disturbing forces are destined to conquer, happiness is the *terminus a quo* of the action, and ceases even as the curtain rises. Let us consider, then, the two classes of plays and, first, the less agreeable—those of marital disaster.

Pinero, in three of his pieces, has painted such disaster. In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," elsewhere discussed, he asks whether a woman of ill repute can atone for her past in marriage, and whether a respectable man can be justified by the result in wedding a woman once disreputable. Both questions he answers in the negative. So, too, in his less excellent play, "The Profligate," Pinero inquires whether a man once a libertine can attain happiness in marriage, and, again answering in the negative, exhibits the sinful husband as found out by his past, turned away by his bride, and driven to suicide. More recently, in "Mid-Channel," Pinero has depicted the shipwreck of a middle aged couple tempted to infidelity by ennui and spite, with the usual suicidal conclusion, this time the wife's plunge from a lofty window.

In the first of the latter two plays, Dunstan Renshaw, the Profligate, loves and marries an orphaned school-girl, and, thoroughly reformed by his new and pure passion, goes for his honeymoon to a Florentine villa. But, by highly improbable chance, one of his victims appears at the villa as companion in the family of the bride's school friend, Irene. Now Irene is resisting betrothal to the rake, Lord Dangers. "Ah, Irene," says Leslie, the bride, "there are good men still to fight the battles of weak women, and I promise you my dear husband's aid." At that moment, however, as the dear husband appears with Lord Dangers, Janet, the companion, whose story of betrayal has just been confided to Leslie, cries out, "It's the man—the man!" Leslie assumes that

Dangers is the person thus referred to, and insists upon Janet's confronting her betrayer. Thereupon the truth emerges, and after Leslie has heard in horror her husband's confession of guilt, she sends him away. Months later, broken in spirit, he seeks her in London, and despairing of the reconciliation which her legal adviser has secretly arranged, takes poison just as Leslie enters the room prepared to forgive him.

This tragic conclusion offended the managers when the play came to be produced, and Pinero, in a second version, consented to save the Profligate's life. But the altered ending merely weakened the effect of this dramatized sermon, a piece reinforced by incredible coincidences and platitudinous speech-making.

In Pinero's later practice such rhetoric is fortunately less common, but the *raisonneur* at least is certain to take the floor in order to explain the thesis of the play in set terms. This is the case in "Mid-Channel," when the good-hearted vulgarian, Peter Mottram, expatiates upon the resemblance between marriage and the Channel crossing from Folkestone to Boulogne in respect to the shoal, or Ridge, to be encountered halfway over. "The happiest and luckiest of married couples have got to cross that wretched Ridge," declares Mottram; "a bad time it is and must be—a time when travellin' companions see nothin' but the spots on each other's yellow faces, and when innoomerable kind words and innoomerable kind acts are clean forgotten. But, as I tell you, it's soon over—well over, if only Mr. Jack and Mrs. Jill will understand the situation; if only they'll say to themselves, 'We're on the Ridge; we're in mid-Channel; in another quarter of an hour the boat'll be steady again.'"

The optimism of Peter Mottram is not justified by Pinero's play, in which a couple who have been married for thirteen years fail to weather the perils of mid-Channel. The husband has evaded the burden of children, and grown daily more selfish and dissatisfied. The wife, a shallow woman approaching forty, is equally selfish, and finds her only excitement in the company of a number of harmless male admirers—tame robins, who come to eat crumbs from her window-sill. When

she and her husband fall out, Zoe departs for the Continent, but is followed by one of her robins, who proves not so harmless after all. Her husband, at home, finds solace in a mercenary little woman, who presently bores and disgusts him. Then the good Peter Mottram endeavors to reconcile the unhappy pair.

Zoe is willing to forget and forgive her husband's entanglement, but when he discovers that she too has been entangled, he balks, with male defiance of logic. Although he is done with his wife, he agrees to aid her in procuring a divorce if only her admirer will marry her. But Zoe has already dismissed Leonard Ferris, and Leonard, in obedience to her injunction, has engaged himself to the girl long in love with him. Thus, Zoe has lost both her lover and her husband. When the former offers to break his engagement, she refuses to accept his sacrifice. As she turns to leave him, her husband comes pounding at the door. Zoe slips into a room adjoining, and when, after an altercation, the men look for her, she is gone. From the window, she has leapt to her death.

A sombre, disagreeable drama, this! its characters vulgar and sordid. Yet the intellectual stimulus of the play is considerable. Pinero here illustrates how and why the middle-aged drift apart in marriage. Blundell and Zoe were once happy, but by degrees he has ceased to compliment her upon her looks and her clothes. He has ceased to try to amuse her. He feels that his sprightly days are gone. In vain, Peter Mottram warns him against the delusion that he is already scrap-iron. "No, it's when the sun is working round to the west," says Peter, "it's when men are where we are now that they're most liable to get into mischief." Blundell, having proved the truth of Mottram's assertion by making a fool of himself with Mrs. Annerley, fears to return to his wife lest she laugh at him. "You see, I always posed to her as being a strong, rather cold-blooded man," he says. "It was more than a pose—I thought I was a strong man. And then—to crawl back to her—all over mud!"

As for Zoe, she has drifted away from her husband, wearied by his indifference and grumbling. Yet, in dallying with her tame robins, she has never dreamt of ultimate disloyalty, and

she lapses into it only through force of circumstances. Later, when she discusses with her husband the mess they have made of their marriage, she says, "it was doomed from the moment we agreed that we'd never be encumbered in our career with any—brats of children. . . . Oh, yes, we were happy in those climbing days . . . ; but we didn't look to the time when we should need another interest in life to bind us together. . . . Ah, Theo, I believe we should have crossed the Ridge safely enough but for our cursed, cursed selfishness!"

Here again Pinero shows himself an heir of the old bourgeois dramatists; for he is realistic and moral, or nothing. He proposes a horrible example, meant to warn husbands and wives against the dangers of middle-age,—dangers less tragically depicted by Björnson, in "Geography and Love" and "When the New Wine Blooms."

Although infidelity is involved in the marital misfortunes of "Mid-Channel," it is only the last of several steps leading to disaster. As a rule, however, on the modern stage, the infidelity itself absorbs attention. Enough has elsewhere been said of plays in which this is the case. But one structurally novel piece of the sort may be examined, a play in which the infidelity is less important than the question as to who has committed it.

In Hervieu's "The Enigma" ("L'Énigme"), two brothers, more devoted to hunting than to their wives, dwell together upon a country estate. All goes well until one day appears the smiling gallant, Vivarce. Now as both wives are attractive women, left much to themselves, both are likely to prove the sentimental game of Vivarce. One alone succumbs, but which? That is the enigma. An old marquis, related to the husbands, has seen Vivarce admitted at night by a woman's hand to a certain room. Having extorted from the gallant a half-confession, the marquis counsels him to flee the house. He persists in remaining, and falls into the hands of the brothers, who are lying in wait for poachers before dawn. Evidently, Vivarce has just come from a secret meeting, but with whom? Again, the enigma!

The suspense of the audience finds relief only when the

wives learn that Vivarce, in shame, has taken his life. For then it is that Léonore, by her cry of anguish, betrays her secret. Her husband, who springs upon her, is restrained by others, but promises to put into execution his earlier threat of tormenting the woman untrue to him; and the old marquis concludes the play by condemning a marriage law that permits a husband to inflict in revenge such torture as lies in store for Léonore.

So far as Hervieu here delivers a message, it is merely that the husband who revenges is a brute, and that the wife who is neglected by her lord may be excused if she cheat him. But the spectator is little concerned with any theories of marital life in "The Enigma." Instead, all his efforts are expended in attempting to solve the puzzle prepared for him by the dramatist. Now it is an old saying that the drama differs from prose fiction in exhibiting character in action rather than in exciting curiosity. Whereas the novelist may keep his secret from the reader to the last, the dramatist should reveal his secret to the spectator as early as possible in order that the workings of character may thereafter be impartially enjoyed. In Hervieu's play, however, as in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," by Henry Arthur Jones, the method is novelistic rather than dramatic. We should better appreciate the actions of Léonore and Giselle if, from the first, we knew which of the women was guilty.

Still another variety of marital disaster, accompanied by infidelity, but induced by a futile theory of marriage, is set forth by Arthur Schnitzler, in "Intermezzo" ("Zwischenspiel"). Here the leader of an orchestra and an opera singer have contracted a union to be terminated at the pleasure of either. After seven years, they have agreed to end their trial marriage. Already, they have been kept much apart by professional engagements, and each has had an affair confided to the other. Yet they have remained the best of friends, corresponding daily in absence.

At this juncture, Cäcilie, after a season of opera in Berlin, returns to her husband in Vienna. Hitherto, he has boasted of the ease with which they might live together as intellectual comrades after breaking the old ties. But now his philosophy

deserts him, and for an hour he resumes his place as her husband. He even challenges to a duel his rival, the prince, whom earlier he has tolerated. When the prince, without fighting, relinquishes claim to the lady, it would seem that she might return permanently to her husband, but she refuses. With some subtlety she explains that he has succumbed to his passion because she appeared to him for the moment as a stranger. Her yielding has been the result of a mood that would have made her yield as readily to another. In their sober moments, they are drawn together chiefly by their dread of a final parting. "We were not created with sufficient fidelity to love each other forever," she declares, "nor with sufficient strength to preserve our friendship in its purity." The husband gives assent to the truth of her dictum by packing his portmanteau. As he turns to leave, she remains at the piano softly weeping, her head sunk upon the keys,—a situation duplicated at the curtain-fall of Gorky's "The Smug Citizen."

II

The mild pathos of such a parting and of such a marriage as is depicted in "Intermezzo" is scarcely comparable to the black marital misery displayed, with disturbing realism, by Brieux, Tchekhov, and Strindberg. In Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" ("Les trois Filles de M. Dupont"), two families cheat each other in allying their children for worldly gain. But no sooner are the young couple securely wedded than they learn their mistake. Antonin regards his wife as a fool; she perceives that he is half a knave; and each set of parents discovers the duplicity of the other. Thus, the wealth of Antonin's uncle has disappeared, and the country house given to Antonin with Julie proves to be subject to inundations. The printing contracts that were to go to Julie's father, thanks to the influence of Antonin, go elsewhere; and the bank of Antonin's father turns out to be little better than a swindle. Antonin himself is a despot in marriage. Julie, finding herself no better than a servant, with her beautiful dreams of domestic bliss all dissipated,

cries out upon this selfish brute. In one violent scene she defends herself from his advances, and then, broken in spirit, grows resigned to her wretched condition, accepting it as, after all, inevitable.

The target for Brieux's satire is here the marriage of convenience, not marriage in itself. He attacks the social custom according to which parents, with an eye to property profit alone, sacrifice the higher interests of the children they force into marriage. Brieux has nothing new to say upon this subject, but he illustrates an old text with telling force. His fellow painters of the miseries of marriage—Tchekhov, the Russian, and Strindberg, the Swede,—present in fuller detail more gloomy pictures still. But, whereas Tchekhov is concerned only with a special instance in writing his four-act drama, "Ivanov," Strindberg, in his longer play in two parts, "The Dance of Death," rises from the particular to the universal, arraigning marriage, not merely as a human institution, but even as a natural union.

The Nicholas Ivanov of the Russian dramatist is a figure familiar to readers of Turgeniev and Tolstoy,—a passive, morbid creature, deficient in will. He has ceased to care for his wife, a consumptive little Jewess, who, in marrying out of her religion, has forfeited the affection of her wealthy parents. Although Ivanov is warned by Anna's physician that his neglect of her will shorten her life, he continues to frequent the house of a friend, fascinated by the friend's daughter, Sasha. This girl pities the unfortunate Ivanov, and on one occasion, confessing her love for him, is discovered in his arms by the jealous Anna. In the quarrel that ensues the husband taunts his jealous wife with her race, and tells her brutally that she is dying.

A year later, Ivanov, left a widower, has turned to Sasha. But he is haunted by thoughts of Anna, and on his second wedding day suffers dreadful qualms. As the guests are assembling for the ceremony, he begs Sasha for release. At that moment appears the physician of his first wife, come expressly to denounce him to his bride. As Sasha wrangles with the meddler, and the wedding guests grow impatient, Ivanov, stepping aside, shoots himself.

The audience departs with sighs of relief that this weakling is so well disposed of. He would certainly have wrecked his second marriage as he did his first. Like the flabby hero of Hauptmann's "Festival of Peace," he is too invertebrate to be made to stand, even when bolstered up by the love of an unselfish woman. Yet his creator conceives of him as a worthy person of high ideals who has merely undertaken too much.

Whereas, in Tchekhov's play, marital disaster is the result of individual inefficiency in coping with adverse conditions, in Strindberg's "Dance of Death," such disaster is a result of the sex-duel protracted through years. Strindberg conceives of men and women in their loves as the victims of a blind force that alternately urges them together and tears them apart, compelling them now to caress and now to wound each other. But the husband and wife in "The Dance of Death" ("Dödsdansen") have lost most of their old affection and have grown more and more settled in their mutual loathing.

The husband is an artillery captain stationed on a small fortified island off the Swedish coast. Defeated in ambition, and menaced with serious illness, he hates himself, his comrades, and his wife. This wife he taunts and tortures, and once has even tried to drown; and she, in turn, reciprocates his hatred, and longs for his death. When he remarks that soon there will be nothing left of him but what can be put on a wheel-barrow and spread on the garden beds, Alice exclaims, "What! So much trouble for the sake of the garden beds!" Thus, they rub each other raw, and yet, after quarter of a century of such wretchedness, cannot separate.

For having brought about their marriage, the captain blames and hates his cousin, who now comes to the garrison commissioned to establish a quarantine station. Since Curt pities the suffering wife, he still further excites the captain's jealousy. The latter, accordingly, announces that he has determined to divorce his Alice. She must pack up and move out without further delay, he affirms, merely to torture and test her. But, when Alice replies that first she will secure his arrest for misusing trust funds, and then will

depart in public with Curt, her husband is roused to such rage that in lunging at her with his sabre he swoons from an apoplectic attack.

From this illness the captain slowly recovers, apparently chastened in spirit. Thus, the first part of Strindberg's play concludes with the partial reconciliation of husband and wife, a reconciliation, however, which the second part shows to have been only false dawn.

For now, the captain, grown stronger, has resumed his malicious scheming, and in it implicates his own daughter as well as the son of his cousin. The young people have fallen in love, but the captain will force them asunder by sending Allan to a desolate post in the north, and by marrying Judith off to the rough old colonel. When Judith rebels, her father accuses her mother of prompting her, and, in the violent scene ensuing, the captain suffers a second and fatal stroke. As he lies there stammering gibberish, his wife gloats over him. No sooner is he dead, however, than she feels his loss as the beginning of dissolution for herself. Once she must have loved him; even now, she misses the chain which for so long has galled her flesh.

There are few plays more terrible than this. It is conceived and executed with sinister genius by one who himself had found marriage a curse. Lord Beaconsfield objected to marriage on the ground that, "It destroys one's nerves to be amiable every day to the same human being." Strindberg objects to marriage on the ground that it is nerve-racking to be thus daily malicious and hateful. His horrible couple transcend what Sydney Smith dreamt of when, in jest, he compared husband and wife to "a pair of shears so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any who come between them."

III

From the plays of marital disaster, due in every case to the lack of mutual affection, let us turn now to consider the plays of marital adjustment, those in which misunderstandings are cleared up, and love at last prevails. Of this class, one

drama by Hervieu, one by Capus, three by Björnson, and two by Pinero may be examined as typical.

In Paul Hervieu's "The Awakening" ("Le Réveil"), a wife is tempted to leave her husband because of her infatuation with a prince. Now this infatuation, not only wrongs her unsuspecting husband, but bids fair to destroy the future of her daughter, whose match with the youth of her choice is imperilled by the scandal; it threatens, moreover, the career of the prince, who, through a revolution prepared by his father, is about to reach the throne. In the end, Thérèse awakens from her foolish dream. She rejoins her husband, obliges her daughter by attending a dinner that averts the scandal, and sends her lover about his weightier business. All this she does, not from consideration for the prince's career, which he has been willing to sacrifice for her sake, but rather because she discovers, when supposing him dead, how easily she could live without him. Herein lies the novelty of the plot, since in other situations of the sort—"Old Heidelberg" for example—the woman retains her affection for her royal lover, but, out of generosity, refuses to compromise his glorious prospects.

This piece, unlike most others by its author, approaches melodrama. The rapidity with which event follows event challenges belief, as does the mental legerdemain exhibited by the principal characters. Thus, the heroine's recovery from her infatuation, after she has been on the point of yielding her honor to Jean, follows too quickly upon his supposed death; nor could she have accepted so unquestioningly the report of that death. Throughout the drama, indeed, it is evident that Hervieu, having preconceived a certain dénouement, is compelling his actors, willy nilly, to produce it.

Notwithstanding this limitation, "The Awakening" is full of interest as a play of marital adjustment. Its problem is clearly defined. Let the wife tempted to infidelity suppose her lover dead; how far, then, will her duty to husband and child render her indifferent to him, and how far will this indifference alienate the lover when he discovers it? In conclusion, Hervieu seems to say: Be sure that what you

regard as a grand passion is not a grand illusion. If you would try out such an infatuation, submit it to the test of death.

Elsewhere, Hervieu has affirmed that modern tragedy should teach self-conquest and resignation to the conditions of our imperfect life. Such is the moral of "The Awakening." But resignation to these conditions may be yoked with self-indulgence and with undue indulgence toward others. It is that combination which constitutes the very soul of comedy as understood by Alfred Capus. Thus, in his representative play, "The Transients" ("Les Passagères"), a marital adjustment is secured through the smiling toleration of a wife for her husband's infidelities.

Robert Vandel, the husband in the case, is so tender of heart that he responds to every feminine appeal for sympathy, and becomes involuntarily a Don Juan. His wife does not even rebuke him. She is satisfied that Robert is a victim of his own generosity. She is amused by his clumsy efforts to deceive her, first, in his affair with Hortense, a widow come to Paris to establish a millinery business, and next with Adrienne, his daughter's governess. To the widow, Robert lends large sums; but, being detected in his folly, begs his wife's pardon, and then within an hour falls a prey to the governess. That lady informs him that she is about to leave for America, having conceived a secret passion for him. He will render her a last service by accompanying her as far as Havre. Poor Robert cannot resist this appeal, but, being caught red-handed, he assures his wife of his undying devotion, and declares that at last he is greatly changed.

So solemn does Robert look, while professing repentance, that his wife bursts out laughing. "What reason have you to lose your former gaiety and good humor?" she asks, "I do not wish it, nor is it necessary. . . . Neither your life nor mine is spoiled. . . . I shall forget very quickly, I promise you. After all, I am your friend, your comrade for life."

No wife could be more complacent than Amèlie. Temporarily, at least, she has succeeded in recapturing her Robert, and he has forsaken the 'transients;' for, when the pretty

hostess of the Havre hotel, a former acquaintance of his, whispers an invitation into his ear, he exclaims, "That is all at an end!"

Capus in his art is delicate, gay, brightly ironical. In his morality, however, he is so indulgent as to be quite unmoral. Well may his apologists call him a delicious lay confessor who accords absolution for every sin. No marital misunderstanding is so desperate as to defy easy adjustment by this witty Frenchman.

The wifely indulgence, which is here so lightly accorded and so highly commended, is suggested as essential to a happy marriage even by that English moralist of the stage,—Henry Arthur Jones. Yet his Lady Susan Harabin, in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," does at first object to her husband's disloyalty. If a husband may excuse his infidelity to his wife, she argues, the wife, by the same token, may excuse her infidelity to her husband.

When Lady Susan discovers that her lord has been disloyal to her, she resolves to retaliate in kind. On a visit to Cairo, she meets a certain Lucien Edensor, who is only too glad to provide the romance for which she has pined. Later, he and she plan an elopement. But the affair is checked by Lady Susan's wise uncle, who points out the consequences of such a step, and begs her to return to her husband. For long, Lady Susan resists the latter plea; but, eventually, on learning that Lucien himself has married within three weeks of leaving her, she consents, perceiving that all men are frail. She goes back to her husband on the sole condition that no questions be asked concerning her past. Although this condition worries her lord, he finally accepts it, and remains unaware of his wife's counter romance.

The rebellion of Lady Susan has been futile. After all, as friends tell her, hers is only a respectable average case. Woman cannot, in such matters, retaliate upon man. Theoretically, there may be no reason why a wife should not receive the same exculpation or punishment for sexual immorality as her husband; socially, however, what is sauce for the gander is not sauce for the goose.

A sub-plot in the comedy reinforces the dramatist's notion

that the laws of society are necessarily unequal in their application to the sexes. Elaine, the new woman, is as ineffectual in her way as Lady Susan in hers. Elaine has asserted her right to do as men do, industrially and politically. As a wife and a woman, however, she is a failure—the very sort of bugaboo that those opposed to woman suffrage delight to conjure up. Social usages and conventions rule the world, says the conservative Jones, and practically the political individualism of Elaine is as ill-advised as the marital individualism of Lady Susan.

Enough has been said of adjustments in marriage where infidelity is concerned. But there are other forces disturbing to marriage, less serious perhaps, yet requiring time and tact to overcome. Examples of the treatment of these may be drawn from plays by Björnson and Pinero. Björnson, in particular, has displayed the relations of the married with cheerful optimism in three comedies of common sense. Two of these show the drifting apart of husbands and wives in the later days of marriage; one presents the difficulties of a bride and groom in establishing their life together.

The hero of Björnson's "The Newly Married" ("De Nygifte") is a young lawyer who weds the spoiled child of a wealthy magistrate. When he goes to live with her fussy, conventional parents, their domination torments him. Depressed and repressed, he is forced to respect the predetermined position of every piece of furniture in the house. He is patronized, forbidden to assume an independent place in the world, and, worst of all, kept from living a normal life with his bride. In mind, Laura is only a child; and her innocence, though it once appealed to Axel, now renders him miserable.

The problem of the play is therefore twofold. In the first place, how shall Axel escape from the domination of his wife's parents? In the second place, how shall he awaken in his bride a passionate response to his love? To force Laura away from her father and mother will go far toward affording a solution of both problems.

Despite violent opposition, Axel persists and prevails, and Laura departs with him, accompanied by her friend Mathilde. The latter, once in love with Axel, has suffered from jealousy

on finding that he was merely pretending affection for her by way of enabling him to approach unobserved the closer to Laura. She resents now his treatment of his bride in forcing her away from home. But Mathilde, by degrees, forgets her own grievances, and devotes all her efforts to reconciling the unhappy pair. She writes an anonymous novel describing their situation and the dangers that beset such a union, recommending to the wife the duty of love, and to the husband the duty of forbearance. When Axel and Laura read the novel, they recognize their own marital blunders, and when Laura's parents pay her a visit, and Axel urges them to prolong their stay, it is Laura who checks him, whispering, "I want to be alone with you." To cap the climax, she even proposes that her parents shall take Mathilde with them on their journey to Italy. The unselfish Mathilde, perceiving that her task is finally accomplished, discreetly agrees.

This is the acme of didactic drama. For each of his characters Björnson sets a special lesson. The husband must learn patience, the wife the obligations of marriage, the friend the joy of self-conquest after jealousy, and the parents the central doctrine that the newly married should be left alone to work out their own destiny. When these lessons are duly mastered, down comes the curtain, and school is dismissed. But there is nothing disagreeably insistent about Björnson's didacticism. His cold formulas are warmed up, when served. His people are genuine, everyday folk, and his moral idealism is tempered with practical realism.

Long after the appearance of this comedy, Björnson composed two others devoted, in much the same fashion, to depicting marital adjustments. But in these the husbands and wives are older, and, instead of finding it difficult to unite forces at the opening of their joint campaign, they have drawn apart gradually in their individual warring with the world. In "Geography and Love" ("Geografi og kærlighed"), it is the husband whose devotion to work makes him careless of his wife; in "When the New Wine Blooms" ("Naar den ny Vin blomstrer"), it is the wife whose absorption in the affairs of her children and household makes her careless of her husband.

The first of these pieces may be briefly dismissed. Here the crusty Professor Tygesen, a geographer, forgets, in his enthusiasm for his specialty, the larger values of life. His family he regards as a millstone about his neck. He sends his daughter off to boarding-school lest she disturb his studious leisure, and accepts the meek service of his wife as a matter of course, but grumbles at her intrusions upon his labors. At length she rebels, and, neglected by her husband, finds a counter attraction in an admirer with whom she leaves home. Now the pedant, suddenly shocked out of his self-sufficiency, discovers that life is larger than work, and receives in joyous reconciliation his returned wife.

Much more recently,—in the last of his dramas indeed—Björnson has exhibited the reverse side of the shield, not the wife neglected by her husband, but the husband neglected by his wife—a new woman. Arvik, the hero of "When the New Wine Blooms," is the father of three grown-up daughters, who have learned from their mother to regard him with supercilious amusement. Snubbed and ignored by his family, Arvik in secret contemplates travelling abroad, and yearns for young companionship. "When the new wine blooms, the old wine ferments," runs the proverb, and Arvik in watching the new wine bloom in Alvilde, his wife's niece, feels the old wine ferment in himself. He is suffering, in short, not only from his wife's refusal to live with him longer upon terms of intimacy, but also from the general malady of middle age, the weariness that comes from satiety, the yearning for lost youth and fresh emotions. When little Alvilde begs him to send her to London, he plans to accompany her. But Björnson is too genial a moralist to permit a downright elopement of the pair. Arvik leaves home for just long enough to frighten his wife and daughters into repentance.

The central motive of the play is emphasized by three minor actions concerned with the daughters of Arvik. One of these daughters quarrels with her husband as a direct result of her mother's example. Another, for the same reason, is even more arrogant to her lover, a soldier, brave in war, but overawed by the disagreeable coquette. And the youngest of the daughters, by contrast with her sisters, is so

sweet and submissive that she attracts the attention of a widower. Now the elderly pastor Hall, in love with youthful Helena, finds himself in the same situation as the elderly Arvik, in love with the pastor's daughter Alvilde. For, in both men, the old wine is fermenting, and both resent the extreme domination of woman in marriage. As the pastor puts it, in a sermon: "The highest happiness that a husband can conceive is for his wife to yield him her whole being because she believes in him. And I am convinced that for her also this is the highest happiness on earth." Such old-fashioned doctrine represents a recoil from the view of woman expressed by Ibsen. But Björnson in practical ethics is no radical.

IV

On the contemporary English stage, scenes from married life have been displayed with greatest skill by Pinero, sometimes unworthily, as in "The Wife Without a Smile," but generally with serious intent and keen insight into the workings of character. Pinero's best plays of the kind exhibit marital disaster; yet marital adjustments are set forth in several, and two of these, concerned with second marriage, may here be considered as typical.

In "Lady Bountiful," second marriage is the goal of the action; in "His House in Order," second marriage is its point of departure. The first play is of little consequence. The hero, Dennis Heron, does not know that his father and he are virtually supported by their distant relative, Camilla Brent, 'Lady Bountiful.' But when, after she has twitted him on being unambitious and an idler, he discovers his dependence, he leaves her in a passion of wounded pride, becomes riding master in the stable of a former groom of the family, and out of pique marries the groom's daughter. Naturally, Dennis lives to rue his folly. Yet through every trial he remains a model of fortitude, enduring in silence the sallies of his ailing wife's ill nature. At length, she dies, repenting of her harshness, and five years later Dennis claims as his own the hand of Lady Bountiful which she is on the

point of bestowing upon an elderly admirer. The chivalry of the rival and the finding of a note written by Dennis's dead wife urging her husband to this second union assist in producing the expected result.

This Copperfieldian conclusion is not the only evidence of the influence of Dickens upon the play. The characters in their humors are markedly Dickensian, and the father of the hero is first cousin to the Skimpoles. In its fun, sentiment, and conscious pathos, as well as in its looseness of structure and lack of intellectual content, this piece belongs to the old school. It is a drama baked before the Ibsen yeast had leavened the English lump.

Much more modern in spirit is "His House in Order," composed by Pinero fifteen years later than "Lady Bountiful," and dealing with second marriage as the beginning of discord rather than its end. The second Mrs. Jesson, impulsive and happy-go-lucky, finds herself frowned upon by her formal husband and by the cold and precise relatives of his first wife, of whose perfection she is eternally being reminded. Now these relatives and her husband are about to commemorate Annabel Mary's death by opening with public ceremonies a park. The second Mrs. Jesson foresees the humiliation in store for her upon this occasion, and, having suffered a hundred petty indignities, refuses to attend. When her husband expostulates and demands that she apologize to the Ridgeleys, she adds insult to injury by appearing before them dressed in flaming pink.

At this juncture, when Nina's feelings are wrought to the highest pitch, fate puts in her way an instrument of revenge. From certain old letters, she learns that Annabel Mary had for years carried on an intrigue with her husband's friend, Major Maurewarde, and that Maurewarde is the father of Annabel Mary's child. Nina's first thought is to use the letters in order to shame her sour-faced persecutors, but her husband's bachelor brother, in whom she confides, prevails upon her to abandon this scheme of revenge. The Ridgeleys are bigoted and narrow, no doubt, says the wise Hilary Jesson, but they have adored the dead lady with all their shallow souls. As for Annabel Mary, she has had her punish-

ment already, not the carriage accident that brought her death, but the life she lived.

Nina is so moved by this plea that, chastened in spirit and soberly clad, she goes to the opening of the park, and, on her return, patiently endures fresh discomfort from the Ridgeleys. Then the indefatigable Hilary assails his brother in Nina's defense. Let Filmer but read the letters which Nina has generously suppressed. "At this moment," says Hilary, "misunderstood, underrated, wronged, and with the power of bringing her enemies to her feet, she is humbling herself still further to these people. Method, system, regularity! A fetich! . . . Your house in order! Filmer, you've had your house in order—compare the worth of it with what you possess in this girl!"

Although "His House in Order" fails to attain to the high level of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," it is among Pinero's four or five best plays. Its exposition is rapidly accomplished by means of an interview between a reporter and Filmer's secretary. Just enough is shown of 'Sulks' Maurewarde and his love for little Derek to give reality to the story of his alliance with Annabel Mary; and Annabel Mary, whose shadow falls with a chill over all the action, seems almost to live once more in her thin-lipped sister, Geraldine Ridgeley. The struggle of Nina with Geraldine and with this wraith from the grave results in a series of crises that reach their climax when Nina finds the letters, yet refrains from using them.

As to the portrayal of character, it is here subordinate to the enunciation of the author's thesis. The Ridgeleys, indeed,—mother, father, sister, and brother—are undifferentiated and overdone, milder Murdstones merely; but the other personages are fairly alive: Maurewarde, consumed by his secret; Nina, less complex than Iris or Agnes Ebbsmith or Paula, yet refreshingly human in her moods and feminine temper; Filmer, the clammy, cold fish-of-a-husband whose warming up at the end we accept with suspicion; and the beneficent Hilary Jesson. If Hilary be only the author's mouthpiece, a professional *raisonneur*, he is even more agreeable than useful. His tact, worldly wisdom, and humor sugars the advice he dispenses so freely.

Whoever should judge of matrimony from these plays alone would be certain to dissent from Jeremy Taylor's dictum that "Marriage is the nursery of heaven." He would rather incline to believe with Heine that: "He who marries is like the doge of Venice who was wed to the Adriatic. He knows not what there is in that which he marries; mayhap treasures and pearls, mayhap monsters and tempests await him." But it must be borne in mind that, since conflict of wills is the essence of the drama, this form of art cannot present what is best in married life. In the nature of things, the playwright must deal with marital antagonisms, not with marital concord.

CHAPTER IX

THE PROBLEM OF DIVORCE

I. The problem of divorce increasingly prominent in the recent drama; Ibsen's "A Doll's House" offering the declaration of independence for wives; the reaction against Ibsen's individualism,—the stage opposing divorce as the institution grows more popular; this opposition due, not only to a moral purpose, but also to the artistic desire for novelty.

II. The folly of divorce lightly treated by Capus, Bahr, and Pinero; the attitude of easy toleration which renders divorce unnecessary assumed by Capus, in "The Two Schools," and by Bahr, in "The Concert;" and a lesser degree of indulgence assumed by Pinero, in "The Benefit of the Doubt," a play written around a striking situation.

III. More serious objections to divorce by Brieux and Hervieu: Brieux's "The Deserter" and "Suzette," displaying the influence upon a child of quarreling parents,—their separation accomplished in the first instance, and averted in the second for the sake of the child: Hervieu's "The Nippers," exhibiting a husband's refusal to release his wife from infelicity by divorce, followed by her own refusal later so to release him; Hervieu's "Know Thyself," substituting for divorce a generous rather than a frivolous forgiveness for sin; Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont" and "Damaged Goods," opposing divorce on grounds of common sense, as making a bad matter worse.

IV. The evils of divorce depicted by Strindberg, Hervieu, and Bourget: Strindberg's "The Link," exhibiting the horrors of the legal process; his "Creditors," exhibiting the tragedy that may follow upon remarriage after divorce, and involving the enmity of rival husbands, together with the author's ideas of hate-in-love, the sex-duel, and woman the vampire. Hervieu's "The Labyrinth," an indictment of divorce and remarriage based upon Brieux's "The Cradle," but drawing more powerfully the weakness of the wife and the tragic rivalry of first and second husbands. Bourget's "A Divorce," still further emphasizing the belief that marriage as a sacrament is humanly indissoluble.

I

One of the chief problems of the married, as presented in the modern drama, is divorce. When to unmarry is as much

a question as when to marry. Theatrical discussion of this matter harks back to Dumas *fils* and Augier. More lately, it is to be heard in Sardou's trivial "Divorçons" and in the serious plays of Ibsen. When Nora, at the conclusion of "A Doll's House," decides to leave her husband, she promulgates the classic declaration of woman's independence.

Nora's theory is sufficiently simple: we must learn to be individuals before entering into institutional relations. Yet the wisdom of her act may well be impugned. Had Nora no children, her departure from home would seem less reprehensible. But she weakly admits her unfitness to be a mother, accepting the judgment pronounced upon her by her selfish husband in a moment of passion. She fails to consider that she might learn to be an individual even in the act of teaching her children to be such.

On the other hand, Ibsen cannot be blamed for resenting the happy ending which German managers forced upon him. He wished to emphasize the necessity for individualism in marriage. In no other way could he so accentuate this purpose as by making Nora leave home, husband, and children. What she does may be humanly unwise, but, from the dramatist's point of view, it is necessary. Ibsen proceeded, in "Ghosts," to propose a more striking case of marital infelicity, exhibiting the consequences of a wife's failure to separate from her bad husband. But since the days when Ibsen thus asserted the duty of divorce the drift of the modern drama in this regard has noticeably altered. During the past decade the influence of serious playwrights has rather been thrown into the scale opposing separation in marriage. One reason for this may be the fact that to urge divorce would seem a task of supererogation, so greatly has the thing itself increased. What is needed on the stage for novelty, if not for moral effect, is a lesson of mutual forbearance in marriage. As actual separations have been multiplying, dramatists have insisted that divorce is only a last resort. Some have urged chiefly that men and women should forgive; others have sought to show the futility of divorce or its horrors. In both cases there is a definite reaction against the individualism in marriage early advocated by Ibsen, and

expressed by him even in his last play—"When We Dead Awaken."

The folly of divorce is lightly treated by men like Capus and Bahr on the Continent, and by Pinero in England. A plea for averting divorce lest it ruin the life of the child of quarreling parents is made by Brieux and by Hervieu. Both, moreover, write plays urging upon husbands and wives a generous indulgence for human frailty, the need of enduring with fortitude the trials of matrimony, instead of flying to others that we know not of, in the divorce court and beyond. Strindberg has emphasized the horrors entailed in procuring divorce and the dire effects that may result from it; and Hervieu has more delicately developed an instance of its futility, showing a woman who divorces one husband, marries another, and then, half out of habit, returns to the first, with tragic consequences. Paul Bourget has enlarged upon a hint in Hervieu's play to preach against divorce and remarriage as irreligious. These are but typical illustrations of the treatment accorded divorce in recent drama. They will suffice, however, when considered in detail.

II

First, let us examine the attitude of easy toleration toward marital infidelity which renders divorce unnecessary. The best evidence of this attitude is given by Alfred Capus, in his comedy, "The Two Schools" ("Les deux Écoles"). The play is excellent in workmanship, light as froth, and essentially Parisian. Its pedestrian moral is stated by the mother of the heroine. "Woman," she says, "should never seek to know whether she is deceived. We are too superior in general to our husbands to trouble ourselves with such details. And the men do not merit our attaching such importance to their faults. Let them deceive us if it gives them pleasure. As for us, we should remain, not only in doubt, but in disdainful ignorance."

This comfortable doctrine is preached by Mme. Joulin at a time when her daughter, Henriette, is preparing to divorce her husband after detecting him in an intrigue that merely

caps the climax to several others. Edouard is sincerely fond of his wife; but, like the heroes of Schnitzler and Bahr, he is susceptible to the swish of every petticoat. On being divorced, he throws in his lot with a fresh fancy. But he and Henriette yearn for each other. Although she resolves to marry an impeccable councillor, she rejoices when she chances to meet her husband at a café. Divorce, she argues, does not of necessity create enemies; even fellow voyagers shake hands at parting and feel a kindly interest in each other. Why not, then, those who have lived together as husband and wife?

Edouard, like Henriette, looks back with longing to the old days. Accordingly, he resumes his visits to her house, and proceeds to make love to her. In the end, she accepts him and dismisses her councillor, who transfers his affections to Edouard's Estelle, the councillor concluding that to be loved is better than to be admired. Henriette, on finding her paragon thus inconstant, merely laughs. Since men are all alike, why change one for another? To her husband, she says: "I shall be like my mother now; I shall no longer seek to know. When you deceive me, I shall ask but one favor, that you do not tell me."

Henriette's mother has indeed been a pattern of complacency. It is she who has put the case frankly to Henriette. There are two schools of husbands, the dull and correct, the gay and irresponsible. "Certainly, neither the one nor the other will render you the happiest of women. But you can live very well without being the happiest. Moreover, it would be a great injustice if one woman were happier than all others."

The spirit of easy-going toleration which here reunites husband and wife after divorce, forbids the wife's even thinking of divorce in Hermann Bahr's "The Concert" ("Das Konzert"),—a comedy which has been successful, not only in Germany, but as adapted and acted in America by Leo Ditrichstein. The wife of a musical genius mothers him, and even sympathizes with his childlike greediness for forbidden fruit in the person of sentimental women. She forgives his little infidelities, sure that he will return to her

gladly from any temporary excursion into the fascinating unknown. When matters become too complicated, however, she acts with decision, not to throw him off, but merely to disenchant him with her rival, and bind him closer to herself. When the genius, feigning a concert to be given, leaves town with the wife of another, the heroine and the deserted husband follow the wayward pair, and soon convince them of their folly by pretending mutual affection. The situation is sufficiently trite,—Percy Mackaye has recently used it again in his "Anti-matrimony"—, but its treatment by Bahr is admirable, thanks to the careful characterization. Of course, the genius grows jealous of his wife, compares her virtues with the deficiencies of his charmer of the moment, and allows himself to be brought back to the fold. According to the dramatist, a little humor, tact, and indulgence on the part of wives would avert nine-tenths of all the separations.

A more serious demonstration of the folly of divorce is offered by Pinero in "The Benefit of the Doubt." Here the toleration advised does not extend so far as with Bahr and Capus. There is no actual infidelity, but a wife, on suspicion, sues her husband for separation. The case is dismissed for lack of evidence, and the judge gives to the woman she has named 'the benefit of the doubt.' But that phrase, together with the lecture that he reads Theophila, damns her reputation. Her husband refuses to let her remain in society and live down the scandal, and his doubts of her, now first expressed, send her post haste to the other man, ready to throw herself into his arms. But Allingham, who had merely flirted with Theophila, has no mind to afford her an asylum. Indeed, he is already reconciled with his wife. To prove to the latter his innocence, he agrees that she shall listen concealed to his interview with Theophila. In the course of this interview, Allingham's character is cleared, but Theophila, driven to desperation, proposes what she had never dreamt of before, namely, that she and Allingham elope. As the eavesdropping wife steps forth, Theophila swoons.

A new obstacle to a general reunion has thus been interposed. Olive Allingham is more jealous than ever of Theophila; Theophila is angry at Olive for her espionage; and

Allingham is incensed, also, that she should have waited so long before revealing herself. But all these knots are presently untangled. Allingham and Olive are reunited, and Theophila, before she rejoins her husband, is to visit a bishop's wife, her aunt, for social reinstatement.

This play is worldly in its atmosphere and motives, although its morality moves upon a higher plane than that of Capus and Bahr. Pinero wishes us to reprehend the folly of Olive in seeking divorce upon inadequate grounds, for thus she creates a scandal, and pushes one who was innocent to the brink of guilt. But the difficulty with the drama as a manifesto lies in the fact that neither Olive nor Theophila's husband is to be blamed for supposing Theophila disloyal. It may be suspected, however, that Pinero has constructed his piece less for its doctrine than for developing the powerful situation at the close of the second act. The climax of this episode is especially artistic in that it is given through effective pantomime instead of words.

III

In Pinero's "The Benefit of the Doubt," divorce is averted because the jealous wife had no true grounds for procuring it. In Brieux's "Suzette," the case is reversed; it is the husband who is needlessly jealous, and his antagonism to his wife is fostered by the prejudice of his family. The situation is rendered more acute through the baneful influence exerted by the quarreling of the parents upon their child. In the end, a reconciliation is brought about through the mother's love of the child; for, rather than spoil Suzette's life, the mother is willing to relinquish her. The father and his parents thereupon relent, and the curtain falls on a reunited family.

No doubt, the conversion of the Chamberts is too sudden even for drama. Nor is it by any means unselfish. They perceive that divorce is unprofitable. Their new kindness to Régine is thus as much a matter of calculation as of pity. Moreover, the fate of Régine and her husband is none too secure, for their frequent dissensions in the past augur ill for

the future, and the Chamberts' habit of meddling would appear to be confirmed.

Brieux, however, intends us to learn several lessons from this play. To that end, he hammers out and hammers in his moral with wearisome insistence. It is better for husbands and wives to agree than to disagree, to forgive than to treasure resentment. It is better for parents to leave their married children to their own devices. *Per contra*, it is disastrous for children when their parents quarrel, and disastrous for the quarreling parents when they throw themselves into the hands of those who live by the divorce court. Truisms, platitudes all! but given fresh force through dramatic illustration. Yet the piece as a whole is too obviously a tendency-play, and too exclusively made up of the petty squabbles of petty people.

Brieux, in two earlier plays, touched upon divorce. The first of these was "Le Bureau des divorces," a poor farce; the second is a more ambitious work—"The Deserter" ("La Déserteuse")—superficially resembling "Suzette," in that it displays the influence upon a child of the separation of quarreling parents. A woman leaves her dull husband and her daughter in order to lead a mad life with a musician. The husband, partly for the sake of the daughter, marries the latter's governess. But, although the governess continues to be devoted to the girl, Pascaline herself turns instinctively to her mother when that deserter reappears. Yet it is the governess who has labored to instil into Pascaline's mind reverence for her mother. This plot offers just a suggestion of the second wife's situation in Pinero's later drama, "His House in Order."

The refusal to remedy marital infelicity by divorce—a refusal emphasized in Brieux's "Suzette"—is repeated in Hervieu's more striking play, "The Nippers" ("Les Tenailles"). Here a wife, oppressed by long years of domestic tyranny, and secretly in love with one who understands her, begs her husband for freedom. Although he knows nothing of her attachment to the other man, he regards her as a rebel against himself and against society. He is cold, calm, self-righteous.

When Irène points out that, under the old divorce law, the will of either party to a marriage could break it, Robert replies that, according to the new law, mutual consent is required. Such consent he will refuse. Even should she compromise his honor, still he will keep her, for it is his right. Irène, from denouncing marriage as slavery, falls to begging Robert for pity. But he remains inflexible. Then it is that she gives herself to her lover.

Years afterward, when the lover is dead, and Irène is living with her husband in outward peace, he learns that her child is not his. He has planned to send little René away to school, and Irène, who clings to the boy, has protested. Then, when Robert insists, declaring of the boy: "He belongs to me rather than to you. . . . He is mine; I am his father!" Irène blurts out the truth.

Now it is Robert who demands a divorce; he will abandon the child and the mother. Both must leave his house. But it is the turn of Irène to refuse. She warns her husband that he can bring no proofs against her of infidelity beyond her simple confession. He shall never know even the name of his rival. If he were to sue her for divorce, she would deny her confession to him, and in any event he will think better of it before making public his shame.

"We are riveted to the same ball and chain. Prepare now to feel their weight. . . . I have dragged them long enough alone." When Robert complains that it is she who is guilty, whereas he is innocent, Irène answers: "We are two unfortunates. In misery there are only equals."

Classic simplicity marks this play, as it does most of the works of Hervieu. All surplusage is pared away. In the final scene, instead of following out the husband's demand for proofs regarding his wife's disloyalty, Hervieu merely suggests the husband's state of mind after assuming at once the truth of his wife's confession. In life, the husband would have clamored for details, but these, Hervieu omits, because, for his purpose they are not essential.

Hervieu's attitude toward divorce, in "Les Tenailles," differs somewhat from that assumed in his other dramas. Usually he inveighs against divorce, either directly, as in

"Connais-toi," or by implication, as in "Le Dédale." In this piece, on the contrary, while he asserts the indissolubility of the union, he emphasizes the misery entailed by that fact. If divorce in the first instance had been possible to Irène, she might perhaps have been happy with her Michel.

The direct declaration against divorce, in "Know Thyself" ("Connais-toi"), is based upon a noble as opposed to a frivolous indulgence for sin. General de Sibéran has married for second wife a young woman of sensibility, who suffers uncomplainingly beneath his tyranny. Her condition excites the sympathy of the general's ward, who confesses his love for Clarisse only when threatened with exile for a deed of which he is innocent. Lieutenant Pavail will go to Tonkin to save the real culprit, the general's son. When Clarisse, supposing that she is to see him no more, admits that she has cared for him, Pavail declares that now he cannot leave her. And even the general orders him to remain, since he has been exonerated by the general's son. Thus one strand of the plot is prettily knotted. The second is twisted out of the affair of the general's son with the wife of a brother officer. Anna has loved her husband; yet once she has succumbed to the fascination of Jean. Her husband has been about to pardon her, but the general, not knowing the lover's identity, has advised against forgiveness. Doncières must divorce her and duel with his rival.

At this point, the two strands of the plot unite. The general learns that the lover of Anna is his own son. He discovers, also, that his own wife is compromised. Now that the case is his, he fails to adhere to the rule of conduct that he has propounded so glibly for others. After an explosion of wrath he accepts the defense of Clarisse, listening contritely to her statement that it is his coldness that has frozen her heart. She has turned to another only in shrinking from him. After an easy reconciliation, the general and Clarisse proceed to dissuade Doncières from his avowed intention of divorcing Anna.

"But you taught me that if anyone had taken your wife you would thirst for his blood!" exclaims Doncières. To which the general replies: "One imagines that by tradition,

one repeats it by atavism. But when the matter is considered more closely, what can a murder, a duel, restore to us of that which has been stolen?" Needless to say, Doncières is ready to yield to this generous philosophy. He will forgive his Anna; they will travel and forget. The weakness of an hour shall not destroy the happiness of a lifetime. The general admits that only yesterday he would have regarded the conduct of Doncières as grotesque and abject.

"Were you a better man yesterday?" asks his wife.

"I knew myself less," he answers; and Clarisse concludes the play by saying, "Who knows himself?"

The symmetrical plot of this piece is deftly handled. The triangle composed of Doncières, Anna, and Jean precisely balances the triangle composed of the general, Clarisse, and Pavail. It is Pavail, who, as the suspected lover of Anna and the real lover of Clarisse, unites the two groups. What in him might appear unworthy is partially excused by his chivalry in assuming the guilt of his friend. Pavail, like Clarisse, has been chilled by the general, and sympathy draws them together. Clarisse is no willing sinner, and her yielding to the parting embrace of Pavail is a venial offense. The more serious error of Anna is kept in the background. In the early exposition of the play, there is just enough mystery to excite interest, but the dramatist's central idea is alone of importance. To the reinforcement of this idea every scene contributes. So nicely ordered is the movement that without apparent effort the classic unities are here conformed to. The action covers but ten hours, and the scene remains unchanged. The characters, too, like those of the classic drama, are types rather than individuals. Yet the classic inevitability of the earlier acts is softened by the atmosphere of mercy in the last act. The thesis of the play, although it controls all that happens, is never obtruded.

Already, in a play by Brieux, we have seen divorce averted out of consideration for the child. In two other dramas, Brieux opposes divorce for different reasons. In "Damaged Goods," he affirms that even disease in the husband is no adequate cause for divorce. In "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," he assails marriage for money, yet, with the

marriage once made, insists upon its continuance. Julie, whose parents have allied her with Antonin for worldly reasons, awakens from her dream of love to find him base and sordid, a little autocrat, determined to rule her for his pleasure. Bitterly she cries out upon his selfishness that would deprive her of the motherhood to which she has looked forward. When Antonin orders her to her room, she warns him not to touch her, but he asserts his legal rights. "I have married you . . . and I shall keep you," he says. "Ah, you hate me! Well, then, save yourself if you can." Thus challenged, and struggling to escape, Julie bites him, and he in rage threatens revenge.

A divorce seems imminent. The father of Julie approves, since, according to the marriage articles, her dowry will revert to him. But Antonin's mother, for the sake of retaining the dowry, announces that under no conditions will Antonin ask a divorce. Julie is desperate, yet her two sisters, each from a full experience, advise her to live on with her husband.

Caroline, the first of these sisters, is an old maid who has yearned all her life to be married. Finally, she has bestowed her inheritance upon the clerk of her father, thinking to buy him as a husband, but only to find that his affections have long been fixed upon another. As for Angèle, the other sister, she has been sent from home for an early fault and has sunk to the depths. Now when Julie declares her intention of escaping from restraint, Angèle warns her to remain with Antonin rather than to incur the tortures of a life of license. Thus Julie is frightened from these two alternatives by her sisters. She returns to her husband, saying: "I had romantic ideas, I saw marriage as it is not. Now I understand it. In life, it is necessary to make concessions."

Brieux's stoical pessimism with regard to marriage is somewhat relaxed in "Damaged Goods" ("Les Avariés"). A young wife learns that her health and that of her child has been imperilled by her husband, who, in marrying her, has disobeyed his physician. The child has been affected by the disease of the husband, and the wife turns from him now in fear and disgust. Her father, a member of the Chamber of

Deputies, calls upon the physician to ask a certificate of George's condition for use in his daughter's suit for divorce. But the physician, refusing it, argues against divorce under these circumstances. To allege such a cause in the courts will be to make public the contagion to which both wife and child have been exposed. The unhappiness of all concerned will only be augmented. The husband must be pardoned. Nor is he alone responsible. When the deputy, before his daughter's marriage, investigated the financial standing of George, he should also have investigated his health. A new custom in this respect must be established. The deputy admits his error, yet still refuses to forgive his son-in-law. The physician, however, demonstrates to him that he has been only more fortunate than George, and not more virtuous. George is to be commiserated and pardoned. With patience he can be cured, and he alone will possess the natural devotion to assist in saving the child already ill. So, the father of the wife, and presumably the wife herself, are brought round at last to make the best of a bad situation.

IV

In all the dramas so far considered, with one exception, divorce has been averted; and in that exception, "The Two Schools" of Capus, the wife is glad to return to her lord instead of remarrying. But in the dramas now to be described the divorce is actually secured, and evil results ensue. Strindberg, in "The Link," has shown the torture inflicted upon husband and wife by the process of procuring divorce. In "Creditors," he has further exhibited the revenge of a divorced husband upon his successor, as well as upon his former wife. This conflict between husbands resulting from divorce is still more subtly studied by Hervieu in "The Labyrinth." Finally, the dangers of remarriage after separation, and the attitude of the Church towards such unions are defined by Bourget, in "A Divorce."

Strindberg's two dramas are typically intense and unpleasant, dwelling upon the hate that is inextricably intertwined with love. In "The Link" ("Bandet"), a middle-

aged baron and his wife come to court to be legally separated by a young judge. While waiting in the court room, they are spectators of the miscarriage of justice in another case, and learn what they may expect in their own. Nor are they disappointed. The judge, by his technicalities, soon sets them to testifying bitterly against each other. Yet, when the baron sees his wife about to perjure herself, he endeavors to save her from that dangerous ignominy, and during a recess of the court goes far toward making up his differences with her. He would hate her, but cannot, since their child is a link to unite them. "Like wild beasts," says the baron, "we have clawed each other bloody. We have laid our disgrace open to all who take pleasure in our ruin. . . . Hereafter, our child will never be able to speak of his parents as respectable people; . . . he will see the home shunned, his old parents isolated and despised, and the time must come when he will flee us."

Yet as the court resumes its session, the conflict between the pair breaks out afresh. It is only when the judge and the jury retire that the wranglers again come together, the wife advising the husband to hurry home in order to confide the child to some friend before the court can dispose of him. Although the baron succeeds in removing the child to the house of the parson—an enemy of the baroness—, the court orders that the pair shall separate and that the child shall be taken away from them, to be reared by two guardians,—the most ignorant of the jurymen.

"Can you guess—do you know against whom we have been fighting?" asks the baron of his wife. "You call him God, but I call him nature. And that was the master who egged us on to hate each other, just as he is egging people on to love each other as long as a spark of life remains. . . . And why do we not put an end to these two miserable lives? Because the child stays our hands."

The baroness declares that she will go forth into the woods to scream—"to scream myself tired against God," she says, "and when night comes I shall seek shelter in the pastor's barn, so that I may sleep near my child."

"You hope to sleep to-night?" asks the baron, "you?"

Thus Strindberg regards human beings as but the playthings of instinct, an instinct that both repels and attracts. Men and women may continue their duel of sex, he further affirms, even after divorce and remarriage. In that case the enmity of the husband will be directed, not only against his former wife, but also against his successor in her affections. Such is the situation in "Creditors" ("Fordringsägare"), a study of hatred in one act. Here the divorced and remarried Thekla is a vampire who has exhausted both her husbands. The first, a teacher, she has pilloried in a scandalous novel. The second, a painter, she has deprived of his friendships, opinions, will, and artistic powers. At the opening of the action, the first husband has come to practice with insidious suggestions upon the peace of mind of the second. The latter succumbs on beholding from concealment the perfidy of Thekla as she slips back to the arms of his rival. That rival, however, has sought merely to humiliate her. He thrusts her from him, laughing at her shame. "I came to take back again what you had stolen," he tells her. "You had stolen my honor, and I could get it back again in only one way—by taking yours." So he bids her settle her account with the other man, who thereupon staggers in, his lips foaming in epilepsy. As Adolph sinks dying, Thekla implores his forgiveness, and Gustave remarks with Satanic satisfaction, "In truth, she loved him too, poor creature!"

The nature of woman, according to Strindberg, is such that man must be always her creditor, yet he alone who is strong can expect to exact his due from her. The title of this play may therefore apply to both its male characters. But Adolph, the weaker, can merely lament that Thekla regards him as a creditor whom she would gladly put out of the way, whereas Gustave, the stronger, proclaims himself a creditor who has come to demand reparation of Thekla, as well as of Adolph, for having stolen his happiness.

It is to be noted, however, that although Strindberg here indicates a situation that may arise when second marriage follows divorce, he enters upon no propaganda against divorce in itself. For such an attack delivered through this situation we must turn to "The Labyrinth" ("Le Dédale"),

by Hervieu, and "The Cradle" ("Le Berceau"), by Brieux. In each, as in "Creditors," it is the ease with which one may revert to old marital intimacies by reason of habit that motivates the drama. But Brieux and Hervieu insist upon this fact as an argument against divorce, instead of dwelling, like Strindberg, upon the mere enmity of rival husbands. Hervieu's play was directly inspired by that of Brieux, and in both the fundamental story is the same.

A woman divorces her unfaithful husband and remarries. Her second husband is more correct but less lovable than the first. When her child by the first husband falls ill, she meets at the bedside the little patient's father. They are drawn together by old memories and by the consciousness that nature has linked them indissolubly. In Brieux's drama, the conflict that ensues between the husbands is comparatively slight. The wife, troubled in conscience by her vacillation between the two, determines henceforth to have nothing to do with either. She will remain with her own parents and consecrate her life to her child.

In "The Labyrinth," however, the conflict is tragic. Here the second husband is a brusque but honest fellow, who believes in rearing his frail step-son with athletic rigor. But the child's own father, objecting, proposes to gain possession of little Louis through a lawsuit. To prevent such a measure, Louis's mother meets her former husband at the house of a mutual friend, and consents to allow the child to visit him, provided the suit be dropped. During this visit the boy falls ill. Marianne is summoned, and for two weeks attends him night and day, in company with Max. Old associations are revived; love for their child reunites the father and mother, and although Marianne struggles to remain true to her second marriage, yet in a moment of weakness she falls.

Next morning, Marianne, returning to her parents, makes confession. But her mother, who has never been able to regard this second marriage as religiously lawful, recognizes Marianne's act to be inevitable. The second husband is not so complacent. From rage he lapses into tears, and then flares into rage again, striking her, and threatening to kill his rival.

A week later, Marianne and her child are in retirement at the country place of her parents. It is evening, and the scene is a lofty terrace above the Rhone. To Guillaume, who has come to take final leave of her, Marianne vows that henceforth she will live secluded, seeing Max no more. But no sooner has she withdrawn than Guillaume meets his rival face to face. Max declares that he has come to take Marianne away with him. "You are forced to renounce her," he says, "because she loves you no longer. As for myself, I know that I am loved."

"You have pronounced your own doom," retorts Guillaume, pointing to the gulf beneath them. Clenched in a last struggle, the rival husbands reel to the brink of the precipice and disappear, falling to their death in the whirlpool below.

Such is the tragedy to which divorce, with ensuing remarriage, may lead, says Hervieu; and, through one of his characters, he implies that this tragedy is but the punishment by heaven of an act of sacrilege. For marriage is a divine institution and indissoluble. The pious Mme. Vilard-Duval can palliate Marianne's fault in returning to her first husband because he alone was her mate in the eyes of the Church. It is this churchly objection to divorce and remarriage—here but a single factor in the play—which is more especially developed by Paul Bourget and André Cury in their drama, "Un Divorce," drawn from Bourget's novel of the same name.

The heroine of "A Divorce," many years after her marriage as a divorcee, suffers qualms of conscience concerning the legitimacy of her second union. She is advised by a priest that, in the eyes of the Church, she is still the wife of her first husband. "It is not the Church that condemns divorce," says the priest; "it is our Lord, it is God Himself; and you cannot receive Him at the altar, and at the same time continue in revolt against Him."

This is bitter news to Gabrielle Darras, for after twelve years of unbelief, to which her husband has accustomed her, she is stirred to her old piety by the prospect of assisting at her daughter's first communion. What then is Gabrielle to

do? The priest warns her that she must not think of an immediate separation from Darras, since that will jeopardize the future of Jeanne. Nevertheless, she should report her doubts to her husband.

Now M. Darras, although a tolerant sceptic, has allowed his child a religious education, stipulating merely for the inclusion of logic and science among her studies. But, notwithstanding his general freedom of thought, he opposes his step-son when the latter offers to marry a woman with a past. The step-son threatens to appeal to his own father; and to strengthen his case, compares his proposed marriage with that of Darras and the divorced Gabrielle. When Darras, incensed by the analogy, summons in Gabrielle to reason with her son, she can only assent to his criticism. She declares that Lucien has but profited by her example, and that now, in her own family circle, she must recognize the evils ascribed by the priest to remarriage after divorce. But since her first husband has just died, she is determined to demand of her second a marriage of religion. To this M. Darras will not listen, for he reasons that to be married in church, after all these years, will be to confess, not only that his union has been one of license, but that his daughter is illegitimate. In the quarrel that follows, Darras declares that henceforth he will rear little Jeanne according to his own ideas, and that he will take Gabrielle away from Paris, and never again permit her to speak to him of the marriage of religion.

As he turns from this stormy scene and encounters the priest, Darras falls to berating him as the inciter of Gabrielle's revolt. The priest, however, metes out good for evil. For, as Gabrielle comes from her room prepared to forsake her home, it is he who commands her to remain. In the opinion of the Church, she is not married, he says, yet she should think less of remedying that condition than of benefiting her innocent daughter. Let her submit, and Darras himself will perhaps relent. Now Darras, overhearing this sermon, and disarmed by its benevolence, grasps the priest's hand, and embraces Gabrielle. Despite his scepticism, he will consent to a marriage of religion.

In this play, the problem of divorce, which was approached

by Ibsen with fearless free thought as a secular matter, has become once more a question to be tested by religious faith. Whereas Ibsen, with certain others like Augier and Feuillet, have preached through the drama the necessity of divorce, Bourget and Hervieu preach against it. If the logic in Bourget's work is none of the best, he is at one with the majority of recent playwrights in insisting upon the integrity of the family as a social unit. This shift of opinion may be partly a theatrical fashion, but it would seem to reflect, as well, a definite change in the popular ideal.

CHAPTER X

FAMILY STUDIES

I. The family study an outgrowth of the domestic drama. The family in relation to commercialism, as exhibited by Björnson, Becque, Mirbeau, and Barker: Björnson's "A Bankruptcy," a family which has forfeited the higher values of life growing regenerate through a business failure; Becque's "The Ravens," a widow and her children becoming the prey of her husband's former business associates; Mirbeau's "Business is Business" and Sowerby's "Rutherford and Son," the blight of commercialism falling upon a family through the exclusive devotion to business of its head; Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance," proposing a problem in practical ethics and answering it in the spirit of Ibsen and Shaw; Barker's "The Madras House," a gallery of family portraits introduced in connection with a satire upon business and sex.

II. The family in relation to money, as exhibited by Pinero and Tchekhov: Pinero's "The Thunderbolt," family selfishness emerging in a quarrel over a bequest; Tchekhov's "The Cherry Garden," a family in financial decline; Tchekhov's "The Three Sisters," a family suffering the defeat of every ambition, largely through poverty.

III. The family in relation to love and marriage, as exhibited in dark colors by Tchekhov and Gorky, but brightly and whimsically by Galsworthy and Barker. Tchekhov's "Uncle Vanya," a family whose members are living in utter discouragement and at cross-purposes in regard to love and marriage; Gorky's "The Smug Citizen," the father of a family alienating the affection of his children by lack of sympathy; Galsworthy's "Joy," a daughter understanding her mother's love affair only when herself falling in love; Barker's "The Marrying of Ann Leete," a hoyden's revolt in marriage against the artificial standards of her family.

IV. Special aspects of family life, as exhibited by Schnitzler, Brieux, and Hervieu: Schnitzler's "The Legacy," the fate of a girl confided by her dying lover to the care of his family; Brieux's "Simone," the relations of a daughter to the father who has slain her mother; and Hervieu's "Passing of the Torch," a tragic conflict between filial and maternal love set forth with geometrical nicety.

I

Marital relations are the principal subject of treatment in the domestic drama. But, with increasing frequency of late, this drama has utilized, also, relationships between parents and children, brothers and sisters, and the connection of the family as a whole with business and money, love and marriage. Moreover, special problems affecting the family circle have been proposed for solution. In plays where this is the case, emphasis is likely to fall upon the dramatist's thesis, the theory of conduct which he would advocate under certain conditions. With most of the family studies, however, the aim is pictorial—the representation of persons closely allied by blood or by marriage, their idiosyncracies being thrown into prominence by some family crisis. For the most part, the crisis itself is less important than the characters it affects, and the family studies incline toward realism. They are realistic, not only in the minuteness of their observation of human nature, but also in their looseness of structure and matter-of-fact material.

The development of the dramatic family study is historically to be associated with the rise of naturalism. An early instance of such a study appears in what has been called the first naturalistic play—"The Selicke Family" ("Die Familie Selicke"), by Arno Holz and Johannes Schlaf. This piece, with its portrayal of a group of relatives suffering from poverty and from the dissipation of the family-head, a drunken bookseller, suggested to Hauptmann his "Before Sunrise," which in turn prepared the way for his other family dramas—"The Festival of Peace," "Lonely Lives," and "Michael Kramer." The fashion, once set, has spread until family studies now abound in the theatre. Not the least of these is "Milestones," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch, a work which extends the scope of the genre by tracing a domestic history through three generations, with a view to displaying in each the operation of the same law of individual growth from radicalism to old-fogeyism.

Of all such plays, one distinct group exhibits the family as affected by commercialism. Representative in this group are

Björnson's "A Bankruptcy," Becque's "The Ravens," Mirbeau's "Business is Business," and Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance." In the first of these dramas, Björnson's "A Bankruptcy" ("En Fallit"), a family, which has forfeited all the higher values of life in scrambling for wealth, grows regenerate through a business failure. The seemingly prosperous Tjälde, whose devotion to commerce has led him to neglect wife and daughters, is steadily losing money. Yet he justifies his pretense of affluence as the only means for saving the sums confided to him by others. When his sharp practice excites suspicion, the bankers of Christiania send an agent to inspect his accounts. Tjälde endeavors to save himself by securing credit from a visiting magnate in whose honor he tenders a dinner. His efforts prove fruitless, and, being confronted by the agent, he declares that he will shoot the inquisitor or himself. But the agent is perfectly cool. He advises Tjälde to strip off the cloak of deceit which he has worn for so long, to confess himself a bankrupt, to begin life over. For years, his wife and daughters have struggled to keep up appearances; they will all be happier to start afresh in honest poverty.

The merchant yields to the agent's advice. Although his windows are stoned by irate workmen, his woes are lightened by the generosity of friends, and the members of his family are drawn together by their common affliction. The lieutenant, a pretender for the hand of Tjälde's younger daughter, takes French leave; but an awkward clerk, hitherto scorned by the elder daughter, rallies to the aid of the bankrupt and works wonders in assisting him to retrieve his fortunes. To cap the climax, the very agent who had forced the failure of Tjälde takes the place of the lieutenant as suitor of the younger daughter.

Obviously, this play is old-fashioned in its structure, characters, and perfunctory optimism. It is a dramatized "Vicar of Wakefield." "Sweet are the uses of adversity" might be its motto. Like Björnson's "Geography and Love" and "When the New Wine Blooms," it decries preoccupation with business and exalts the domestic virtues. With the misery of Tjälde and his family, when engaged in the race for

wealth, is contrasted their happiness when returning to a life of simplicity.

Some years after the appearance of "A Bankruptcy," Henri Becque produced his play of superior realism, "The Ravens" ("Les Corbeaux"). Here is presented still another aspect of the family in its relation to business,—the fate of a widow and her children who become the prey of her dead husband's unscrupulous associates. In the first act, the family of Vigneron, a well-to-do manufacturer, is celebrating the betrothal of his youngest daughter. Vigneron's crabbed old partner, his solicitor, his architect, and a music teacher unite in the festivities, which are suddenly interrupted by the death from apoplexy of Vigneron himself. The three acts that remain exhibit the collapse of the family fortunes and the descent upon Mme. Vigneron and her children of these very guests—the 'ravens.' The youth who was to marry Blanche deserts her. The music teacher, who has assured Judith of her talents, now admits that her proposal to support the family by going on the stage is absurd. Vigneron's partner advises the widow to sell what is left of her real estate at a sacrifice, intending to purchase it himself in secret; and the architect, finding that the widow has no funds for more buildings, duns her for the fees already due him. The solicitor, hoping to line his own pockets, warns the widow against her husband's partner; and the latter, although past sixty, looks with greedy eyes upon the third daughter of Mme. Vigneron. When Marie scorns Teissier's dishonorable proposal, the old man, admiring what he takes to be merely her shrewdness, offers her marriage.

Although Marie detests Teissier, she feels that to take him is her only chance for saving her family. The solicitor assures her that at Teissier's death she will inherit half of his property. "You should know," says the man of the law, "that love does not exist. . . . There is nothing but business in the world, and marriage is a business transaction like any other. The opportunity which now presents itself to you, you will never find a second time." To her mother, Marie confesses her shame in yielding, yet she is spared the sense of guilt she would feel were she to refuse.

Old Teissier is satisfied with his bargain, but to test Marie, he supervises her meeting with a rascally creditor. When the fellow grows insolent, Teissier steps forth and sends him flying. Then he turns to the girl, exclaiming, "You are surrounded with rogues, my child, since the death of your father!" To Teissier it never occurs that he is the greatest rogue of the lot.

Something of the same satirical spirit animates a third drama dealing with the family as affected by lust for money. This is Octave Mirbeau's later piece, in three acts, "Business is Business" ("Les Affaires sont les affaires"). Here the author's effort has been chiefly expended upon one character, the members of whose family are sketched but lightly. Isidore Lechat, a self-made man of affairs, turns all that he touches into gold, but, in the process, exploits friends and enemies alike. Those who think to get the better of him he invariably overthrows. He oppresses the poor, scandalizes the rich, and, without a qualm, offers up his family on the altar of Mammon. Lechat's wife cannot call her soul her own. Lechat's son turns to sport, quarrels with his father regarding the payment of his racing debts, and then, through the wild driving of his motor car, snuffs out his life. Lechat's daughter, the sensitive Germaine, revolting at her father's vulgarity, disappoints his plan of allying her with the son of a marquis by walking out of the house with a poor young chemist.

For a little, Lechat is unsteadied by such reverses. But he pulls himself together to retaliate upon two of his partners, contemptible rogues, who have thought to take advantage of his unnerved condition. The man of business, being assailed with cunning, rallies to reply in kind and crush these rivals, and upon his barren triumph falls the final curtain.

Although "Business is Business" be overmoralized, its protagonist is a vital creation, reminiscent of Molière's best characters. Lechat is both a spender and a getter of money, but his spending is only a means to fresh getting. Gold is his god, and efficiency his demi-god. He patronizes the nobility, forcing the marquis, who comes to ask a loan of him, to consent to allying their families and to supporting his

candidacy for the Chamber of Deputies. When the marquis complains that Lechat would buy him, that worthy replies: "I never buy; I merely exchange. Business is a matter of exchange. We exchange money, land, titles, votes, intelligence, social position, office, love, genius,—whatever we have for whatever we lack. There is nothing more permissible, and, rest assured, nothing more honorable." To the poor young man who captures the affections of his daughter, Lechat responds with a compliment on the youth's acumen. Of course, the fellow has merely conceived a scheme for extorting money. "Say it squarely, make your price!" cries Lechat; "I will pay!"

Still another study of family life in relation to business is Githa Sowerby's "Rutherford and Son," its protagonist a glassmaker in the north of England. This John Rutherford is a more tragic figure than Mirbeau's Lechat, an industrial fanatic who regards his work as his religion. By his Gradgrind theory and practice of life, he drives each of his three children from home, and is left at the end desolate, except for the daughter-in-law he has always despised and the grandchild that he hopes may succeed him. His daughter, who has sought relief from drudgery in an affair with her father's foreman, that father turns out of the house as disgraced, after having himself appropriated the foreman's invention and then cashiered him. One son he has early alienated, a youth who seeks refuge in the church. The other he ruins morally, for this weak but well-meaning fellow, defeated in his plan of profiting by the foreman's invention, breaks into his father's strong box, and becomes a fugitive from justice, the deserter of his wife and babe.

More subtle in its treatment of a family crisis induced by commercialism is Granville Barker's best play, "The Voysey Inheritance." Here the attention centers upon Edward Voysey, who discovers that his father for long has maintained a crooked business which he, as the son, will inherit. What shall he do? Publish the truth, and ruin his father, the firm, and the creditors; or, keep silent, and struggle to pay back little by little the moneys that have been taken for secret speculation from the clients' accounts? This question, at

first one of theory alone, becomes pressing and practical when Edward's father suddenly dies. The son, assembling his family, lays the case before them. By some, the truth has been known or guessed at; to others, it comes with a shock. But all are agreed in declining to use their own private means for righting the wrong. Edward, they argue, must continue the business in silence, sending the clients their interest, and striving to replace, as he can, the capital.

When Edward objects to cheating the firm back into credit, the woman he loves meets his scruples, and, inspired by her confidence, he accepts the 'Voysey inheritance.' Needless to say, his path is beset with dangers. He must refuse to a clerk the hush money paid him for years. He must face the wrath of his father's old friend, who comes to withdraw his account and learns that it exists for the most part on paper. When the secret leaks out and a general collapse seems imminent, Alice reassures her lover. The clients, she says, rather than suffer the losses of bankruptcy, will let him work out their salvation. If they put him in prison, she still will be proud of him since under this strain he has grown into manhood. "There was never any chance of my marrying you," says Alice, "when you were only a well-principled prig. I didn't want you . . . and I don't believe you really wanted me. Now you do, and you must always take what you want."

This statement echoes the doctrines of Ibsen and Shaw. Beware of mere formulas for conduct, says Barker. The rules of right and wrong must often be modified when applied in a concrete instance. Thus Edward Voysey, in accepting the burden imposed by his father's dishonesty is right pragmatically, although wrong ideally. On general principles, he ought to fling down that burden with pious aversion, proclaiming the crime of his father and accepting the consequences. Just that is what a moral idealist, like Ibsen's Gregers Werle, would do and then glory in the ruin he had wrought.

More important than the author's ethical theory, in "The Voysey Inheritance," is his painting of character. For the parents of Edward, his brothers and sisters, and their con-

nections by marriage compose an unforgettable family group. Most carefully drawn is the father, a deceiver of self as well as of others, half convinced of the truth of his own little fiction of having inherited the crooked business from his father, and now handing it on to Edward as a sacred trust. Yet, as Edward later discovers, the man who can talk so top-loftily has once got the affairs of the firm quite straight, only to return to swindling just for the zest of the game.

If the other members of the Voysey family are shown less completely, they are no less distinct. There is Edward's deaf, little mother, devoted to her husband, although aware of his trouble. There is Trenchard, her eldest son, keen, cold, cock-sure, estranged from his father, and noting in that father's fiction of inherited dishonesty a touch of the artist common to criminals. There are the other sons, booming Major Booth, who roars the family into subjection, and the gaily impractical Hugh. As for the daughters, Ethel is a spoiled darling, and Honor is 'mother's right hand,' a spinster resigned to her sad survival. Add to these folk Ethel's lover, and the wives of Hugh and the Major, with Colpus the vicar and the selfish old friend of the Voyseys, and you have a remarkable family group, described with a precision of detail unrivalled on the contemporary stage outside the theatre of Shaw.

It is the Shavian influence, more than any other, that permeates "The Voysey Inheritance." Hugh and his wife and Alice and Voysey himself talk like the people of Shaw. Thus Voysey assumes that what he has selfishly done in his business has been all for the good of the clients—a pose dear to Shaw's heroes. Hugh, like the Shavian scoffers, sneers at the average Happy English Home and the tyranny of its ideals, above all "the middle-class ideal that you should respect your parents, live with them, think with them, grow like them." Hugh's wife, like the Shavian free-thinking young women, grows tired of his crying for what he can't get and proposes to leave him. And Alice, the heroine, speaks the language of Shaw in warning her Edward that he should no more neglect his happiness than he would neglect to wash his face, and in saying, "You have a religious nature. . . .

Therefore you're not fond of creeds and ceremonies." Her guardian, whom she refers to as "a person of great character and no principles," has instructed her in the Shavian philosophy on the occasion of her inheriting a fortune. "You've no right to your money. You've not earned it or deserved it in any way. Therefore, don't be surprised or annoyed if any enterprising person tries to get it from you. He has at least as much right to it as you have . . . if he can use it better, he has more right."

It will be evident that Granville Barker, as a writer of intellectual drama, is not content with making mere family studies in the naturalistic fashion. Rather, he exhibits his family groups with a well defined purpose. And this purpose, in a play like "The Madras House," becomes relatively more important than the individual portraiture. Yet that chaotic comedy does depict, in connection with its dominant satire upon sex and business, two branches of a curious family.

The Huxtables and the Madrases are products of the drapery trade, a commerce which depends upon tickling the vanity of women and the appetite of men. A philosophic promoter proposes to unite with others the drapery houses of old Mr. Huxtable and Constantine Madras—brothers-in-law and business rivals, who have not spoken to each other for years. What happens in the play is of no consequence, but the satire it affords upon trade conditions and family life is amusing. The Huxtable group is composed of father, mother, and six maiden daughters, introduced as horrible examples of what our artificial civilization leads to. In the normal course of events these daughters should have been married; but now, falsely restricted from the society of men, they are miserable. Laura, the eldest, turns for relief to housekeeping. Minnie and Clara seek solace in missions. The brusque and business-like Emma, who might have succeeded in a profession, is enforced to idleness since it is not proper for a woman in her position to work; and Jane, the youngest, has had to decline two proposals, not only because her parents objected to the men as insufficiently wealthy, but also because her sisters disapproved, fearing that if the youngest were to marry, their chances would be minimized.

So all have gone unwed. Jane, according to her mother, has displayed a wanton mind in squeezing consolation from a man's collar sent home from the laundry by error.

As for the Madras branch of the family, it consists of Constantine Madras, his wife, his son, and his daughter-in-law. Constantine has retired from active management of the Madras House, in order to practice, in Arabia, his peculiar theories in regard to women. Philip, his son, carries on the business in London, and for it neglects his own pretty wife, until one day he awakens to his folly. Then he resolves to turn from the foppery of decking out the vain and the vicious to something really useful. He rejects the handsome position offered him by the American promoter, and determines instead to court poverty and abuse by entering politics. "Why do I give up designing dresses and running a fashion shop to go on the London County Council?" he asks. "To save my soul alive!"

II

In "The Madras House," the family at the center of the picture occasionally slips out of focus owing to the intentness with which Barker keeps one eye fixed upon his theories of sex, society, and business. But in Pinero's "The Thunderbolt"—another family study somewhat akin to the plays already considered—it is again the characters themselves that hold our attention. Pinero, indeed, is without any theories to expound. Even his story is trite. But it serves as an excuse for introducing a choice collection of relatives whose traits he wishes to anatomize.

The theme of "The Thunderbolt" is the family in relation to money rather than in relation to business. When a wealthy old bachelor dies, his brothers and sisters grow eager in hunting his will. Then, to the consternation of all, there turns up his natural daughter of whose existence the Mortimores have never heard. They learn that their brother had been devoted to her, rearing her in a school abroad, and that he must certainly have meant to provide for her. But when no will is forthcoming, they grow arrogant toward Helen

Thornton, who endures in silence the disdain of the vulgar crew, regretful only that her father should have died forgetting her.

At this juncture, the humble wife of the humblest of the family confesses to her husband that, on the night of the dead man's taking off, she had found and destroyed his will, a document leaving everything to Helen. The husband of Phyllis, in disclosing these facts to the assembled Mortimores, takes upon himself the guilt of his wife; but, being detected in lying, pleads that mercy be shown her. Now the heroine, with her supercilious relatives suddenly put in her power, refuses to assert her rights, since to do so will be to publish the felony of the woman already sick with remorse. That the fortune is morally Helen's the Mortimores concede, but as one of them says: "My dear, we are prominent men in the town . . . we've never had any capital. . . . So this is a terrible disappointment to us. . . . Aye, the money's yours—but—what are you going to do for the family?"

"Well," replies Helen; "since you put it in this way—I'll share with you all." Even this generous act counts with the Mortimores as merely a prudent compromise. Only Phyllis, the culprit, and her husband refuse to accept their share,—a slice, however, which Helen insists on keeping in trust for their children.

The plot of this play is hackneyed enough. Lost wills on the stage are with last year's snows. The noble heir, defrauded and then triumphant, aggrieved but forgiving, has served a beneficent purpose for many a season. What redeems Pinero's drama from the charge of banality is the truth of its characterization and its avoidance of melodrama. The nocturnal theft of the will from a safe, which would have been a *scène-à-faire* for any old-school playwright, Pinero omits. He prefers to expend his skill in tracing the workings of self-interest in a group of mean people. This family of Mortimores is as disagreeable as Pinero's grim family of Ridgeleys, in "His House in Order," but the Mortimores are more natural and more carefully distinguished one from another.

Although the deceased Edward Mortimore has made his

fortune as a brewer, yet his brothers, James and Stephen, founders of a temperance league, are mad to lay hands on his money. In view of their probable inheritance, James, as a builder, buys up a tract of land for development, and Stephen, as a printer, prepares to move into up-to-date quarters. Their ambitious sister engages a fine mansion in Berkeley Square; and her husband, the retired Colonel Ponting, swaggers about, freshly important, patronizing Stephen and James and their wives, while with these he unites to scorn the third brother, Thaddeus, a professor of music, who has so far demeaned himself as to marry a grocer's daughter. It is the grocer's daughter who destroys the will, and incurs the wrath of her relatives, not for her deed so much as for her folly in owning up to it. Had Thackeray tried his hand at the drama, he would doubtless have composed a satirical work of this kind, just as Meredith, had he written for the theatre, might have done "The Voysey Inheritance" and "The Madras House." All three plays are stuff of the novel quite as much as stuff of the stage.

The tendency to be novelistic rather than dramatic, to present character in lieu of action, is even more marked in the family pieces written by the Russians,—Gorky and Tchekhov. In "The Cherry Garden" ("Vishnevy Sad") of Tchekhov—another play showing the family in relation to money,—the persons concerned are almost passive, and a situation instead of a plot is developed. A brother and a sister return to the scenes of their childhood in southern Russia, only to find their affairs at sixes and sevens. They know nothing of business. As aristocrats, they cannot accept the advice of a neighbor, the wealthy son of a serf. In vain, Lopachin suggests that they dispense with their fine but unprofitable cherry orchard, and utilize the land that it occupies as the site of suburban villas. As the Ranievskaias hope against hope for some other solution of their difficulties, their condition grows worse. Then the crisis arrives. The great cherry orchard, their pride, is put up at auction and bought in by Lopachin himself. The brother and sister give a melancholy farewell party in the mansion that is soon to be dismantled. Then they pack up and turn sadly away, leaving behind the last of the

family servants to close the empty house. As he sits in the gloom overcome by the recollection of past glories, there comes to his ears the sound of axe strokes from without, announcing that already the orchard is being felled. The old order has gone, the new is about to begin.

More complex but equally naturalistic in its study of the family in poverty is Tchekhov's "The Three Sisters," ("Tri Sestri") a play of dead commonplace. In a small town live three sisters and a brother, orphans of General Prosorov. They long to escape from their drab provincial existence and return to Moscow, where once they lived in better days. Andrei, the brother, dreams of securing an appointment as professor in the university at Moscow, but instead gets only a clerical place at home with no prospect of advancement. He who has nursed high ideals loses ambition, marries a dowdy wife without mind, and in seeking diversion, gambles away his own savings and the house of his sisters.

Of these girls, Olga, the eldest, is a teacher, yearning for marriage, but promoted against her will to be the school principal, and so condemned to toil on at a task for which she is unfit and to die an old maid. Irina, the youngest sister, is a telegraph operator, who contrives to engage the attention of a baron. She is on the point of marrying him without love for the sake of seeing the world in his company, when he falls in a duel. So breaks the bubble of her hopes. Macha, the second sister, is the wife of a pedantic professor in the town high-school. Although, at marriage, she thought him a superior being, she has grown to regard him with loathing, and to find her only happiness in stolen hours spent with a lieutenant colonel twice her age. The colonel excites her pity, since he is the husband of a wife gone insane; but when his regiment is ordered to Poland, he leaves Macha without a qualm. As she clings to him in a last embrace, her husband happens along. If only the pedant would strike her, she could be grateful to him, but, instead, he makes fun of the incident, adorning himself with a false beard and mustache which he has confiscated from a mischievous pupil. As Macha protests that she cannot live with him longer, she hears the music of the band to which her false lover and her

soldier friends are marching away. "They are leaving forever!" she cries, "and we must begin life all over."

III

The pessimism of "The Three Sisters" is characteristic of Tchekhov, and the same gloomy outlook upon life is to be noted in his plays that deal with the family in relation to love and marriage. Such dramas, indeed, as his "Uncle Vanya" and "The Sea Gull," and Gorky's "Smug Citizen," along with Brieux's "The Three Daughters of M. Dupont," Barker's "The Marrying of Ann Leete," and Galsworthy's "Joy," may be classed together as family studies concerned with love and marriage rather than with money or business.

The first of this group—Tchekhov's "Uncle Vanya"—("Dyadya Vanya") introduces a morbid man of middle age, who resides upon a country estate with his niece. The estate has belonged to his sister, now dead, and has passed into the possession of her husband, a musty old professor, living in town. The professor, who has just retired and remarried, comes down from the city with his fresh young bride to visit his daughter, Sonia, and her Uncle Vanya.

Now, for years, Vanya has devoted his energies to managing the estate, sending all the profits to the avaricious professor. When, therefore, the latter proposes to sell off the property and turn out its occupants, Vanya is incensed. To add to his woes, he discovers in the professor's bride the woman he might have loved. In exasperation he shoots at his brother-in-law, but his aim proving bad, no harm is done.

In the meantime, a second thread of plot has been unwound. Sonia, the professor's daughter, has been secretly pining with love for a country physician. But Dr. Astroff cares nothing for her. The moment that he sets eyes upon the professor's bride, however, he is on fire. So Sonia must endure the spectacle of seeing herself disdained for her father's second wife; and Uncle Vanya, a nervous wreck, must succumb to a doubly consuming jealousy.

Only the departure from the estate of the professor and his bride can relieve this unhappy situation. The professor,

frightened by Vanya's assault, is glad enough to forgive it and escape. His bride, who in her love for the doctor has learned too late the folly of her marriage, must accompany him. And the doctor, too, will leave the scene of his hopeless love and seek solace elsewhere. Thus, to the dull house, where for a little tumult and passion have prevailed, there returns the quiet of death.

The infinite sadness of living would seem to be the text of this play. Not only are weak Vanya and patient Sonia exponents of the doctrine, but most of the other characters express their belief in the futility of life, or else by their own careers illustrate it.

The gray gloom of Tchekhov grows deeper still in the dramas of Maxim Gorky, whose "Smug Citizen" ("Myeshchane") deals with family life in the lower middle-class. Here we are regaled by four acts of irrelevant talk by disagreeable people, talk disordered, chaotic, without dramatic significance, such as might have been recorded by a dictagraph set up in the cottage of a small townsman. The title of the play gives the clue to its purpose and meaning. Bezsemenov is the smug citizen. He is chairman of the painters' guild, well-to-do, but irascible and opinionated. Since those who live in his house quarrel with him and with one another incessantly, the drama is a chronicle of their wrangling. Bezsemenov rules his family with a high hand. His daughter, Tatiana, is a school-teacher so frequently twitted upon her failure to marry and so hurt by the defection of the foster brother she has deemed her lover that she drinks poison and barely escapes dying. Bezsemenov's wife is a timid creature completely overawed by her lord. Bezsemenov's son, Peter, after three years at the university, has been rusticated, and hangs about the house, declaiming against the narrowness of provincial life, and making love to a widow who boards with the family. Bezsemenov's adopted son, Nil, is a locomotive engineer, who, in marrying the family seamstress, breaks Tatiana's heart and arouses Bezsemenov's ire, since the old man has planned for the youth a match more profitable.

At the end of the play, the smug citizen is well nigh de-

serted, Nil and Peter, each after a violent quarrel, leaving him, Nil to go away with the seamstress, and Peter to go away with the widow. So Tatiana remains in the dismal house with the parents who cannot understand her and whom she cannot respect. Overcome by the sense of her desolation, she flings herself upon the piano keys, which respond with a discordant jangling that subsides into awful silence.

It is Tatiana who best expresses the dark mood of the piece. She, poor thing, has had ideals now shattered. She complains that: "Nobody declares his love as they write of it in books. . . . And life throughout is not tragic. It flows softly, monotonously by, like a great muddy river, and while you watch it flowing, your eyes become wearied, your head becomes dull, and you do not even want to think what the stream is flowing for." Again she says, "Life crushes us without noise, without screams—or tears—and nobody notices it."

It is a relief to turn from such depressing plays to the English comedies of Granville Barker and John Galsworthy. Galsworthy's "Joy" and Barker's "The Marrying of Ann Leete" are family studies in the lighter vein, deficient in theatrical power, but amusing. "Joy" is the slighter of the two, a piece that derives its title from the name of the heroine, a girl of seventeen, whose mother is separated from Joy's father, and in love with a mine promoter. The girl is so fond of her mother that she resents the intrusion of this admirer, and finally demands that her mother shall send him away. The mother, after a struggle, decides to cleave to the man, even though in so doing she lose her child. But since Joy finds a lover of her own, and through this experience comes to understand her mother, all ends happily.

The humor of Galsworthy's study lies in the fact that each member of the family group here presented is an egotist. Thus, the work, as the author dubs it, is "a play on the letter I." Technically, although the classic unities are observed, the acts are queerly choppy. People come and go upon the stage with little reason, talking to great length and no purpose. Their scattering, unfocussed conversation accomplishes nothing beyond serving to characterize the speakers.

In Barker's "Ann Leete," the conversational feature is still more pronounced. The speeches in strict dialogue gain a certain directness from their pointed phraseology, but, for the most part, Barker glories in teasing indirections of style and in setting six or eight people to talking all at once at cross purposes. The result is bewildering. The action of the play is laid in the eighteenth century. Ann is the hoyden daughter of Carnaby Leete, a past master in political intrigue, anxious to repair his broken fortunes by marrying her off to Sir John Carp. On a wager, Sir John has kissed her in a dark corner of the garden. Her father, pretending that he has been insulted, challenges Sir John to a duel, which proves a harmless matter. Sir John, however, grows interested in the girl, proposes to her, and is accepted.

As the play would seem about to end, a fresh complication arises. Ann suffers a change of heart. She realizes that her father has schemed the whole affair. She feels a sudden aversion for his methods, and for the artificial standards of her family. Her elder sister has made a worldly marriage with a nobleman, from whom she is on the point of being divorced. Her brother, opposing a fine match arranged for him by his father, has gone to the opposite extreme and fallen into the clutches of an ambitious country girl. Ann will live her own life. "I want to be an ordinary woman, not clever, not fortunate," she tells her father; and then, to clinch the matter, she turns to the gardener and proposes to him on the spot. "John Abud, you mean to marry. When you marry, will you marry me?" Since the abashed youth is struck dumb, she continues, "If we two were alone here in this garden, and everyone else in the world were dead, what would you answer?" To which question the gardener replies, "Why . . . yes!"

Quite improbably, Ann weds Abud three months later, and walks with him ten miles in a sleet storm to their cottage. When he tries to kiss her, she winces. "But I will!" he cries, "it's my right!" So she yields, and liking to be mastered, explains her motive in contracting this marriage. "Papa . . . I said . . . we've all been in too great a hurry getting civilized. False dawn. I mean to go back. . . .

So he saw I was of no use to him, and he's penniless, and he let me go. When my father dies, what will he take with him? . . . for you do take your works with you into Heaven or Hell, I believe. . . . I was afraid to live . . . and now . . . I am content." Ann, in short, has found happiness in surrendering to the simple life; and the curtain drops upon Abud lighting her up the steep stairs to their room.

IV

To the dramas already reviewed as exhibiting the family in its relations to business and money, love and marriage, there may be added certain other plays devoted to special aspects of family life. Three of these deserve notice. The problem element is least apparent in "The Legacy" ("Das Vermächtnis") of the Viennese, Arthur Schnitzler. A young man, thrown from his horse, is brought home fatally injured. He confesses to the existence of a sweetheart and a child, and before expiring extorts his parents' promise that both may be received into the house as a precious legacy. His last wish is obeyed, but Toni Weber, who, with little Franzi, comes to live with the Losattis, is miserable. The family and their friends regard her with contempt. Her child sickens and dies. The Losattis wish to be rid of her. On learning that they will bribe her to go away, Toni departs of her own accord, leaving behind a note that hints at her suicide: "Do not look for me," she writes. "It is too late."

As in Pinero's "The Thunderbolt," so in this drama, the portraits in the family group are more important than the action. Professor Losatti, head of the house, is an excitable person, free in dispensing blame and advice, and fearful of the world's opinion. Dr. Schmidt, the suitor for the hand of his daughter, is a puritanical bigot, who, from selfish and self-righteous motives, bends every effort to drive Toni away. The women of the play are more generous than the men. Yet the professor's wife, who has resisted her husband's wishes so long as little Franzi lived, yields to them after the death of the child. Stronger in character is Frau Losatti's sister-in-law, a free-thinking widow, who has been the con-

fidante of Hugo. She accedes to the dismissal of Toni only because the happiness of her daughter is at stake. This daughter, once devoted to Hugo, is even yet jealous of his mistress. Indeed, Toni's only champion at the last is Hugo's young sister, who regards her brother's *liaison* as sanctified, and not only assails her parents for breaking their pledge, but jilts her suitor, the doctor, for his part in the ousting of Toni.

In motivation, "The Legacy" is weak. Toni is left unmarried to Hugo only because the dramatist must keep them unwed. She is the most exemplary of mistresses, virtually a wife. Her apartment is a temple of holy affection; and, although she has not personally met any of Hugo's family before his death, she has learned from him to know and love them all. Had such an angel been married to Hugo, the Losattis and their friends could never have objected to her. But, even accepting her on Schnitzler's own terms, the Losattis would scarcely be bound to protect forever in their midst the mistress of their dead son.

The second of these specialized family studies is the "Simone" of Brieux. A husband, having slain his guilty wife and escaped detection, rears his daughter in the belief that her mother was perfect. When Simone, grown up, is about to marry, the father of her lover objects to the match, and, as a result, she discovers her own father's secret. She would spare him the pain of knowing that she has unearthed it, but her look of horror, as she stares at his hands on which she imagines that she sees her mother's blood, makes him understand. When he implores her forgiveness, she replies: "I have thought that I ought to hate you, and I cannot. . . . What should I do?" M. Sergéac, refusing to undertake his own defense, appeals to the father of his murdered wife to advise Simone, and the latter concludes the play by saying, "You may go to those arms, since it is I who lead you there."

The theme of the piece was suggested to Brieux by the preface of "La Femme de Claude," by Dumas *fils*. The faithful husband should punish his faithless wife, said Dumas. Not so, declares Brieux. But, granting that a husband has indeed slain his wife according to the old code, how will the child of that union be affected by the act? Simone, as we

see, forgives. But Brieux does not discuss the justice or the injustice of Sergéac's deed. He merely assumes it as accomplished, and examines its outcome in one particular. Although the situation and the problem are fairly new, the effect of the play is due less to the dramatist's originality of thought than to his graphic rendering of a crisis in the lives of two persons.

Most powerful as a drama concerned with a special family problem is Paul Hervieu's "Passing of the Torch" ("La Course du flambeau"), which deals with the relations between filial and maternal love as exhibited in the persons of three women representing three generations,—daughter, mother, and grandmother. The thesis of the piece is early stated in set terms by a minor character, who remarks upon the sacrifice demanded by each generation of its predecessor. The law, says Maravon, may be symbolized in the torch of the ancient Athenian festival passed from hand to hand by runners, each intent upon conveying it, with flame unquenched, to the one ahead. Against this view the heroine opposes her own theory, maintaining that the obligations and devotion of children and parents are mutual and evenly balanced. But Maravon replies that the child's debt to the parent is paid only when the child in turn becomes a parent. Maternal love, moreover, is instinctive; whereas filial love is merely rational. In controversion of this doctrine, Sabine, the heroine, offers a concrete case. "To spare Marie-Jeanne a serious grief," she says, referring to her own daughter, "I would without hesitation immolate my life. But I also cherish my mother instinctively, without relying upon that effort of the reason which you profess. And I assure you that to save my mother from peril I would give my life as readily as to save my daughter!"

Now the action of the drama moves about these ideas. Sabine's daughter marries. Already, for the girl's sake, her widowed mother has refused the man she loves, yielding up her happiness for that of Marie-Jeanne. Then the girl's husband meets financial disaster. A large sum is necessary to save him from bankruptcy, and unless it be forthcoming the sensitive Marie-Jeanne is threatened with nervous pros-

refusing to accept the proffer of that gentleman's wife. What would have been dishonor in Europe was honor in Asia. When Robert protests that his honor has been lost by the baseness of his relatives, Trast laughs at the notion. How is it possible that the honor of one should be affected by the knavery of others? Moreover, the honor of Robert's family is necessarily remote from his own ideal of honor. The honor of his sister has been returned to her, so far as she can use or understand it. "For everything on earth," says Trast, "has its price of exchange. The honor of the front house must perhaps be paid with blood—perhaps. I say—; the honor of the rear house is already restored *in integrum* with a little capital."

Robert is shocked at this reasoning, and then half convinced. But, at least, he must have personal satisfaction from Kurt. His mentor, however, shows him the folly even of this. What! he would be so old-fashioned as to desire to slay the brother of the woman he loves. Then Trast cites himself as the example of one emancipated from the tyranny of the old code of honor. As a youth, he had gambled and lost money, and according to that code had been in duty bound to kill himself; but reason prevailed, he accepted the dishonor, such as it was, and fled from his card debts to become truly honorable. He can now afford to mock at the punctilio which, because of this early affair, prevents Kurt from resenting with the sword an insult thrown at him of set purpose by the count.

It will be seen that in this play three or four levels of honor are indicated. The honor of the Hinterhaus stands lowest, an honor whose wounds are readily salved with gold. The honor of the Vorderhaus stands somewhat higher, an honor that may allow an intrigue with a social inferior but never a marriage without compensating wealth. The honor of the military world stands still higher, an honor represented here by Kurt Mühlingk's fine friends, who assure him that blood alone can heal an injury to honor but blood that is shed only according to certain arbitrary regulations. Now these levels, referred to as lower and higher, are in reality all of them low levels, without any moral distinction. They differ

socially, not ethically. The only high level of honor is that attained to by the individual who is rational and free.

With a play so enlightened in its conception of honor as Sudermann's "Die Ehre" may be contrasted the "Rosenmontag" of Otto Erich Hartleben, a drama setting forth the traditional notion of honor as it still survives in Prussian military circles. Here an officer sincerely loves a girl whom he cannot marry so long as he observes the rules of his caste. Two friends see to it that he shall not demean himself or dishonor his regiment by an alliance with the daughter of a simple burgher. Having secured his transfer to a distant garrison, they proceed to convince him that the girl has been false to him, and to convince her that he is about to marry another. Finally, the officer, yielding to pressure, does abandon himself to betrothal with a woman of wealth for whom he cares nothing. But when, by chance, he learns how completely he has been tricked by his soldier friends, he casts personal and military honor to the winds, and after a brief period of dissipation indulged in with the girl whom he might have married honorably, takes her life and his own. Of course, a real hero would have defied military convention with impunity, instead of feeling that in having shown such defiance he must blow out his brains. But the play, in its tragic conclusion, is both a protest and an admission,—a protest against a foolish code of honor and an admission that such a code still determines the fate of soldiers.

appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already." In the same fashion, the drama, as the most social of arts, teaches us much that we already know. These family studies in the theatre afford no novel ideas, yet they display with moving force the world of human character in which we live. If they instruct at all, it is by making us feel. Their "laughter and tears"—to apply a saying of Oliver Wendell Holmes—"are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is wind-power, the other water-power,—that is all."

CHAPTER XI

IRISH PLAYS OF MYSTICISM AND FOLK HISTORY

I. The new Irish drama a return to nature; its literary and patriotic motives; its three varieties—allegorical and philosophical plays, folk-history plays, and plays of the peasantry; its three chief writers;—W. B. Yeats, the dreamer and poet; Lady Gregory, the sane and genial observer of character; and J. M. Synge, the bitter humorist, a laureate of vagabonds and a master of prose.

II. Plays of allegory and mysticism:—Lady Gregory's "The Deliverer," an apologue of the rewards of political leadership, and "The Travelling Man," a moralized fable of man's ingratitude to God; Yeats's "The Land of Heart's Desire" and "Shadowy Waters," dreams of romantic yearning; "Countess Kathleen," a legend belonging to the Faust family; "Cathleen ni Houlihan," love of country allegorized; and "The Hour Glass," a morality play opposing faith to reason, the invisible to the visible.

III. Yeats's most explicit plea for mysticism and religious anarchism to be found in "Where There is Nothing," a play striking out contrasts between faith and knowledge, the individual and society, the simple life and luxury; a briefer and more dramatic working over of this in "The Unicorn from the Stars." The Celtic quality of these plays—aspiration, spirituality and ineffectualness; their significance as a protest against materialism on the contemporary stage.

IV. Plays of folk-history:—Heroic dramas of the legendary past: Yeats's poetic plays "On Baile's Strand" and "The King's Threshold;" Lady Gregory's "Devorgilla," and her more ambitious "Kincora" and "Grania;" Synge's one drama in this vein, "Deirdre of the Sorrows"—its lust in the outdoor world, its sense of the brevity of life and of fate foredoomed.

V. Ironic dramas of later history: Lady Gregory's "The White Cockade" and "The Canavans;" history in the last giving way to farce comedy; history in all these plays less important than characterization and charm of diction; Synge as the creator of a new style.

I

At a time when the art of the theatre has become sophisticated, the plays of the Irish are simple in theme and struc-

ture. In place of the problems of conventional society, they present the natural life of a people free from mannered graces. In place of high-wrought technic, they offer a few single situations; and in place of 'well-made' plots, they exhibit character at a crisis. They cast back to the sources of things in nature for the representation of things in art.

Just a century after Wordsworth promulgated his famous poetical reform in England, champions of the literary revival in Ireland began to urge again the doctrines associated with his name. They demanded that literature concern itself with peasants, those close to the soil, men and women of primitive instincts, unafraid to show their emotions. They demanded, further, that literature speak the language of such people—"a selection of the real language of men," and by happy chance they discovered among the unspoiled folk of the western world a diction and phraseology of distinct beauty and power.

Associated with these literary motives was the patriotic desire to awaken the national consciousness, to exalt the national dignity. To that end, not only the life of the peasants, but also Irish legend and history were drawn upon. During the last decade of the nineteenth century, translators and adaptors, scholars and poets, as if by common consent, began to resort to the treasure house of the past as well as to the new-found riches of the present. Whereas some devoted their energies to scholarship, as did Dr. Douglas Hyde, others, like Lady Augusta Gregory, refashioned old romances. Still others, like William Butler Yeats, composed original prose and verse in the Celtic spirit. Religious poets, like Lionel Johnson, and mystic poets, like G. W. Russell, sang with Catholic fervor the potency of the invisible and the regeneration of the soul. More matter-of-fact story-tellers wrote down the manners and traditions of the people as these survive in odd corners of the country, and since 1899 lovers of the stage have been occupied in developing an Irish drama.

In 1901, with the foundation of the Irish National Theatre Society by Yeats and Lady Gregory, this drama received its strongest impetus, George Moore giving it encouragement,

and authors like William Boyle, T. C. Murray, and John Millington Synge contributing to it notable plays. Although the enthusiasts for Gaelic—Dr. Hyde, Father Deneen, and Father O'Leary—have composed dramas in the Irish tongue, it is the pieces written in English by those without Gaelic which have done most to direct attention to the dramatic phase of the Celtic revival. Nature has been emphasized, not only in the subjects and language of these plays, but also in their representation. For they have been performed with novel sincerity by native actors drawn from the working classes in town and country, actors who have thrown to the winds old tricks of the stage. The whole movement, therefore, has been characterized by what Yeats has called "the innocence of good art in an age of reasons and purposes."

Three varieties of the Irish drama may be distinguished: first, the allegorical and philosophical plays, few in number, and touched with a mysticism that takes them out of space and time; second, the folk-history plays that deal in the heroic spirit with ancient legends or else in the spirit of comedy with more modern historical matters; and, third, the plays of contemporary peasant life, for the most part comic, but pathetic and tragic in a few instances. These three varieties of drama have been principally created by three writers, each with a special aptitude. Although Yeats and Synge have composed folk-history plays, yet the ruler of that domain is Lady Gregory. Although Yeats and Lady Gregory have composed plays of contemporary peasant life, yet the ruler of that domain is Synge. And although Lady Gregory has composed one or two allegories, yet the ruler of that domain is Yeats.

Of these three makers of plays, Yeats is the poet, the dreamer, the seer. In him abides a strain of mysticism less obvious in the others. He is not intent upon reproducing the external aspects of Irish life. He is rather concerned with expressing Irish thought and feeling in their essence. He can be merry over the rascality of a vagabond, or embroider with rare verse a romantic story from the hero legends; but he is most himself when dealing in allegory or philosophy.

Much more a creature of this earth than the poet Yeats is Lady Gregory. From the observation of her humble neighbors, she builds up her simple characters. If at times these appear to be mere disembodied motives, yet for the most part they move freely with the life that she has lent them. There is no great difference, however, between Lady Gregory's Irishmen of the twentieth and the seventeenth or the twelfth century. They all speak the same dialect and think the same thoughts. The plays in which they figure are constructed as the result, not of inspiration, but of honest effort. These plays are grave and gay, but never so brilliantly comic nor so acutely pathetic as the dramas of Synge, and never so truly poetic as those of Synge and Yeats.

As for Synge, he is easily the first among Irish dramatists. He learned in France the art of concealing art; he discovered in the Aran Islands a mine of precious ore which he has minted into plays that will pass current for many a year. Synge is no thinker, no teacher. He disbelieves in the drama of ideas. He has expressly said that only "The infancy and decay of the drama tend to be didactic." He has insisted that, "The drama, like the symphony, does not teach or prove anything. Analysts, with their problems, and teachers, with their systems, are soon as old-fashioned as the pharmacopœia of Galen,—look at Ibsen and the Germans—, but the best plays of Ben Jonson and Molière can no more go out of fashion than the blackberries on the hedges." Except in one play, Synge has confined himself to portraying the peasantry. In doing this he stands aloof, gazing ironically upon life, without a purpose or an illusion. Of the lighter pieces from his pen it has been said in disparagement that, "His, indeed, is outlaw comedy, with gypsy laughter coming from somewhere in the shrubbery by the roadside." Certainly, he has the instincts of the vagabond and a ripe understanding of vagabond character. It is in making such personages live that Synge is especially successful. He is a superb humorist. He is also a master of pathos and, above all, a master of words. He—more than any other recent writer—has revealed the poetic possibilities of prose. What he achieves in beauty of diction, phrase, and cadence, the

others seem merely to be striving toward. Theirs is the attempt, his is the attainment.

Now, instead of reviewing in detail the work of each of these writers as a whole, it will be more profitable to consider successively the kinds of drama to which they contribute. These kinds have already been distinguished as plays of allegory and mysticism, plays of folk-history, and plays of peasant life.

II

The allegorical and mystical plays of the Irish theatre are few in number and more distinguished by strangeness or poetic glamor than by profundity of thought. Lady Gregory and Yeats hold this field undisputed. Lady Gregory, however, has written but two brief pieces of the kind—"The Travelling Man" and "The Deliverer." The latter is an apologue meant to exhibit the fate of the leader of a thankless people. It was suggested by the career of Parnell, and the story is curiously incongruous, not only because Parnell is here identified with the Moses of the Old Testament, but also because he and the other ancient Hebrews speak the language of modern Hibernians. The diction and the references to such matters as Shrovetide, Christmas, and the catechism are as innocently humorous as anything in the old miracle plays.

Much more charming than this moralized fable is Lady Gregory's "The Travelling Man." On a dark night, the Christ has directed a woman roaming the roads to the shelter of a cottage, where she finds peace and love. At the rise of the curtain the woman is telling her little boy of how the Travelling Man just seven years before saved her life. "Had he a crown like a king?" asks the boy. "If he had," says the mother, "it was made of the twigs of a bare blackthorn; but in his hands he had a green branch that never grew on a tree of this world. He took me by the hand and he led me over the stepping stones outside to this door, and he bade me to go in and I would find good shelter. I was kneeling down to thank him, but he raised me up, and he said, 'I will come to see you some other time. And do not shut up your heart in

the things I give you,' he said, 'but have a welcome before me.'"

On each anniversary of that night the woman has expected the Travelling Man to come, and now as she steps out to borrow flour in order to make a cake for his entertainment, a tattered tramp enters, carrying a branch that bears both fruit and flowers. The man plays with the child upon the floor, but the woman, coming back to find her kitchen muddied up, scolds him roundly and turns him out. "I will go," he says patiently: "I will go back to the high road that is walked by the bare feet of children. I will go back to the rocks and the wind, to the cries of the trees in the storm."

The boy, who has followed the man forth with the branch, returns to speak of having seen him walking on the water. "I called him to come back for the branch," says the boy, "and he turned where he was in the river, and he bade me to bring it back, and to show it to yourself." The woman, struck with awe, sinks upon her knees. "It is a branch that is not of any earthly tree!" she exclaims. "He is gone, and I never knew him. He was that stranger that gave me all. He is the King of the World."

So simple are these two plays by Lady Gregory that he who runs may read. Their symbolism is self-explanatory. With Yeats, however, who possesses much more of the poetic temperament and much less of the sense of fact, the mystical element is frequently but a vague yearning for an unrealized ideal. This is the case in such plays as "Shadowy Waters" and "The Land of Heart's Desire." In the latter, the newly married Maire Bruin longs for a world of faerie joy in which youth and beauty will endure forever. In the former this romantic yearning is clothed with even less of actuality. The dreamer Forgael sails westward in quest of an earthly paradise and a new love "of a beautiful, unheard of kind, that is not in the world." His sailors threaten to mutiny, but are appeased by their capture of a richly laden galley and a queen. The queen demands reparation of Forgael for their slaying of her husband, and offers to reward the sailors if they will strike him down, but Forgael enchants them by playing on a harp that glows with unearthly light.

Then the queen's heart is softened, and she understands that Forgael and she are caught in a golden net from which escape is impossible. Far from repining, she rejoices in her new love, and while the sailors put back toward Ireland in her galley, she and Forgael, left in his, drift away into the waste of 'shadowy waters.' Needless to say, this piece is lyrical, not dramatic. It lacks substance, action, meaning, everything except poetry and mood. Yeats is here as tenuous as Maeterlinck, and follows close, indeed, the manner of the Belgian in the final scene, when the queen bathes the kneeling Forgael in her tresses.

Such formless yearnings afford no basis for drama. There is more promise, however, in the theme of "Countess Kathleen," Yeats's rendering of a legend of the Faust family. Peasants, stricken by famine, are selling their souls for gold to demons in the guise of merchants. But the demons, in their trading, are outbid by the generous Countess Kathleen. In order to circumvent her, they steal what remains of her wealth. Then the countess offers to barter her own soul in exchange for the souls of her people and for as much more as will preserve their bodies until the dearth goes by. She is willing to be damned for their sake. That the purity of her motive saves her, a concluding vision makes clear.

The plays by Yeats so far considered are distinctly inferior as dramas of allegory and mysticism to three others from his pen. The first of these is "Cathleen ni Houlihan," compact in form, natural in incidents and background, and clear in meaning. Ireland personified visits a peasant's hut and so inspires a youth with patriotism that he leaves his bride in order to follow after the stranger; love of country triumphs over love of woman. Michael, a youth of Killala, is about to be married. As his parents are discussing in their cottage the fortunate match, there enters an old woman, who has travelled far in disquiet. Strangers are in her house, she says, and her land has been taken from her. She sings a song about a man hanged for love of her in Galway. Many others too have died of such love, some have died hundreds of years ago, "and there are some that will die to-morrow."

The peasants are stirred by her wild words. Even Mi-

chael's miserly father hands her a shilling, but the old woman rejects his alms. "If any one would give me help," she says, "he must give me himself, he must give me all." Michael stares at her enthralled, as she turns to leave. There is a shouting without, and presently in come the neighbors with the bride, announcing that ships are in the bay and that the French are landing at Killala. The boys are hurrying to join the French against the English. At this news, Michael breaks from his bride's arms. "Michael, Michael," she pleads, "you won't leave me! You won't join the French, and we going to be married tomorrow!" But the old woman's voice is heard singing, and Michael goes out. His mother turns to her younger son, who has just entered. "Did you see an old woman going down the path!" she asks. "I did not," answers the boy, "but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen."

This is allegory at its best. Less realistic and more subtle is the symbolism in Yeats's morality play, "The Hour Glass." A Wise Man has taught his scholars to distrust all knowledge save that derived through sense. No souls have entered heaven since he began his teaching, and an Angel appears to warn him that he must die within the hour.

"The doors of heaven will not open to you," says the Angel, "for you have denied the existence of heaven; and the doors of purgatory will not open to you, for you have denied the existence of purgatory."

"But," objects the man, "I have also denied the existence of hell."

"Hell," retorts the Angel, "is the place of those who deny."

For the Wise Man, however, one hope remains. If, within the hour he can find a single soul that still believes, despite his teaching, then he yet shall go to heaven. The Angel leaves him an hour glass, and with his eyes fixed upon its falling sands, the Wise Man questions desperately his pupils, his wife, and his children. But too well they have learned from him the lesson of scepticism.

Then he turns for aid to a Fool. Now Teigue the Fool still believes in the invisible. He believes that every day men in black go forth to spread black nets over the hills to catch the

feet of the angels, and he declares that every morning before dawn he follows them with his shears to cut the nets and let the angels fly away.

Although the Wise Man has hitherto only laughed at the Fool, he is now ready to accept salvation from the Fool's credulity. He bids the Fool summon in his scholars. "I will speak to them!" he cries; "I understand it all now. One sinks in on God; we do not see the truth; God sees the truth in us. . . . Pray, Fool, that they may be given a sign and save their souls alive."

So the Wise Man dies, and Teigue says to the scholars: "Do not stir! He asked for a sign that you might be saved. Look what has come from his mouth . . . a little winged thing . . . a little shining thing. It has gone to the door." In the doorway at that instant reappears the Angel, stretching forth her hands as if to catch the winged soul, and then closing them. "The Angel has taken it in her hands!" cries Teigue; "she will open her hands in the Garden of Paradise."

This charming trifle is essentially Catholic and medieval. Rational knowledge obscures intuitive knowledge, says Yeats; it breeds doubt, and man is damned by doubt. Only by childlike faith can man be saved. The world of the invisible alone is real. Better be a fool and retain your vision of the invisible, than be a philosopher left to wander helpless in the perishable realm of the visible.

III

The most elaborate of Yeats's plays of serious mystical thought is his prose drama in five acts entitled "Where There is Nothing." This still further develops the contrast between knowledge and faith, and strikes out yet other contrasts, such as those between society and the individual, civilization and the simple life. It offers a plea for religious anarchism.

The wealthy Paul Ruttledge, tired of convention, gives over his estate to a brother, and fares forth along the roads as a strolling tinker. Falling ill, he is cared for in a monastery. Joining the order, he becomes a mystic. He believes that in the loss of personality, in the merging of the finite with

the infinite, lies peace and the goal of man's existence. He longs for a state "where there is nothing that is anything, and nobody that is anybody;" in short, he believes that "where there is nothing, there is God." Paul's brothers in the Lord are impressed by his doctrines; but the Superior cries heresy, and Paul and his converts are driven out. Now the peasants refuse alms to the unfrocked monks, and rise against them, stoning to death the gentleman turned tinker, monk, and mystic.

The play is marked by a mixture of realism and idealism, humor and imagination peculiarly Irish. It enters a protest against a Philistine world of thrift and religion. Paul is a delightful but puzzling individualist, gifted with the irony of Hamlet, and setting his polite acquaintances dancing with his gibes. As a landed proprietor, he goes about clipping his hedges into animal shapes, between which and his friends he points out resemblances. "I think all the people I meet are like farmyard creatures," he says; "they have forgotten their freedom; their human bodies are a disguise, a pretence they keep up to deceive one another." He complains of his friends that none is able to think and live for himself. "There's nothing interesting," says Paul, "but human nature, and that's in the single soul, but these neighbors of mine, they think in flocks and roosts."

For civilization and work Paul cares not a penny. When asked if he wishes to lose all that the world has gained since the Dark Ages, he retorts: "What has it gained? I am among those who think that sin and death came into the world the day Newton ate the apple. I know you are going to tell me he only saw it fall; never mind, it is all the same thing." As for work, Paul declares it to be far less important than experience. But, interposes another, without work the world could not go on. "Why should the world go on?" asks Paul. "Perhaps the Christian teacher came to bring it to an end."

This iconoclast embarrasses his friends by testing them according to the letter of Jesus's doctrines. He talks wildly, too, of heaven as a sort of drunkenness, an ecstasy. He preaches to the friars the mystic's faith, "that if a man can

only keep his mind on the one high thought, he gets out of time into eternity, and learns the truth for itself," thus rising above law and number. He praises the life of instinct and decries the laws. "The Laws were the first sin," he says. "They were the first mouthful of the apple; the moment man made them he began to die; we must put out the Laws as I put out this candle!"

So saying, Paul extinguishes one of the seven altar candles in the crypt where he is preaching. Then he tells of how men turned from their simple living on the green earth and, believing it better to be comfortable than blessed, built houses and towns. "We must put out the towns, as I put out this candle!" says Paul, extinguishing a second taper. Then he speaks of the church. Once divine love pervaded the creation, "but man grew timid . . . , and though God had made all time holy, man said that only the day on which God rested from life was holy, and though God had made all places holy, man said, 'no place but this place that I put pillars and walls about is holy, this place where I rest from life;' and in this and like ways he built up the church. We must destroy the church, we must put it out as I put out this candle!" says Paul, extinguishing a third taper.

With increasing fervor, then, the preacher declares that "the Christian's business is not reformation but revelation, and the only labors he can put his hand to can never be accomplished in time. . . . He must get rid of everything that is not measureless eternal life. We must put out hope, as I put out this candle; and memory, as I put out this candle! and thought, the master of life, as I put out this candle! And at last, we must put out the light of the Sun, and of the Moon, and all the light of the World and the World itself. We must destroy the World; we must destroy everything that has Law and Number, for where there is nothing, there is God!"

Here ends the madman's preaching, for the Superior drives him forth. He and his followers take refuge in a ruined church by the banks of the Shannon, but the peasants refuse them food. Then the outcast monks plan to win favor by selling baskets, and building workshops and houses. They

would gather, too, an army of the poor, and make their way by conquest. Brother Paul can only look upon them with discouragement. Will they never understand? "You would add one thing to another," he tells them; "laws and money and church and bells, till you had got everything back again that you have escaped from. . . . To organize? That is to bring in law and number. Organize, organize—that is how all the mischief has been done. I was forgetting, we cannot destroy the world with armies, it is inside our minds that it must be destroyed, it must be consumed in a moment inside our minds."

When the heretic band is menaced by a rising of the peasants, Paul is urged to flee. "You have too much to do to throw your life away," say his monks, "we have all too much to do." But Paul replies only, "There is nothing to do; I am going to stay. . . . Death is the last adventure, the first perfect joy, for at death the soul comes into possession of itself, and returns to the joy that made it." Thus he dies, forsaken by all except the tinkers, who cannot understand him.

This is surely, among recent Irish plays, the one most pregnant with thought. Composed in a limpid, unaffected prose, breathing of other-world melancholy and medieval mysticism, it traces the fortunes of a mad reformer whose fate typifies that of most apostles of the spirit. Paul disdains all that Matthew Arnold called 'machinery.' He seeks the life of the soul alone, at first, in the outward freedom of vagabondage, and then, more truly, in the inward freedom of individual faith. "We have learned too much," he says; "our minds are like troubled water—we get nothing but broken images. He who knew nothing may have seen all." Only a poetic idealist could have written such a play.

Some years after composing "Where There is Nothing," Yeats returned to the theme, working it over in briefer form with the substantial aid of Lady Gregory. The new piece is entitled "The Unicorn from the Stars." It is compact, strongly localized, and stripped of the long doctrinal dissertations put into the mouth of the hero of the earlier work. The plot is wholly altered. The protagonist becomes a common man, no aristocrat, one moved to anarchism, not by

reflection but by a vision. Martin Hearne is a coach builder. The flashing rays reflected from the figure of a golden unicorn at which he is working throw him into a trance. When he awakes, he tells of having seen unicorns trampling wheat and grapes. He has heard, too, a voice of command: "Destroy, destroy! destruction is the life-giver; destroy!" He must destroy all that comes between man and God, he thinks, in order "to bring again the old disturbed, exalted life, the old splendor."

Although Yeats professes to prefer this second play to the first, most critics will be loath to accept his judgment. The difference is all a matter of execution; in both, the fundamental conception is the same; and in both, the moods and ideas rather than the characters, plot, or situations are important. The priest of "The Unicorn" states the central thought of both plays in saying of the past: "Men were holy then; there were saints everywhere, there was reverence, but now it is all work, business, how to live a long time. Ah, if one could change it all in a minute, even by war and violence."

It will be observed that most of these plays by Yeats express consistently a desire for escape from the present. They are dramas of romantic yearning. So far, they confirm illustratively Matthew Arnold's characterization of the Celtic genius. That genius, said Arnold, is based on sentiment, its excellence consists in beauty, charm, and spirituality, and its limitation in self-will and ineffectualness. No one can deny these qualities to the plays of Yeats. They have spirituality and charm, sentiment and beauty; but they are deficient in effective human action. Charles Johnston, a school-fellow of Yeats, has recently stated the case against the Irish poet in these words: "While his pathway of dreams leads away from the harshness of the actual, it yet does not lead to the real; nor, leaving the strand of this waking world, does he carry his bark to the shore of the immortal world, but rather wanders over the waves of that river of dreams which keeps the two worlds apart."

Taken as a class, the Irish plays of allegory and mysticism are neither markedly dramatic nor practically helpful in their doctrine. The best, indeed, are those least indoc-

trinated and least mystical, pieces like "The Travelling Man" and "Cathleen ni Houlihan." Nevertheless, these dramas, one and all, are significant as the most direct protest of idealism against materialism on the contemporary stage.

IV

In turning from the Irish plays of mysticism and allegory to those that deal with folk-history, we pass from a world of dream into a world that is real, however remote. As has already been pointed out, the folk-history plays are concerned either with the legendary past or with some later incident in Irish history. In the former case, they are grave and romantic; in the latter case, they are lightly comic; but in neither is historical accuracy of any moment.

To the serious legendary type belong one play by Synge, three plays by Lady Gregory, and three by Yeats. The "Deirdre" of Yeats need not here be discussed, since Synge's more able treatment of the same theme will be examined in detail. But a few words may be devoted to Yeats's "The King's Threshold" and "On Baile's Strand." The latter retells in prose and verse the old story of how a father unwittingly slew his own son, a situation similar to that set forth in Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." Cuchulain, challenged to combat by a strange youth, is instinctively moved to make friends with him, but being forbidden to do so by Conchubor, the High King of Ireland, fights and slays the boy. Thereupon a blind man reveals to the victor that he was the father of his antagonist. Cuchulain in frenzy dashes to the strand, and, fancying each incoming wave to be Conchubor, who drove him into combat, assails the billows with his sword to cut off their crowns, until he falls before them and is overwhelmed.

A Middle Irish story forms the basis of "The King's Threshold." A minstrel, disdained by his sovereign in being seated low at the royal board, retaliates by fasting at the king's doorway. Now for any one to starve on a threshold is the surest means of bringing disgrace upon the occupant of the house. The king's prestige is therefore imperilled. He

summons various persons to dissuade Seanchan from his suicidal purpose,—the pupils of the poet, the mayor of his native town, a friend bearing food to him from his own family, two cripples, two princesses, a soldier, the royal chamberlain, and the poet's sweetheart. Finally, the king in person begs Seanchan to eat. Hitherto, the king has argued that the men who rule the world, not those who sing to it, should have most honor; but at length he is ready to acknowledge his error. The poet's wrath having been appeased by this recognition of his eminence, he consents to live, and taking the crown handed him by the king, restores it to the royal brow.

Obviously, both these legendary dramas by Yeats are very slight. They are poems rather than acting plays, and in neither are the characters more than types. Yeats, indeed, is a poet too little concerned with time and place to be troubled by dealing with concrete history. For the representative plays of Irish folk-history we must turn to the works of Lady Gregory.

Lady Gregory's three heroic plays are "Devorgilla," "Kincora," and "Grania." Of these, the first is least ambitious. It exhibits the remorse of the former queen of Breffny, whose intrigue with her husband's rival, in the year 1152, first called the English into Ireland. Devorgilla in old age has retired to the abbey of Mellifont but, at a merry-making of the people, comes forth to distribute prizes to the winners in the games. A wandering singer breaks afresh the wound in her heart by chanting of the woes she has brought to Ireland. Her servant Flann, driving the singer away, pursues him to the camp of the English, but is slain there as a marsport by the soldiers. So the curse that everywhere attends Devorgilla is again made manifest. When Flann's widow is lamenting his death, she chances to disclose to the people the queen's identity. In contempt, they return to her the prizes she has given, and the queen accepts their rebuke. "There is kindness in your unkindness," she tells them, "not leaving me to go and face Michael and the Scales of Judgment wrapped in comfortable words, and the praises of the poor, and the lulling of psalms, but from the swift, unflinching, terrible judgment of the young."

"Devorgilla" is memorable less because of the pathos of its heroine's situation than because of the whimsicality of the wandering minstrel. He tells of the mitten which Saint Martin threw at mice that were nibbling his oaten meal, and how the mice were scattered as the mitten turned into the first cat that ever was in Ireland. When bidden to sing a song of sorrow, he replies that for forty years naught else has been sung in Ireland. "I will tell you of a quarreling," he says, "brought such trouble into Ireland, that if a grain of it could be blown through a pipe in amongst the angels of heaven, it would bring a dark mist over their faces. I tell you that if the half of all the tears shed through that quarreling could be sent through a pipe into hell, the flames would be put out, and the hearth of it black-flooded with otters."

More important than "Devorgilla" are Lady Gregory's longer legendary plays—"Grania" and "Kincora." The latter derives its name from the royal seat of Brian, the tenth-century King of Munster, who there receives Malachi, High King of Ireland, when the two meet to settle a lasting peace for the realm. It is agreed that Malachi shall have the north of Ireland and Brian the south, but two other chieftains oppose the arrangement. At the battle of Glenmama they are defeated and brought before Malachi for judgment. When he is about to sentence them to death, Brian, whose queen is related to both of the prisoners, interferes. In the ensuing quarrel he makes himself master of Malachi, but his queen, finding him bent upon peace, conspires with her pardoned son to assist the invading Danes. Brian, broken by her treachery, goes forth against the Danes at Clontarf, recalling that it has been promised him that there only should he find lasting peace—the peace of death.

In execution, "Kincora" is confused and uncertain, especially in the first of its three acts, where the task of introducing many characters, much history, and a complex story has proved a sore test of Lady Gregory's powers. It is agreeable, therefore, to turn to "Grania," a play which, by contrast, contains only three characters and the simplest of plots. "When I told Mr. Yeats I had but three persons in the play," writes Lady Gregory, "he said incredulously, 'They

must have a great deal to talk about.' And so they have, for the talk of lovers is inexhaustible, being of themselves and one another."

Grania, daughter of the king of Ireland, is betrothed to old Finn of Almhuin, but falling in love with one of Finn's young warriors, wanders with him through the wilderness. For seven years the youth treats her as a sister according to the vow he has made to his master. But one day, when Diarmuid has just rescued Grania from the arms of a rival, he forgets his vow, and for a month the lovers dwell together in wedded bliss. Grania, however, is a very woman. Diarmuid's resistance to her wiles is what has made him fascinating; now that he has succumbed, she longs for fresh experiences.

As Grania and Diarmuid are on the verge of their first quarrel over this matter, in comes Finn disguised as a beggar. He so taunts Diarmuid with treachery that the youth darts away to do battle for Finn and to fall mortally wounded.

Then Grania, having lost Diarmuid, proceeds to weave her spells about Finn. "There is many a woman lost her lord, and took another, and won great praise in the latter end, and great honor," she tells him. "And why should I be always a widow that went so long a maid? Give me now the crown, till I go out before them, as you offered it often enough." Finn complies, and the soldiers that laughed before grow silent to see her wearing the crown proudly.

As a variant from the usual triangular plot, "Grania" is refreshing. Whereas the aged rival in such plays is commonly eliminated, here it is the young lover who dies, and the graybeard who triumphs. In point of style, too, "Grania" shows Lady Gregory at her best. The diction is now poetic and now droll. In the latter vein is Finn's boast that he is a man "as hard as a barren step-mother's slap, or a highway gander's gob. . . . A great memory he has and great patience and a strong fit of the jealous that is the worst thing ever came from the skies." Poetic in character is his early lament over all he has lost with Grania. "But you and I together could have changed the world entirely," he tells her, "and put a curb upon the springtide, and bound the seven elements

with our strength." Later, Finn assures her with downright simplicity: "I would kill any man at all that would come between us, because you are my share of the world and because I love you. . . . I tell you, my love that was allotted and foreshadowed before the making of the world will drag you in spite of yourself, as the moon above drags the waves, and they grumbling through the pebbles as they come, and making their own little moaning of discontent."

Lady Gregory, in her preface to this play, says that she turned to Grania as a heroine "because so many have written about sad, lovely Deirdre, who, when overtaken by sorrow, made no good battle at the last. Grania had more power of will, and for good or evil twice took the shaping of her life into her own hands." The Deirdre here referred to is the central figure in plays by Yeats, Russell, and Synge. Of these, only Synge's "Deirdre of the Sorrows" need detain us.

Deirdre, like Grania, is beloved by an older man, but loves a younger one, and goes away with him into the wilderness for seven years. By contrast with the situation in the former play, however, it is she who remains constant, and he who grows fickle. Out of love for young Naisi, Deirdre has rejected the suit of King Conchubor. When Naisi yearns for home and slackens in affection, Deirdre consents to return to the court of Conchubor, even though she knows that her doom is threatened. "There's no place to stay always," she says. "It's a long time we've had, pressing the lips together, going up and down, resting in our arms, Naisi, waking with the smell of June in the tops of the grasses, and listening to the birds in the branches that are highest. . . . It's a long time we've had, but the end is come surely."

Deirdre's premonitions are realized when, on returning to Emain, Naisi and his brothers are treacherously slain by Conchubor, who straightway offers to make her his queen. But Deirdre is no easy-going Grania. She has lived her life and will die content.

In vain Conchubor cajoles and threatens Deirdre. The palace that he had prepared for her is burning. "I see the flames of Emain starting upward in the dark night," she says; "and because of me there will be weasels and wild

cats crying on a lonely wall where there were queens and armies and red gold, the way there will be a story told of a ruined city and a raving king and a woman will be young forever. It is not a small thing to be rid of gray hairs, and the loosening of the teeth. It was the choice of lives we had in the clear woods, and in the grave we're safe surely." So saying, Deirdre presses a knife to her bosom, and falls beside her lover.

Sometimes in this play the idiom startles, as when the speech of modern bog-dwellers is spoken by heroic pre-Christians. Thus, one of the characters declares that "Conchubor'll be in a blue stew this night, and herself abroad." But generally expressions of the sort are merely curious. So, mad Owen remarks, "It's a poor thing to be so lonesome you'd squeeze kisses on a cur dog's nose;" and Naisi tells an old woman, "At your age you should know there are nights when a king like Conchubor will spit upon his arm ring, and queens will stick their tongues out at the rising moon,"—a concrete way of stating that even royalty will at times rebel against convention. Of eloquent simplicity there is evidence in many a passage, as in Deirdre's observation that, "By a new made grave there's no man will keep brooding on a woman's lips, or on the man he hates."

Lust in the outdoor world, a sense of the brevity of life, and of fate foredoomed are the ruling motives of this romantic drama. The strength of the piece consists in its atmosphere and diction, not in its characterization or dramatic structure. Synge is much more at home in his comedies of contemporary life; but such is the charm of his language that this play of folk-history, though it lacks his usual exhibition of whimsical character, as well as the seasoning of his ironical wit, may yet rank as the best of its class.

V

The folk-history plays so far considered have been based upon the old legends; a few, however, concern more recent history, and two of the kind by Lady Gregory may be taken as typical. In these, the heroic strain is replaced by light

irony. Thus, "The Canavans" levels its shafts of satire, in part, at a fictitious coward of Elizabethan days, and "The White Cockade" directs its more bitter laughter at another coward, the historical James Second.

King James, after weakly fighting for his own in Ireland against the followers of William of Orange, has retreated from the Boyne. He plans to leave in the lurch his gallant general, Sarsfield, and to embark in a French ship from Duncannon. When he stumbles upon a party of the enemy carousing at a tavern, it is Sarsfield who saves him from being captured, by impersonating the monarch so winningly that the rough Williamites are won over to the Stuart cause.

But James, thinking only of escape from Ireland, bribes the French sailors to carry him aboard their vessel concealed in a cask. When the Williamites broach that very cask in their thirst, it is Sarsfield again who induces them to consent to his crestfallen majesty's departure. "Gone, gone; he is gone," laments the general; "he betrayed me—he called me from the battle—he betrayed Ireland! Who is he? What is he? A king or what?"

As Sarsfield soliloquizes, he pulls apart his white cockade, counting its feathers, as in the children's game: "King or knave—soldier—sailor—tinker—beggar man—thief! Thief, that is it,—thief! He has stolen away; he has stolen our good name; he has stolen our faith; he has stolen the pin that held loyalty to royalty." But the old soldier cannot himself be disloyal. Donning another cockade, he prepares to continue the fight. Why should he fight for a king like that? "Habit, custom," he answers. "What is it the priests say?—the cloud of witnesses. Maybe the call of some old angry father of mine that fought two thousand years ago for a bad master."

In "The White Cockade," two subordinate characters are particularly well drawn—Mary Kelleher, wife of the Duncannon inn-keeper, a matter-of-fact opponent of war, and Lady Dereen, who is half distraught after having lost all for the Stuart cause. When Lady Dereen urges Mrs. Kelleher's son to join the soldiers, and his mother seeks to dissuade him from such folly, a situation as old as "The Acharnians" of Aris-

tophanes is repeated. Cervantes, too, is drawn upon in the play, for Mrs. Kelleher, hard of head and full of proverbs, descends in direct line from Sancho Panza.

History, which is essential in "The White Cockade," is only the background of comedy in Lady Gregory's "The Canavans." Here the scene is Munster in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Essex hovers on the skirts of the action. The two brothers, Peter and Antony Canavan, are amusing eccentrics who suffer from the fact that their great-grandfather once killed a witch-hare. In consequence of that deed, Peter is hare-hearted, and Antony is hare-brained. Of Antony, moreover, it has been prophesied that he would get a big name and the branch for bravery before coming to his death. Therefore, the moment that he sees himself about to gain credit as a soldier he deserts, in order to bring down his name. He is pursued, however, captured, and along with his brother Peter is imprisoned in a castle.

Now it is that hare-brained Antony devises a means of escape. In female disguise, he poses before a vain and tipsy English captain as Queen Elizabeth, come to Ireland expressly to behold this Apollo of her army. Since the captain is a credulous Malvolio, the brothers go free. But when the captain notes that Queen Elizabeth has strangely disappeared and recognizes in the woman's gear stuffed up a chimney her very garments, he is convinced that she has been murdered. Antony is accused of the crime.

So daring a deed provokes general admiration. This praise, however, is wormwood to Antony. To hear his glory thus proclaimed is, of course, to hear his death announced. "What all are you doing?" he asks. "What at all have you against me? Is it to destroy me you would, putting a big name on me to lead me to my death?"

While Antony is thus filled with fear because of the undeserved fame that has come to him, his brother Peter, the coward, is stirred by a wild desire to emulate Antony's example. Accordingly, as Lord Essex and his troop are passing, Peter fires at them blindly. Essex assumes the shot to have been a salute, and bows in acknowledgement. But Peter is at once exalted by his own bravery. "Let you

not be daunted!" he cries to the others. "It is I will protect the whole of ye. Where is fear? It is banished from the world this day. The strongest! Isn't it the fool I was wasting time . . . looking here and there for the strongest? I give you my word, it was not till this present minute that I knew the strongest to be myself."

Such a conclusion seems almost a parody upon the famous words of the hero of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People:" "The strongest man is he who stands most alone." As for the general admiration excited by Antony's supposed murder of Queen Elizabeth, it is analogous to the comic wonder aroused by Christy Mahon's supposed murder of his father, in Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." Lady Gregory's comedy cannot rank with the masterpiece of Synge, being too purely farcical in humor and too confused in plot-development, yet it is diverting in characterization. The vain efforts of Antony to keep his fame down are of a piece with the vain efforts of Hyacinth Halvey, in Lady Gregory's play of that name, to do something that shall mar his reputation.

It will be observed that in none of the folk-history plays is history of any importance. Legend dictates the drift of action in the heroic dramas, but it is wholly subordinate to character-painting and diction. These two elements, indeed, give piquancy of flavor to all the Irish plays. As a rule, the characterization is best in the dramas that deal with the peasantry. The closer upon the soil the character stands, the greater his vitality and fascination. But the diction in all is much the same,—a diction quaint, simple, strange, based upon the language of country people at the present day, and used with varying degrees of skill by Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Synge. Yeats is less to the manner born than Lady Gregory; his more poetical pieces approximate the diction of ordinary verse, and only in a few humbler efforts do we find the tang of Irish dialect. Lady Gregory gives a more faithful transcript of the speech of actual life among rusties, and ascribes this speech to all her folk, high and low, pre-Christian and contemporary. It is in Synge, however, that the element of style becomes distinctive. And since style

constitutes more than half the value of his plays, and perhaps a third of the value of the Irish drama as a whole, a word on the subject may here be in keeping.

In the preface to "The Playboy," Synge states his theory of style. "In a good play, every speech should be as fully flavored as a nut or apple, and such speeches cannot be written by any one who works among people who have shut their lips on poetry. In Ireland for a few years more, we have a popular imagination that is fiery and magnificent and tender; so that those of us who wish to write start with a chance that is not given to writers in places where the spring-time of the local life has been forgotten, and the harvest is a memory only, and the straw has been turned into bricks." In the Aran Islands off the south-west coast of Galway Synge made it his business to observe and chronicle every word, phrase, and rhythm that he heard, eagerly listening, as he tells us, to the conversation of peasant girls in the room below his lodging in a loft, worming himself into the confidence of queer characters, finding a joyous thrill in whatever was novel and unspoiled in the language of this virgin world.

Certain tricks of style Synge possesses in common with all the Irish writers:—the intensive use of "itself," "himself," "herself," as in "It's yourself is wedding her;"—the peculiar use of "it," as in "Is it departed he is?"—the use of "do be" for "am" and "are," and of the superfluous "at all" and "may be" of most Irishmen;—the use of the participial phrase in place of a clause, as in the sentence, "I wouldn't lay my hand on him for the Lough Nahanagan, and it filled with gold;"—the use, more often still, of the present participle in place of an adverbial clause, as in the sentence, "Won't I be lonesome, and I thinking on the little hill beyond, and the apple trees do be budding in the spring-time by the post of the door?" Of course, like his countrymen in general, Synge indulges easily in pious ejaculations,—"The Almighty God reward you!" "God forgive him!" "God rest his soul!" "God help us all!" But one locution, dear to the heart of Lady Gregory, he does not employ,—her peculiar use of the infinitive of "be," as in the sentence, "I would

sooner my tongue to be turned to a stone here and now, than you to be uneasy the way you are."

For some words and phrases Synge exhibits a predilection that amounts almost to mannerism—such expressions as "from this out," meaning henceforth; "destroyed," meaning exhausted; and "time" and "all times," as in the sentence, "I have been one time the like of a ewe looking for a lamb that had been taken away from her, and one time seeing new gold on the stars and a new face on the moon, and all times dreading Emain." He is as fond, too, of words of color as Ossian, talking much of white hands, gray horses, a mountain of blackness in the sky, "a man with his hair like the raven, maybe, and his skin like the snow, and his lips like blood spilt on it," a green gap of a wood, and "a light behind the clear trees, with berries on the thorns as a red wall." Like Ossian, also, Synge everywhere betrays his loving familiarity with the elemental forces of nature, delighting in the use of words of large suggestiveness such as "world" and "splendor," and forever talking of the sun, the moon, the stars, the wind, and the rain, the mists, and the sea, the hills, the glens, and the sheep coughing on the mountains.

But, above all, what makes Synge's style distinctive is its dreamy cadence—"the drifting rhythm, the loose sentence structure, thought thrown out after thought, as it were, without premeditation, and blossoming from phrase to phrase," as Professor S. P. Sherman has well put it. That cadence, more even than "the irresistibly quaint idiom, . . . the window opened upon a mist of vague and limitless emotion, and the poignant and adorable Celtic wistfulness," gives tone to Synge's poetic prose. The task that he and his colleagues have accomplished is to substitute for what Synge has called "the joyless and pallid" language of the realists, and the joyous but artificial language of the stylists, a joyful living speech, radiant with color, aglow with feeling, and rooted in nature.

CHAPTER XII

IRISH PLAYS OF THE PEASANTRY

I. The dramas of contemporary peasant life as the most agreeable and enduring of the Irish theatre; the serious plays few and often undeveloped. Examples of single situations rendered with pathos or tragedy:—Lady Gregory's "The Gaol Gate" and "McDonough's Wife," and Rutherford Mayne's "Red Turf" and "The Troth." Examples of bitter satire in Lennox Robinson's plays,—"The Cross Roads," "The Clancy Name," "Patriots," and "Harvest;" and of psychological tragedy in T. C. Murray's "Maurice Harte" and "The Birthright," the latter a study in fraternal hatred. Synge's "Riders to the Sea," a tragic idyll perfect in its art.

II. The Irish comedies of peasant life, short, simple, and anecdotal, chiefly farce and satire. Yeats's comic trifle "A Pot of Broth." Lady Gregory's comedies of situation,—"Spreading the News," "The Bogie Men," "Coats," "The Image," and "The Jackdaw." Her transition from comedy of situation to that of character in "The Rising of the Moon" and "Damer's Gold." Her comedies of character,—"Hyacinth Halvey," with its poor sequel "The Full Moon,"—and "The Workhouse Ward." A word on lesser writers of comedy, William Boyle and Rutherford Mayne; the latter's "The Turn of the Road."

III. Synge's more pungent character-farces and satires; their whimsical situations and people, and their racy dialect; "The Tinker's Wedding" and "In the Shadow of the Glen;" "The Well of the Saints," a play of the joy of illusion; Synge's most ambitious comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World,"—its freshness and irony, the ingenuity of its plot, the vitality of its characters notwithstanding their exaggeration, its power of language, its satire as not merely national but universal.

IV. Defects of the Irish drama: its lack of scope, its substitution of talk for action, its tendency to rest content with farce or pathos rather than to attain to true comedy or high tragedy. Virtues of the Irish drama: its significance as novel, racy of the soil, expressing world-old emotions under fresh conditions, and representing, not only a return to nature, but a reaction against the drama of social propaganda.

I

The most pleasing of the Irish plays and those most likely to endure are the dramas of contemporary peasant life. The reworking of old themes in the folk-history plays is necessarily an antiquarian undertaking, when the people of such fictions are not moderns thinly disguised. The statement of mystic doctrines in dramatic form, together with the framing of dramatic allegories, constitutes an exercise to rejoice a few, yet one perforce limited in appeal. But the exhibition of native character in a natural environment provides a task for the dramatist, and matter for his audience, ever fresh and attractive.

Already, in discussing the folk-history plays, we have been led from those conceived in a serious spirit and concerned with a remote past to others conceived in the spirit of comedy and concerned with more recent events. Indeed, "The Canavans," although the date of its action be ostensibly the sixteenth century, differs but little from the lighter plays of modern peasant life. To such peasant dramas we may therefore turn at this juncture. But, since pieces in the comic vein greatly predominate, it may be well before considering them to dismiss the few serious dramas which alone call for attention.

Lady Gregory's "The Gaol Gate" shows two women, who have journeyed from afar, waiting at dawn before the doorway of a prison. They are the wife and the mother of a man confined within for his part in a political shooting. He is reported to have informed upon his companions, and the women are grieved to think he should have sunk so low. But a watchman announces that the Denis Cahel they are seeking is just dead. Since Denis was ailing when taken to jail, the women assume that he has died a natural death. "There will surely be mercy found for him, and not the hard judgment of men," says his mother. "But my boy that was best in the world, that never rose a hair of my head, to have died with his name under blemish, and left a great shame on his child. Better for him have killed the whole world than to give any witness at all."

At this point the women learn that Denis was hanged. His wife curses those that would not let him die on the pillow. Yet the relief of finding that he refused to purchase his own safety by informing on his fellows exceeds even her sorrow. As for his mother, she fairly rejoices: "The child that is left in the house that is shook, it is great will be his boast in his father. . . . I to stoop on a stick through half a hundred years, I will never be tired with praising. Come hither, Mary Cushin, till we'll shout it through the roads, Denis Cahel died for his neighbor!"

In technic, Lady Gregory's later play, "McDonough's Wife," resembles the "Gaol Gate" in so far as the piece is based upon a single situation in relation to which the emotions of a central character are displayed; but the pathos is less in degree and different in kind, being tempered with humor. The wife of McDonough, the wandering piper, has died. Unaware of that fact, the piper returns to his village, and by degrees learns the truth. When he rages against the hags that have watched over his Catherine, complaining that they have allowed death to take her, one of them retorts, "There is no one at all can put away from his road the bones and the thinness of death."

Gradually, McDonough grows resigned; yet he wonders that people can still be doing business at the fair, with his wife about to be buried from the poor house. That disgrace McDonough cannot avert, for he has spent all his money in the taverns. But he is struck by a happy thought. He will play on his pipe and summon in the whole fair to bury his wife in style. As the crowd appears in response to his piping, and as sheep-shearers take up the body, McDonough regains his spirits, proudly addressing the dead: 'If you got no great honor from your birth up, and went barefoot through the first of your youth, you will get great respect now and be remembered in the times to come. There is many a lady dragging silk skirts through the lawns and the flower knots of Connacht will get no such grand gathering of people at the last as you are getting on this day."

There is equal simplicity and more of tragic power in Rutherford Mayne's short plays, "The Troth" and "Red

Turf." In the latter, a quiet man is goaded into anger by his wife's taunts. Having lost, in a legal quarrel, a piece of bog that had been part of her dowry, he is upbraided by her for being a soft fool. The neighbor, too, who has captured the bog, laughs Martin Burke to scorn; whereupon, for once, he loses his head, snatches a gun from the corner, and breaking away from the arms of his now frightened wife, goes forth to shoot his antagonist.

In "The Troth," two neighbors agree to lie in wait for the hard landlord who would evict them. By the toss of a coin, they choose opposite sides of the road for their ambush, and each swears to bear the blame of the murder if caught, and to leave his fellow to care for the wives of both. But the wife of Francey Moore, the Catholic, is dying, and it is Francey who, drawing the more dangerous post on the road, is captured. The deed, however, has been done by the Protestant, Ebenezer McKie, whose wife reads his guilt in his eyes and shrinks from him in horror. "Peace, woman," says McKie, stretching out his hands toward her appealingly; "Moore has no wife."

Whereas these short plays consist of single situations touched with pathos, some of the dramas of Lennox Robinson and T. C. Murray are more fully developed. Thus, in "The Cross Roads," by Robinson, we are shown two scenes in the life of a woman who marries a rough farmer, largely because she believes that, so allied, she may show her neighbors how to attain to agricultural prosperity without crossing the seas. In the first act, she chooses the farmer instead of the man she really cares for,—a youth from Dublin of fine tastes. In the second act, seven years have passed, bringing misery to Ellen, death to her children, and poverty to her husband. When the former lover reappears, he fights with the brutal husband, and then, before the latter's face, offers an asylum to the afflicted wife. Ellen, however, sends him away. But her vengeful lord, convinced that she had dragged off the stranger merely to save him from doing a murder and hanging, locks her into the house, after threatening to return when he has had his fill of drink in the village. "I'm coming back!" he cries; "an' by God, I'll make you pay for this

night's work, Ellen McCarthy, till you'd wish you were dead—for the black curse you brought on this farm, an' for the liking you have to the young man!" Ellen's sacrifice of herself has been worse than futile.

The bitterness of this tragedy is a flavor characteristic of Robinson's plays, to be noted in his longer satires—"Patriots" and "Harvest"—, as well as in his short satire—"The Clancy Name." This last piece thrusts at Irish pride in family reputation. Mrs. Clancy clears her name by paying off a debt of long standing. But just as she is rejoicing that now her John may make a prosperous match, he tells her that he has committed a murder and can no longer refrain from confessing it to the world. All the Widow Clancy's pride is shaken; but she is less concerned that John should have done a bad deed than that he should be on the point of blackening the family name by admitting it. No sooner has she prevailed upon the weak fellow to suppress the truth than he feels himself tempted to reveal it, and, in order to check that impulse, flings himself before the cart of a drunken peasant as if to save the life of a child. Mrs. Clancy trembles lest her dying son blast his reputation and that of the family by speaking too clearly in his delirium; and she draws a sigh of relief when he expires, leaving the Clancy name unharmed.

In "Patriots," Robinson animadverts against the patriotism that resorts only to words, as well as against the patriotism that resorts to violence; and, in tracing the fortunes of James Nugent, for eighteen years a political prisoner, he points the uselessness of an enthusiast's battle against odds, a struggle which brings him only personal disaster and which fails to advance his cause.

More black and angry still is "Harvest," a satire upon the practice of country school-masters in educating their charges out of all sympathy with home-keeping. As a result of the teaching of William Lordan, the children of Tim Hurley, with one exception, leave their father to stagger along with the burden of the farm, and betake themselves to polite employments elsewhere. One son becomes a London solicitor; another, a secretary to an English lord; another, a priest; and another, a clerk. Tim's daughter goes to the city and falls

into evil courses; and the old man, impoverished by trying to launch these ambitious rovers upon careers approved by the schoolmaster, seeks to recoup by burning his barns for the sake of the insurance money. The one boy who has stayed at home tells the schoolmaster what he would like to do to him. "D' ye know the reward I'd give you?" he says; "I'd take you west to the quarry, and I'd throw you down the cliff, and break your bloody neck, the way you'd do no more harm to the place."

The ambition of parents rather than that of the schoolmaster induces the catastrophe in T. C. Murray's "Maurice Harte," a play less harrowing and less external than these others in its tragedy, but more subtle in its analysis of motives and mental reactions. Maurice, in order to satisfy the desire of his parents, consents to study for the priesthood. From the first, he feels that he has no vocation for the work, and by driving himself steadily against all his tastes and desires, he finally loses his mind.

Much better known is Murray's earlier drama of fraternal hatred, "The Birthright," another play in which love of woman bears no part. The enemy-brothers, Hugh and Shane Morrissey, are pitted against each other as opposites in temperament and taste. Hugh takes after his mother in refinement of feeling. Shane takes after his father in sober stolidity. Old Bat, the father, disdains Hugh's fine ways, his easy neglect of toil on the farm, his love of sporting with his betters, even his friendship with the liberal priest of the parish. Especially does Bat resent the thought that Hugh, as the elder son, is to inherit the farm, while the more capable Shane must wander off to seek his fortune in America.

At the opening of the play, Hugh is borne home in triumph by the members of his hurling team, who have just won a victory. But their blaring band frightens the family mare into breaking a leg, and when Hugh has slipped away to dine with his friends, Shane and Bat are left to put the beast out of her misery. "'Tis strange I'll be feeling going across in the big ship," says Shane to his father, "an' thinking of the lonely look in her big eyes with the death coming down on them like a dark dream. . . . Ah, well, ye'll have good reason

to be remembering the great match whatever I'll do. 'T was the dear match for ye." The old man's anger needs no kindling. "A fine mare gone from us and he carousing! Well, 't is the long lane that have no turning, and my brave Hugh have come to the turning at last," says Bat, who thereupon orders Shane to cross out his own name on the label of the trunk standing ready for America, and to write Hugh's name in its stead.

At midnight gentleman Hugh returns, tired out with feasting. His mother is waiting up for her favorite, thinking to protect him from his father's wrath. But the old man assails him as a scoundrel, and declares that he shall leave home in place of his brother. "There! You're a great scholar. You'll be able to read that label, I suppose." When Hugh perceives that the label has been altered by the hand of his brother, he accuses Shane of seeking to defraud him of his birthright. In vain, the mother interposes; the two clench in battle; Shane falls, but, struggling to his feet, slays Hugh with the blow of a hurley stick, and staggers forth into the night.

Although this two-act drama is more complete in plot than "The Gaol Gate" and "Riders to the Sea," it is less distinguished in style. Its language is the Irish dialect of the older stage, not the poetic speech of Lady Gregory and Synge. Tragedy, however, has here replaced pathos, and the personages have acquired genuine character. But if, in Synge's "Riders to the Sea," there is less of this definite character, less of plot, and more of mere pathos, there can be no doubt that as a work of art that piece far excels "The Birthright." In "Riders to the Sea" there is no struggle between human wills. Man simply succumbs to a resistless fate—the sea. Death awaits him, and with death comes peace.

The scene is one of the Aran Islands. An old woman has lost at sea, one by one, her husband, her husband's father, and five sons. Michael, the fifth, has recently been drowned, and Bartley, the sixth and last of Maurya's sons, is himself about to ride down to the sea in order to take boat for the horsefair at Connemara.

In vain his sisters seek to detain him, for their hearts are sick with foreboding. His mother follows him out to watch him passing at the spring below, and there beholds a portent, dead Michael himself. "I'm after seeing him this day," she says, "and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say, 'God speed you,' but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and 'the blessing of God on you,' says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it—with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet."

It is futile for Cathleen to assure Maurya that, "It wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God." Maurya is sure of her portent, certain that it means the doom, also, of Bartley. She recalls the drownings of each of those dear to her—Stephen and Shawn, Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, and Patch. Will she ever forget how the body of Patch was brought to her, carried by men holding it dripping in the half of a red sail, and preceded by women who came silently in, crossing themselves? But what is this? As Maurya starts out of her revery, her eyes fall upon other women crossing themselves as they enter. For a moment she fancies that the past lives again. But no, this is Bartley, the last of her sons, his body covered with a bit of red sail. The gray pony has knocked him into the sea.

There is no outery from Maurya. Instead, she sighs with a deep relief. "They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . It's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely."

Maurya, through stress of suffering, has acquired a Stoic strength of soul. "They're all together this time, and the end is come," she says. "Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied."

In writing this tragic idyl the dramatist has torn a leaf from

the book of life. He has exhibited one character—the bereft mother—at a crisis, and that crisis he has rendered with poignant pathos. The strangeness of Maurya's vision of the lost Michael, the certainty she feels that Bartley, too, is doomed, the great peace of her knowing at last the tragic truth,—these things are conveyed in words few and plain, but spoken from the heart in a natural cadence with inevitable beauty. The style is noble, and the theme, however provincial in setting, is of universal human interest.

II

Irish comedy is for the most part farce and satire. Like Irish tragedy, it relies upon simple situations, and delights to seize single, out-of-the-way episodes, characters, or ideas. Rarely does it show any extended plot-complication or character-development. Among the writers of farce, Lady Gregory stands foremost; among the satirists, Synge, with William Boyle and Lennox Robinson in lower rank; and among the writers of high comedy, Rutherford Mayne.

Of the farces, many are dramatized anecdotes. Such is Yeats's comic trifle, "A Pot of Broth." A beggar calls at a cottage where the good-wife is expecting the priest to dine, and by maintaining that a stone which he carries will make broth when dropped into a pot of water, secures certain savory ingredients to be added to the stone, "for fear the enchantment might slip away from it." Having drunk up the broth, he disposes of the stone to Sibby for all the food left in the house, and departs at the approach of his Reverence. "The priest's at the top of the boreen coming for dinner," says Sibby's husband. "Maybe you'd best put the stone in the pot again."

Sketches of this kind are a specialty with Lady Gregory. Thus, in "Spreading the News," she satirizes the easy growth of gossip as it passes from mouth to mouth. A countryman, hastening to help a friend subdue an unruly mare, drops his hay fork. Another rustic runs after to restore it to him, and on the way upsets a market-woman's basket. Out of such incidents grows a thrilling story. The first man is said to

have been murdered with a hay fork by the second. Circumstantial details and motives are supplied, and a new magistrate swells with importance as he muddles the matter still further.

In "The Bogie Men" and "Coats," there is even less substance. The bogie men are two chimney sweeps, cousins, each driven from home by being twitted with failure to attain to the virtue of the other, and each delighted to find that in reality such virtue was but a convenient maternal fiction. In "Coats," an accidental exchange of garments by rival editors dining at an inn makes the play. In "The Image," a longer work, the plot is still anecdotal and satirical. Two whales come ashore on the West Coast, and the question of how to spend the money to be made from their oil is debated by village worthies. On the advice of a priest, they resolve to erect a statue to the memory of a local celebrity, but, before anything can be done, one of the whales is washed out to sea, and the other loses its blubber to roving lads of Connemara. Slightly more novel is the farce in "The Jackdaw," for when the goods of a widow are about to be seized for debt, her brother, wishing to conceal his benefaction, conveys to her money said to have come from a South African mine owner in payment for her pet jackdaw. The report that a Croesus is purchasing jackdaws as birds fitted through their haunting of chimneys to live in the mines sets the whole town bird-catching and breaks up a law court.

Such farces are made by their situations, but others by Lady Gregory are determined as well by their characters. Thus, in "The Rising of the Moon," interest centers in a police sergeant who refrains from apprehending an escaped political prisoner, despite the reward offered for his capture. "A hundred pounds," sighs the officer; "I wonder now, am I as great a fool as I think I am?" More whimsical is the hero of "Damer's Gold," a miser, besieged in vain by relatives desirous of laying hands on his treasure, yet succumbing to a nephew who tempts him to gamble. Damer adopts the youth as his heir, since it will be useless to keep anything away from a boy who can win with the cards whatever he wishes.

Comic character controls the situations in Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey." Hyacinth, who comes to Cloon as sub-sanitary inspector, owes his appointment to extravagant testimonials. He is appalled at the thought of trying to live up to his resulting reputation. He is given lodgings between the priest's house and the police-barracks, where the Church and the Law can both survey his every action. Although an innocent soul, he yearns to be wicked. He will stop the mouths of his admirers. "I'll show them I can be a terror for badness," he says. "I'll do some injury. I'll commit some crime." So he steals a sheep's carcase from the butcher. But this deed merely redounds to his credit. For it saves the butcher from conviction for selling tainted meat, and is construed by him as an act of intentional benevolence.

But one failure to lower his name cannot discourage the model youth. He abstracts from the church a half-crown used for years as a nest egg in the contribution plate. When another is accused, Hyacinth confesses to the theft, but nobody will believe him. He is credited with extraordinary virtue in offering himself as a scapegoat. "A walking saint, he is!" cries one admirer. "Talk of the holy martyrs. They are nothing at all to what he is!" The villagers in their enthusiasm carry the protesting saint to the town hall and insist that he give them a lecture on the building of character.

In "The Full Moon," Lady Gregory revives Hyacinth Halvey and three other folk from her earlier dramas, with a view to developing the humorous notion that most of us regard the rest of us as, at times, a little cracked. This play is wholly inferior, however, to "The Workhouse Ward," the best of its author's farces of character. Here two old paupers lie in their beds, lamenting that they cannot go to mass like the rest of the ward. They are former neighbors, who have always enjoyed quarreling. When the prosperous sister of one of them offers him a home, the other is dismayed at the notion of losing his antagonist. "There to be no one at all to say out to whatever thought might be rising in my innate mind!" he moans. "To be lying here, and no conversible person in it would be the abomination of misery."

Mike, who is touched, pleads with his sister to take,

not one, but both of them to her house. He tells her that two is better than one. "Sure if you had an old trouser was full of holes . . . or a skirt . . . , wouldn't you put another in under it that might be as tattered as itself, and the two of them together would make some sort of a decent show?" he asks. "I do be weak an odd time," he says: "any load I would carry it preys upon my side, and this man does be weak an odd time with the swelling in his knees . . . but the two of us together it's not likely it is at one time we would fail. Bring the both of us with you, Honor, and the both of us together will make one good handy man."

When the woman refuses this request, Mike declines to leave the workhouse. He will stay there out of sheer affection for his enemy. As the scene closes, the two old cronies are throwing at each others' heads whatever lies handy.

In such bits of comedy Lady Gregory is delightful. Yet, notwithstanding her obvious ability in reading and depicting character, she remains essentially a writer of farce. The same predilection for character-farce is observable in the satires of William Boyle and of Synge. Boyle, in "The Eloquent Dempsey," for example, makes farcically laughable the political spell-binder who would be all things to all men; and, in "The Building Fund," he draws almost as broadly an avaricious old woman who outwits both her son and her granddaughter by leaving her estate to the Church.

As for Rutherford Mayne, the Ulster dramatist, he is also a master of character-farce, as witness "The Drone." In this piece, with more humor than satire, he depicts a sly ne'er-do-well, who for long has made a dupe of his innocent brother, but who, at a critical moment, turns his cunning to better advantage in saving that brother from the matrimonial designs of Sarah McMinn. In the whole Irish theatre, it is only by exception that one finds, as in Mayne's "Turn of the Road," a legitimate comedy free of farce;—such a play as Barrie might write of the Scotch.

In this play reappear some of the elements of Murray's tragedy, "The Birthright,"—fraternal rivalry and the insurgence of youth against age; but, whereas, with Murray, the mother is gentle, with Mayne she is grasping and cold.

The situation of Robbie John, torn between his devotion to music and his respect for his father's authority resembles a little that of Murray's Maurice Harte. Both sons are driven by parents against that for which they are disinclined. Murray's hero breaks down beneath family tyranny; the hero of Mayne stands firm.

III

Since farce and satire are the dominant moods and modes of Irish comedy, the dramatist best able to produce these in their quintessence will take foremost rank among the native comedy writers. Such a dramatist is John Millington Synge. He is an adept, not only in conceiving whimsical situations and ideas, but also in revealing odd characters through racy dialect. On the Irish stage, he is the master of rarefied satire and farce.

The least original of Synge's four comedies is "The Tinker's Wedding." Here, Michael Byrne and Sarah Casey have long been wandering the roads together, accompanied by Michael's old mother. Sarah has taken a notion to be legally wed to Michael, but Michael is putting her off. He professes that the making of the ring is too hard for him.

Sarah is not to be daunted, however. She frightens Michael into believing that if he doesn't marry her in due form, she will go away with a peddler. So Michael is finally brought, with bad grace, to consent to the wedding. But a priest haggles over the price, until Sarah, with tears and lies, beats him down to ten shillings and a gallon can. Before the wedding can come off, however, Michael's mother disposes of the can at the tavern, leaving in its place empty bottles. The priest is outraged at the fraud. "To think you'd be putting deceit on me, and telling lies to me, and I going to marry you for a little sum wouldn't marry a child," he says. "Marry us now," pleads Sarah, "and I'll be saying fine prayers for you, morning and night, if it'd be raining itself, and it'd be in two black pools I'd be setting my knees."

When the priest persists in his refusal, the tinkers bind him until he consents to swear that he will not call the police.

By this time Sarah regards her dream of ceremonial matrimony as moonshine. "There's the ring, holy father," she says, "to keep you minding of your oath until the end of time; . . . it'll be a long day till I go making talk of marriage or the like of that." But the priest, who has only sworn not to call the hand of man against the tinkers, summons down the wrath of heaven upon them with a malediction that sets them running away for their lives.

Slight as is this comedy, it breathes the very spirit of vagabondage. It might have been written by George Borrow. Especially amusing is Michael's inability to understand Sarah's desire for a wedding. "You to be going beside me for a great while," he says, "and rearing a lot of them, and then to be letting off with your talk of getting married, and your driving me to it, and I not asking it at all."

The same insight into the queer corners of character that gives interest to this play is to be noted in Synge's piece entitled "In the Shadow of the Glen." Here an old man, jealous and suspicious of his young wife, feigns death in order to test her fidelity. Nor is he disappointed, for Nora first gossips with a tramp concerning a former lover of hers, and then brings in another admirer with whom she proceeds to reckon up the goods left by the deceased and to plan for speedy remarriage. At this crisis the pretended corpse rises up and drives the faithless Nora from the house. The tramp, who has interceded for her in vain, offers her his protection, and as the two go away, the trembling admirer, who tries to slink out also, is summoned back by the lonely husband to take a kindly drop.

The tramp, at the crisis of the play, is all chivalry. "We'll be going now, lady of the house," says he gently to Nora; "the rain is falling, but the air is kind, and maybe it'll be a grand morning by the grace of God. . . . You'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm, and it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a talk of getting old . . . and losing the hair off you and the light of your eyes, but it's fine songs you'll be hearing when the sun goes up, and there'll

be no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear."

This tramp and the tinkers of the play previously described are of the same family as the two blind beggars of Synge's longer study in vagabondage, "The Well of the Saints." Although these beggars are only his instruments for conveying the notion that the world of illusion is better than the world of fact, yet they are true to the life of the roads. As for the moral involved, it harks farther back than the drama wherein the critics have seen its source—"Le Voile du Bonheur," by George Clemenceau.

The beggars, Martin Doul and his wife Mary, are old and ugly, but in their blindness they suppose themselves to be "the finest man and the finest woman of the seven counties of the east." When a wandering miracle worker restores their sight with water from the Well of the Saints, Martin and Mary stare ruefully at each other, and fall to quarreling. Martin, no longer caring for his wife, tries to make love to buxom Molly Byrne, the sweetheart of Timmy the smith. When Molly rebuffs him, and Timmy sends him packing, the cloud comes again over the beggar's eyes. His wife, too, is growing blind again, and in their common affliction they are reconciled. Mary, although she knows now that she is ugly, takes comfort in the thought that soon at least her hair will be white and beautiful. Martin, as his blindness increases, finds the same imaginary consolation in thinking of the beauty his wife will have and of the fine, silken, streamy beard that he will wear,—a beard that will be "a grand thing for making the quality stop and be stretching out their hands with good silver or gold."

But just here the saint comes wandering back, prepared to heal again the eyes that have gone dark. A second cure is often needed, he explains, and those he cures a second time "go on seeing till the hour of death." Martin and Mary, however, have no wish to be cured. In their hearts they prefer their own world of imagination to the hard world of visible reality. When they endeavor to hide from their benefactor, the people drag them forth. Then Martin, kneeling down with Mary, contrives to knock the can of holy water from

the saint's hand. "I'm thinking it's a good right ourselves have to be sitting blind," says Martin, "hearing a soft wind turning round the little leaves of the spring and feeling the sun, and we not tormenting our souls with the sight of the gray days, and the holy men, and the dirty feet is trampling the world."

In most of the comedies by Synge the substance is slight enough; but the character-drawing, the diction, and the irony are notable. Such elements combine in still higher degree in Synge's most ambitious comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World."

Here the general humor of the situation lies in the fact that a timid young bumpkin who supposes that he has killed his father, finds himself admired for his crime, and grows vain of it. The girls in particular think him a darling. But in the midst of his glory, his father appears, little the worse for a blow that had merely felled him, and determined to chastise the scapegrace. Then those who bowed before the gallant patricide turn upon him with contempt. The girls who adored only laugh. And Christy, in desperation, endeavors to live up to his notoriety by slaying his father in very truth. A bad deed actually observed, however, is less romantic than one merely told of, and the hero worshippers promptly seize upon Christy with a view to handing him over to the police. But his old father, still invulnerable, returns to defend the crestfallen boy against the crowd, and Christy, on his feet again, is the master. He who had been wont to tremble at the old man's voice has now learned to do and dare. "Go with you, is it!" cries Christy to the old man; "I will, then, like a gallant captain with his heathen slave. Go on now, and I'll see you from this day stewing my oatmeal and washing my spuds, for I'm master of all fights from now!"

Old Mahon can scarcely believe his ears. Here is the silly boy he has always bullied, turned a lion. But Pegeen, the innkeeper's daughter, who has rejoiced in Christy's bravery and scoffed at Christy's lies and cowardice, breaks into a lament: "Oh, my grief, I've lost him surely! I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World!"

Despite the extravagance of its satire, Synge's drama is

one of the most delightful of modern comedies. There is a freshness about it to whet the playgoer's taste grown dull on society plays. Here the conditions of life and the characters on the wild Mayo coast are primitive, and the actors speak a new, imaginative language.

As for the plot, it is sufficiently ingenious, and the turns in its unfolding are cleverly calculated. But the plot interest is subordinate to the interest in character. Christy and Pegeen are living personalities,—Pegeen a romantic girl longing for the great days of old, when heroes walked the earth, and Christy the doer of one impulsive deed of wickedness which unexpectedly wins him applause. When Christy comes to the Mayo inn, he is trembling with fear, and only blurts out his story on being threatened by Pegeen with a drubbing. Yet the wonder that his tale excites soon turns his head. He begins to enlarge upon his original story, to pin faith to his own lies, and to grow self-important. He is engaged as pot-boy at the inn; he is made love to, not only by Pegeen, but also by the Widow Quin; and barefoot girls from the country-side bring gifts to the man who has killed his "da." Christy prinks at the glass, swaggers in the clothes given him as a bribe by Pegeen's white-livered lover, and leads all the village lads in their games on the beach. At the height of his glory, he courts Pegeen in flowery speeches. She has rallied him on loving like a poacher.

"It's little you'll think," says he, "if my love's a poacher's, or an earl's itself, when you'll feel my two hands stretched around you, and I squeezing kisses on your puckered lips, till I'd feel a kind of pity for the Lord God is all ages sitting lonesome in his golden chair."

The girl is enchanted. Here at last is a youth who can talk poetry and love with the eloquence of which she has dreamed, and she marvels to hear herself replying to him so sweetly, she whose biting tongue has been the fright of seven town-lands.

Two minor characters are drawn with humorous extravagance—Shawn Keogh, Pegeen's timid suitor, and the Widow Quin, a modern Wife of Bath, who sets her cap at Christy. Shawn bewails the fact that he has no father. "Oh, it's a

hard case to be an orphan and not to have your father that you're used to, and you'd easy kill and make yourself a hero in the sight of all."

As for the Widow Quin, she has chanced to wound her husband in a quarrel. "She hit himself with a worn pick," explains Pegeen, "and the rusted poison did corrode his blood the way he never overed it, and died after. That was a sneaky murder did win small glory from the boys itself." Yet for all this the widow is good humored and alert. Having failed to win Christy as a lover, she is content to bargain with him as to her profits if she aids him to win Pegeen.

Good, however, as is the treatment of character and plot in "The Playboy," its supreme excellence, after all, is diction. The same personages, plot, and satire, without this diction, would have remained ineffective. The words are simple, but their combinations and the lilt and cadence of these phrases are splendidly novel. The freshness of language redeems passages that otherwise would be sordid. Thus Christy, describing the drunken capers of his father, echoes Pegeen's exclamation of "Providence and Mercy, spare us all!" by saying, "It's that you'd say surely if you seen him and he after drinking for weeks, rising up in the red dawn, or before it maybe, and going out into the yard as naked as an ash tree in the moon of May, and shying clods against the visage of the stars till he'd put the fear of death into the banbhs and the screeching sows."

How far the satire of the piece is directed at the Irish in particular may well be questioned. Angry Celtic audiences have assumed the raillery to be national rather than universal. They have resented the dramatist's imputations as being levelled against Irish character. But, although Irish pugnacity and imagination are laughed at in the play, and the proneness of the Irish to exalt physical daring into heroism, there is no warrant for regarding this satire as exclusively national. It is certain truths of universal validity that Synge has sought to render, not an estimate of Irish character. Those who complain that he traduces all Irishmen when he shows a handful of them exalting patricide as a valorous virtue miss the point of his satire, and demonstrate

their own deficiency in a sense of humor. Synge's principal mistake would seem to lie in having expected too much of his audience. Thus, in his preface to "The Tinker's Wedding" he wrote, with a faith unwarranted by the later reception of "The Playboy," "I do not think that these country people who have so much humor themselves, will mind being laughed at without malice, as the people in every country have been laughed at in their own comedies."

IV

In all his work—comedy, folk-history, and tragedy—, it is Synge who excels among writers of the recent Irish drama. The measure of his excellence is the measure of the excellence of the whole movement. The best of Irish comedies is his "Playboy," as the best of Irish tragedies is his "Riders to the Sea." The qualities of all the Irish plays are to be found in his in quintessence.

Just what are these qualities and their corresponding defects? The Irish drama is limited, in the first place, by its lack of scope—its confinement, for the most part, to single situations and characters, and its tendency, when exceeding the limits of one act, either to draw the story thin or else to muddle it at the start. Another limitation of the Irish drama is its sacrifice of action to talk; many of the plays are little more than scenes in dialogue, admirable by reason of their expression of character or their piquant phrasing, but undramatic. Still other limitations of this product concern comedy and tragedy respectively,—in comedy a tendency to indulge in mere farce, in tragedy a tendency to indulge in mere pathos. Needless to say, a predilection for extravagant fun or for sentimental melancholy is inimical to the highest achievement in comedy or tragedy. Of true tragedy, indeed, all but the most recent Irish plays show very little.

Notwithstanding these limitations, however, the new Irish drama is significant for several reasons. It presents, in comedy, certain fresh and whimsical situations and characters, illumined by Celtic wit. It is racy of the soil, stronger in local savor than any other modern drama, not excepting

the Silesian peasant plays of Hauptmann. It exhibits, too, in such picturesque local trappings our essential human nature. It gives expression to world-old emotions, not so much in new combinations, as under pleasantly unfamiliar conditions. Thus, it appeals to the realist, for whom it opens out new fields of fact, and to the romanticist, for whom it offers the charm of the strange and remote. Moreover, it heralds a return to nature on the stage, in subject-matter, in construction, in language, even in the art of acting. Finally, whatever its intrinsic value, it is now of relative importance as a corrective against the domination of the drama of ideas, that drama of social propaganda and reform, which, with its intellectualism, has threatened to drive from the stage poetry and feeling.

CHAPTER XIII

THE TYRANNY OF LOVE

I. The conception of love as tyrant a modern obsession to be observed in the plays of Shaw and d'Annunzio, Wedekind, Schnitzler, and Strindberg. Schnitzler's dealings with love and intrigue in a mood of cynical or sentimental melancholy. The tyranny of love softened in the retrospect, as in "The Companion," "The Last Masks," "Literature," and "Living Hours." Love and death conjoined or contrasted in these and other pieces of greater action,—"The Green Cockatoo," "The Lady with the Dagger," and "The Veil of Beatrice,"—the last a romantic historical play, and the second a dream drama to be associated with Hauptmann's "Elga." Schnitzler's more characteristic dealings with the present, draping sensuality in sentiment, as in "Anatol" and the more dramatic "Light o' Love;" Schnitzler an Austrian Sterne of the stage.

II. Wedekind, the chief exponent of fleshly eroticism in the modern theatre. His "Awakening of Spring" an apparent exception, yet, like "Hidalla," suggested by his erotomania. His "Dance of Death" a puppet-play designed to exhibit love as lust and lust as torture. Wedekind's most detailed study of the tyranny of lust in "Earth Spirit" and "The Box of Pandora," plays giving evidence of naturalism run mad. Wedekind's "Music," a more normal drama devoted to the same theme.

III. Strindberg, an intellectual antagonist of love and woman; his philosophy of life expounded in "The Dream Play;" reasons in temperament and experience for his misogyny; the expression of his views in prose fiction. The duel of sex in his plays:—"The Father," "Comrades," "Creditors," "The Link," and "The Dance of Death." Woman's enmity toward man in "Facing Death," and toward that which stands in the way of her love in "Simoom" and "The Stronger;" Strindberg's most striking study of the tyranny of love in "Julie;" his stress here and in "There are Crimes and Crimes," upon the potency of the will; his occasional stress upon the potency of beneficent love, in "Easter," and "Advent;" his usual defamation of the affections, as in "Mother-love" and "Debit and Credit." The three notes of his customary dissonance,—self-assertion, pessimism, and sex-aversion; further evidence of these in "After the Fire" and "The Thunderstorm."

IV. Other examples of the tyranny of love:—Brieux's "The June Bugs," making humorous the enslavement of a school-teacher to his mistress; Tchekhov's "The Sea Gull," indicating love as but one of many weaknesses that render man miserable; Barker's "The Madras House," a jocular thrust at the cloaking of a common instinct; and Barker's "Waste," the tragedy of a career ruined by the passion of a moment.

I

Ever since Euripides wrote his "Hippolytus," the makers of plays have been wont, on occasion, to deal with love as a tyrant, but never before so consistently as of late. To-day, the conception of love as a fatal force driving men, willy nilly, into sexual union, fascinating, tantalizing, torturing them, seems to obsess the minds of writers like d'Annunzio, Wedekind, Schnitzler, Strindberg, and Shaw.

For d'Annunzio, love is a beautiful passion, poignant and unescapable. For Wedekind, it is lust, stark and brutal, a madness of the blood. For Schnitzler, it is sensuality draped in sentiment, a philandering that knows no permanent attachment, and that is ever conscious of its own illusion. For Strindberg, love is a scorpion-whip lashing men and women into each other's arms, then driving them back, as the intensity of their mutual attraction gives way to a hatred equally intense. For Shaw, this duel of sex is comic rather than tragic, an essential part of the process that develops the superman.

Since Shaw's general theory will be considered elsewhere, it is sufficient here to remark that he sets forth the tyranny of love without bitterness, that he stresses the pursuit of the male by the female rather than the hatred of either, and that he harps upon the notion of love as the Life Force—something transcending the personal fortune or will. In "Man and Superman," such ideas are fully exploited, but hints of them crop into view in still other plays, as when the hero of "You Never Can Tell" compares the duel of sex to that always waging between the makers of cannon and the makers of armorplate. Whereas Shaw merely jests, his Continental contemporaries—Wedekind, Strindberg, and d'Annunzio—

are tremendously in earnest. Of d'Annunzio, enough has already been said to indicate his usual treatment of love as a languorous passion, a disease sweetly tormenting its victims; but, of Strindberg, Wedekind, and the less serious Schnitzler, careful note must be taken. In most of their plays tribute is paid to love as a tyrant; and their work, in this respect, is strikingly original.

"Kabale und Liebe," the title of Schiller's famous play might well be the rubric under which to group the dramas of the Viennese physician, Arthur Schnitzler. For all of his pieces—except the recent "Professor Bernhardi"—are concerned, in one form or another, with amorous intrigue. At his best, as in "Anatol" and "Light o' Love," Schnitzler bathes his intrigue in the atmosphere of romance; and always, even where the action is stirring enough, as in "The Green Cockatoo," it is touched with the cynical melancholy of the man of the world.

Generally, this intrigue is described as a thing of the past. The love that once enthralled lives no longer. Its tyranny, therefore, is softened in the retrospect. Schnitzler bows to its power with fascinated regret. Indeed, it is in the composition of plays in one act, artistic stage anecdotes that dwell upon love in the retrospect, that he chiefly excels.

In "The Companion" ("Die Gefährtin"), for instance, an elderly professor discovers his wife's disloyalty to him only after her death. In looking through her papers, he comes upon letters that prove her illicit relations with his former assistant. Before the professor can recover from this shock, the assistant appears, bringing a wreath for the dead. The injured husband is ready to forgive and forget, until his visitor remarks that at length he is married to a girl with whom he has long been allied. Now the assistant's intrigue with his wife, the professor could excuse, but not the assistant's infidelity to her with another. The lover, however, in turning to go, retorts that he might answer even that reproach, and a woman-friend of the dead wife makes the matter plain. The wife was not merely the mistress of her husband's assistant; she was a party, also, to her lover's other affair—she wittingly shared with a rival his favors. As the

professor, left alone, broods over these disclosures, he lays upon the desk of his faithless wife the wreath of her faithless lover, and turns sadly away. To what degradation will the victims of love not submit?

In Schnitzler's little masterpiece, "The Last Masks" ("Die letzten Masken"), the scene is a hospital ward. A dying journalist, who has failed in life, lies devising a means to humiliate a successful rival, his former friend. He will summon to his bedside the now famous Weihgast and then reveal the fact that once he was the secret paramour of Weihgast's wife. With malicious zest, the invalid rehearses the scene he has planned. But when the great man pays his visit to the hospital, the dying journalist is disarmed. "What have such as we to do," he asks himself, "with those who to-morrow will still be in the world?" Accordingly, he holds his peace regarding his relations with the wife of his rival, and after talking nonsense, drops back upon the pillow, dead.

Just as here the echoes of a past intrigue fade away harmlessly, so, too, they are allowed to subside in a much lighter play—"Literature" ("Literatur"). A woman engaged to a worldly baron has had an affair with a poet. In writing a novel concerned with their amour, she has copied into it their correspondence. But he, too, has written a novel in which he has printed, word for word, the same correspondence. Now the lady is horrified, for she knows that a scandal is certain as soon as the public compares the two works, each written for private revenge. But the poet, having handed her his book, explains that he has had every other copy of it destroyed. With a sigh of relief, the lady tosses his present into the fire, and the quondam lovers separate. They have learned this much at least, to let bygones be bygones.

Still another echo of intrigue is heard in Schnitzler's "Living Hours" ("Lebendige Stunden"). A man who has loved a woman of middle age loses her by death. As an invalid, her sufferings have preyed upon the sympathies and creative powers of her son, a poet, for whose sake she has taken her life. But she has written to her lover of the deed and her motive, begging him to conceal the truth from her boy. The lover, cheated by death of his mistress, betrays

the dead woman's confidence, reproaching her son for having exacted as a sacrifice the life of his mother. Of what value, asks the lover, is all the poetry in the world as compared with one of those hours—'living hours'—when the being they loved sat before them in the flesh? The son is crushed, but, mustering courage, he declares his intention of excelling as a poet in order to justify his mother's deed. For the lover, however, no achievement in art can compensate for the life that is extinguished.

These pieces are static, mere episodes delivered through a situation, In each, the tyranny of love is a thing of the past, and in all but "Literature," love and death are conjoined or contrasted. That combination, indeed, is characteristic of the more serious dramas of Schnitzler. It is as though the physician, in turning to art, had projected there his professional interests—the interest in death as the great enemy and the final release, and the interest in love as the dominant instinct in life.

Love and death are again conjoined in Schnitzler's plays of more vigorous action—"The Green Cockatoo," "The Lady with the Dagger," and "The Veil of Beatrice"—, studies in disillusion for husbands. Of the three, the first—"Der grüne Kakadu"—is most lively and crisp. In Paris, on the day of the fall of the Bastille, at the inn of the Green Cockatoo are assembled aristocrats and demi-mondaines, yearning in boredom for the kind of thrill which the manager is accustomed to provide. To this company runs in Henri, an actor, proclaiming that he has just discovered his bride in an intrigue, and has slain her lover, the duke of Cadignan. Now Henri has been engaged expressly to startle the manager's clients, and has concocted this fiction as part of his professional duty; but even the manager is deceived by it. Henri's wife, the pretty actress, is indeed the mistress of the duke, and the manager, in declaring Henri to be justified, reveals to the latter for the first time the true condition of affairs.

As the duke himself trips gaily in at that moment, the irate actor leaps upon him, and does in fact what before he had only pretended to have done. Then the mob, surging back from storming the Bastille, hails the avenging husband

as a champion of liberty. So he finds himself, from acting out a feigned revenge, the wreaker of it in reality, and, from doing a bad deed for a private end, exalted to be the political hero of the hour. Beneath the ripple of this trifling intrigue, Schnitzler's impressionistic art enables us to feel the mighty ground-swell of a revolution.

Another and more complex play involving wifely disloyalty and brisk action is "The Lady with the Dagger" ("Die Frau mit dem Dolche"). Here an unfaithful wife comes to a picture gallery to bid farewell to her lover. She has just confessed her intrigue to her husband, who will carry her away. The lover begs for one more meeting that night. The wife hesitates, and as the pair stand before a painting which displays a lady with a dagger in her upraised hand, they are both struck with a sense of having met just so before; life for them is repeating itself. Now, as a matter of fact, they and the husband, too, in a previous incarnation, have stood in just these relations one to another, and the picture has been the work of the husband. As the past surges back upon the lovers, they lapse into a trance. The stage is darkened, verse replaces prose, the scene shifts supposedly from Austria to Italy and from the nineteenth century to the sixteenth, and a tragic interlude is enacted by the three—the very life that once they led.

Notwithstanding the tragedy of their past, thus mystically recalled, they will meet again for a final night of bliss. The old course of events will repeat itself. Love to the last is a tyrant.

Technically, Schnitzler's play is interesting in its treatment of reincarnation, a theme employed in Kipling's tale "The Finest Story in the World" and in the crude but clever drama "The Road to Yesterday." As a dream play Schnitzler's work is to be associated with Hauptmann's "Hannele," with Eleanor Gates's "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and more closely still with Hauptmann's "Elga," a piece based upon a story by Grillparzer. In "Elga," however, the knight who, in a vision, beholds enacted before him the revenge of a husband upon his guilty wife and her lover, has himself had no earlier connection with the three. He merely chances to

lodge in the haunted chamber of a castle. Here, sleeping on the bed where once was flung the strangled corpse of the lover, he dreams that victim's story—the dream constituting the body of the play.

In Schnitzler's longer romantic dramas, like the five-act "Veil of Beatrice" ("Der Schleier der Beatrice"), he continues to dwell upon love and intrigue and death, but fills in his canvas with a wealth of richly wrought detail. In this particular piece, too, he develops an environing action of political plotting, although his chief concern is with the amours of his heroine. Beatrice is the mistress of a poet, who, in jealousy, deserts her, as before he has deserted another for her sake. When a duke falls enamored of Beatrice and offers her marriage, she accepts; but at the bridal banquet longs for her poet lover, and slips out to seek him. The poet, disconsolate that she should be marrying the duke, prevails upon her to consent to die with him. But when he has drunk off a cup of poison, expecting her to follow suit, she loses courage, and returns to the bridal feast. She has forgotten, however, to carry back the precious veil given her by the duke, and the latter, having remarked its loss and her absence, grows suspicious. He demands that she lead him to the spot where the veil has been lost. Now Beatrice, again weak in the shadow of death, obeys; and when the duke, believing in her innocence, is about to embrace her, he stumbles on the body of the poet, his rival. Although the duke would still pardon his charmer's treachery, her brother is less indulgent. In righteous wrath he stabs her. Thus, love the tyrant brings death to the poet, who for Beatrice's sake has been disloyal to a friend, and death to Beatrice, who has been disloyal to her duke, and death indirectly to the duke, who in grief at his disillusionment goes forth to fight a final battle against hopeless odds.

Such dealings with the romantic past, however successful, are less characteristic of Schnitzler than his dealings with the matter-of-fact present in a vein of gentle sentiment. Sometimes, as in "Reigen"—a cycle of ten duologues—, or in "The Call of Life" ("Der Ruf des Lebens")—which might as well be entitled 'The Call of Lust'—his treatment of sex

is less delicate. Generally, however, it is in perfect taste, even though the subject-matter, upon analysis, prove to be unmoral.

In "Anatol," for example, we have seven vignettes connected only by the fact that they present seven different scenes out of the love adventures of the same idle worldling. In most of the scenes appears the lightly satirical Max, Anatol's boon comrade, and in each of them there figures a different woman. Schnitzler's sentimental melancholy is brightened here and there by humorous cynicism. True happiness, he intimates, lies without the pale of convention in the natural loves of simple hearts. Yet, there are bitter dregs in the cup of joy, for, as Anatol remarks, "Only in the little world am I beloved, only in the great world am I understood." Moreover, he who is faithless himself discovers that others are faithless as well. When he confesses his change of heart to Annie, it is only to find her already pledged to another. When he gratifies his fancy by supposing that Bianca has thought of him always, it is only to learn that she cannot recall him. He dare not test his suspicions of Cora by making her answer his questions in hypnosis. He learns that his Emilie keeps her black diamond, not as a sweet memento, but for its price. He finds that the married woman he has courted regards him as merely a relief from respectable boredom; and that his lost Gabrielle has lacked the courage to love him.

At last, on his wedding day, Anatol is about to reform; yet the night before he has chanced to fall in with Ilona. They have frolicked together; he has brought her home, and at ten on his marriage morning she sleeps in the next room unaware of his plans. As she enters, rubbing her eyes, Anatol stammers out that he has an engagement—a wedding, in fact. When Ilona declares that she, too, will go to this wedding, he is forced to tell her the truth. As she weeps, he kisses her hair in farewell and departs, leaving his faithful Max to wheedle the jilted cocotte out of making a scene at the church. But Ilona will have her revenge. It is only a question of time before she returns to these rooms and to Anatol.

The essential immorality of most of these scenes is obvious,

yet the scenes themselves scarcely offend because of the art and humor with which they are painted. Schnitzler, like Laurence Sterne, is skilful in manipulating delicate shades of feeling. The separate incidents of his curious study are like dramatized episodes from "The Sentimental Journey,"—light, lachrymose, laughing, sad, couched in a dialogue wonderfully simple and suggestive. Schnitzler's women, though sinful enough, are in the main creatures of charm, to all of whom might be applied what Anatol says of one: "She reminds me of a slow Viennese waltz, with her sentimental frivolity, her merry petulance, her sweet little golden head. While near her, I am warm and satisfied. When I bring her violets, a tear stands in the corner of her eye." If Anatol's adventures express to perfection the mood of decadent Vienna, and if they are technically of interest as composing a cycle of one act plays, they are lacking in the element of conflict, and their art is fictional, not dramatic; it is the art of the short-story rather than that of the stage.

In "Light o' Love" ("Liebelei"), however, Schnitzler has used the same materials in composing a play that is truly effective. He has here supplied a central conflict, and deepened his heroine's passion. The result is a drama less intellectualized than "The Legacy" or "Fair Game" but more potent in emotional appeal. A young man of means makes love to a girl of lower station. She is happy for the moment and devoted to him, although she knows that some day he may leave her. Fritz, indeed, has already intrigued with a lady of fashion whose husband, discovering the *liaison*, calls out the youth in a duel. On the eve of that duel Fritz comes to bid his mistress farewell. Christine knows nothing of his other entanglement, yet, when he tells her that a journey will take him away for two or three days, she feels that their parting is for always. "You are free," she says, "you are free. You can leave me whenever you will. You have promised me nothing; I have asked for nothing. . . . I have been happy for once; I expect no more of life. I only wish you to know that I have never loved before, that I shall never love again."

Two days later, Christine learns that Fritz has died for the

sake of another, and that only those nearest to him were allowed at the funeral. "Only the nearest," she reflects, "And I?—what am I?" At least, she will go to his grave. But her father seeks to dissuade her. She might find there her rival, in prayer. "I shall not pray there—no!" says Christine, and her father, watching her leave the house, declares, "She will never return." *

Commonplace as is this little tragedy in scene, plot, and characters, it possesses the distinction of esthetic refinement. The free love of the heroine exhibits nothing gross or sensual. Here is a passion purged by sentiment, and untroubled by conscience. In the opening scene, the present joy of the lovers is heightened by the prescience of coming pain. Since love cannot last, it is so much the sweeter. Moreover, it is love quite apart from the world—a modern and urban substitute for the love so common in the Renaissance pastorals. The conventional man of the upper classes escapes from his usual life to lead for a time a simple existence on a lower social plane. With conscious make-believe, he pretends an eternal affection for some pretty seamstress, instead of a Watteau shepherdess. He passes from the lady of fashion to the girl of the people, but only by way of a sentimental excursion, the matter of a day or a week.

Whenever, as is chiefly the case in "Anatol," both parties to such an arrangement are the children of wisdom, there results no more than a comedy of sentiment. For neither expects of the other enduring fidelity. In "Liebelei," however, the tragedy arises from the fact that Christine, the heroine, is different in temper from these other philanderers. Humble though she be, she cannot play the love-game so lightly.

* Sudermann later approximates situations used here by Schnitzler. In "Fritzchen," second of the pieces of "Morituri," a youth, challenged to a duel by an officer whose wife he has stolen, pays his invalid mother a farewell visit. In "Der letzte Besuch," third of the pieces of "Rosen," the mistress of an army captain, carrying roses to his grave, after he has been killed in a duel on her account, meets there a rival whom the captain has married on the eve of his death. In both plays, the tragic outcome is a result of the tyranny of love.

Of Schnitzler's skill as a dramatic impressionist enough can scarcely be said. He reveals in few words whole chapters of experience. Thus, in "Liebelei," the irate husband speaks but a dozen lines, and the impending duel is but hinted at, yet the story seems complete. So, too, Christine's father, the old violinist, stands revealed as a definite character in two or three speeches. He who has suffered remorse at having kept his sister too strictly has purposely relaxed his watchfulness over his daughter, but only to further her ruin. Still another witness to the dramatist's power of compression and suggestion may be found, here and elsewhere, in the way he concludes his scenes. At such times his touch is the softest—a fleeting caress; and always he relies for effect as much upon facial expression and gesture as dialogue. To revert, then, to the comparison already implied, Schnitzler is an Austrian Sterne of the stage and the twentieth century.

II

In leaving Schnitzler for Wedekind, we pass from a world of delicate charm to a world that is bestial, for Frank Wedekind, on the modern stage, is the principal exponent of fleshly eroticism. He has no conception of love as sentiment, like Schnitzler; or of love as beauty, like d'Annunzio. He but fitfully glimpses Strindberg's conception of love as a cosmic force. For Wedekind, love is lust pure and simple, and lust is life. In one play alone—"The Awakening of Spring"—he lifts from the mire a little, writing "a children's tragedy," as he calls it, concerned with sex, yet seeming to subserve a moral end. Here he exhibits the tragic consequences of a system of repression in the education of youth, and urges sex enlightenment for children. So far, he appears as a sincere reformer. His piece is noteworthy, moreover, because of its psychological veracity, for it renders with unquestioned power the mental and physical perturbations of adolescence. But, if we may judge from Wedekind's other work, it is safe to say that he was drawn to this theme less by an enthusiasm for social reform than by a desire to be nibbling at forbidden fruit.

Just as in this drama Wedekind relishes the task of displaying the stir and ferment of puberty, so in others he is obsessed by the idea of observing the bodily rhythms of women who walk or dance. Dancing, indeed, he extols as the art which most fully reveals the inner life. So he is forever considering the movements of his heroines with a prurient eye. In the same fashion, he is fond of talking the cant of eugenics, not because he cares for the future of the race or the creation of the superman, but because the subject affords him a pretext for indulging his erotomania. His "Hidalla," for instance, describes a society for breeding human thoroughbreds; his "Mine-Haha" advocates a physical training for girls that shall render them lithe-limbed houris and the mothers of glad, free children; and his hero, in "The Dance of Death" ("Totentanz"), maintains that there is only one ray of light in the gloom of our earthly existence—sensuous enjoyment. But that even such joy may prove delusive, Wedekind freely admits. His Casti-Piani, though singing the praises of lust, and professing a philanthropic motive for his dealings in the love-market, commits suicide in chagrin when he finds that his theories are controverted in practice.

Casti-Piani is a male Mrs. Warren. He is visited in his establishment by the angry Elfriede von Malchus, a social worker engaged in a campaign to suppress white slavery. Elfriede has come to reclaim a servant, who, having learned of free love from reading her own diatribes against it, has voluntarily entered upon a career of shame. When Elfriede announces her determination to save the girl, Casti-Piani proceeds to justify his wicked profession. Every trade is unmoral, he reasons. The gratification he gets from the service of Venus, Elfriede receives from combating that service. In reality, he is only aiding those who are too poor to provide for themselves; he is also contributing to the emancipation of woman. Bourgeois society would curb woman's freedom by making it scandalous to love or to bear children out of wedlock; Casti-Piani and his kind are striving to break down Puritan prejudice.

So impressed is the well-bred social worker by these

sophistries that she suddenly flings herself at the feet of the man she had come to denounce, and begs him to marry her. Casti-Piani, however, repulses her. Marriage, he says is slavery, a form of bondage to be fought and vanquished. In any case, Elfriede lacks the abandon, the joyous innocence of the true votaress of love.

At this point, the prose of the play gives place to an interlude of verse, as Elfriede's run-away servant and a lover appear. Casti-Piani has staked his life on the boast that, in observing this pair from concealment, Elfriede will be convinced of the truth of his doctrines. But the servant, unconscious of eavesdroppers, merely describes to her lover the tortures she has suffered from a passion which she has striven, without avail, to satisfy.

"Nein, es war nur der höllische Trieb
Aus dem an Freude nichts übrig blieb."

As Elfriede hears this confession, she is seized with a strange frenzy. She, too, would share the glowing martyrdom of women like Lisiska. But, as she offers herself once more—and unconditionally—to Casti-Piani, he is filled with loathing for the love which hitherto he has lauded. Drawing a revolver, he shoots himself. As three of his girls rush in, he confesses to having deceived them;—sensual joy, after all, is madness and pain. So he dies, and his eyelids are closed by the weeping old maid.

It is here that Wedekind most closely approaches Strindberg. Love is lust; and lust, though for a time it fascinate, will torture ere long, lashing its devotees hither and yon, as with burning whips. Needless to say, the persons in this piece are wholly unreal. They are not so much creatures of hectic imagination as puppets arranged to render explicit the dramatist's view of love as instinct.

Similarly unreal are the figures in Wedekind's even more shocking "Earth Spirit" and "The Box of Pandora," two dramas devoted to tracing the career of the profligate Lulu and her scarcely less terrible associates. In "Earth Spirit" ("Erdgeist"), Lulu is shown in comparative prosperity, luring man after man to destruction. In "The Box of Pan-

dora" ("Die Büchse der Pandora"), those she would victimize make her their victim. She descends, step by step, to the gutter, and dies from the dagger-stroke of a brute to whom she had thought to sell herself. Lulu is meant by Wedekind to embody all that is alluring, destructive, and insidious in woman. She is intended to epitomize the joys and agonies of sex. But she is less a character than a concept.

As a bare-foot flower girl of doubtful parentage, Lulu is assisted in becoming a dancer by a middle-aged journalist, who marries her off to a friend. This husband expires of apoplexy on beholding her perfidy with an artist, and Lulu, untroubled, reflects, as she surveys his corpse, that now she is rich. Forthwith, she marries the artist, but only to prove his ruin. When he cuts his throat on learning of her escapades, her hand is stained with gore from the wound. "That is the blood of your husband!" says the journalist; but Lulu, retorting, "It will leave no mark!" adds with a smile, "*You* will marry me now."

So Schön, her first protector, is drawn into Lulu's net, wrapt round and round with her poisonous web. Yet, no sooner is he secure than she turns from him to his son, the poet Alwa. When Schön overhears her hissing out to Alwa: "Do you love me? . . . I poisoned your mother!" and perceives the scene of his shame spied on by a crew of parasites, he steps from concealment, brandishing a revolver. But Lulu is equal to the occasion. As still another spy emerges from beneath a table, shouting for help, and distracting Schön's attention, she bends upon him his own weapon. As he drops to the floor, she protests that he alone has had her love; and yet, as he dies, she exclaims to the son: "Don't let me fall into the hands of the police! I am still young! I will be true to you all my life!"

The sequel of "Earth-Spirit" shows the fall of this devil from power. Yet at first, in "The Box of Pandora," her estate seems fairly prosperous. Sentenced to prison for the murder of her husband, she escapes through the aid of her faithful friend, the Countess Geschwitz, and with the son of the man she had slain seeks refuge from justice in Paris. There she frequents the gambling resort of Casti-Piani, the

identical reprobate who figures in "The Dance of Death." But Casti-Piani will inform the police of her whereabouts unless she consents to be sold by him to a resort in Cairo. She is threatened, moreover, by a music-hall acrobat, who demands a large sum as the price of his silence, and by her own maudlin foster-father, who is always begging for money or love. Having bribed the latter to murder the former, Lulu eludes in disguise the more subtle Casti-Piani, and retreats to London.

Nothing in Tolstoy or Gorky can equal the black degradation depicted in the last act of this piece. Lulu is at bay in a London garret, with her wretched lover, her dissolute foster-father, and the grotesque old countess. They are starving, and Lulu walks the streets, bringing in one after another her chance customers:—a hypocritical Englishman; a Swiss student of philosophy; an Indian prince, who falls afoul of Alwa and kills him; and finally Jack the Ripper. What follows beggars description. Jack, a huge beast, with red hands and gnawed finger-nails, haggles with Lulu, then robs and drags her to an inner room. As presently she runs back screaming, he follows, stabbing the countess, who tries to shoot him, fighting off Lulu, who rushes upon him armed with the neck of a bottle, then slashing her to death with his dagger behind a screen. After drying his hands on the skirts of the prostrate countess, he stalks out. The countess revives long enough to murmur, "Lulu, my angel, I'll stay close to you in eternity!" Already, she has made a bungling attempt to hang herself, for death to her, as to these others is the only relief. At the moment of her suicidal attempt, the countess has stated what may rank as the moral of the piece: "Only children have reason; men are animals. Has anyone ever been happy through love? The best fortune is to sleep more soundly than others, and to forget."

A prologue to these two connected plays further stresses the dramatist's idea. An animal-tamer steps forth, inviting the public to witness his show. Most tragedies and comedies exhibit domestic animals alone; his menagerie, however, displays wild beasts, and its greatest treasure is a serpent. At these words, Lulu is brought forward, and the manager

comments upon her qualities. She has been created to do all evil, to allure, mislead, poison, murder, and then worm out of her crimes:

> "Das wahre Tier, das wilde, schöne Tier,
> Das—meine Damen!—sehn Sie nur bei mir. . . .
> Wiszt ihr den Namen, den dies Raubtier führt,
> Verehrtes Publikum—hereinspaziert!"

The animal analogy reminds one of Thackeray's preface to "Vanity Fair;" Lulu herself is a more vicious and daring Becky Sharp; but a great gulf is fixed between Becky's mild wickedness and the atrocious villainy of Lulu. In Wedekind, moreover, there is chaos without art. Abandoned wretches claw one another in a delirium of lust and hate. The language itself is chaotic. Bad French, in the second act of "The Box of Pandora," gives place to worse English in the third act; and these plays, in every respect, furnish an illustration of what happens when naturalism runs mad. In d'Annunzio, there is at least beauty and passion, a beauty languorous and rich, a passion often abnormal yet moving. In Strindberg, although little beauty remains, there is at least a definite intellectual process, an attempt to convey to the feelings certain consistent, if warped, reactions upon life. But, in Wedekind, we have a nature corrupt and unclean, rejoicing to explore the foulest sores of society for no other reason, it would seem, than the pleasure of laying them open. Yet this is the man who has written of himself, "The reunion of holiness and beauty as the divine idol of pious devotion is the purpose to which I offer my life; toward which, indeed, I have striven since earliest childhood."

It would be unfair to Wedekind not to speak of one other play less extreme in sexual naturalism than the three already discussed. In "Music" ("Musik") he is content to deal with commonplace folk who are much more natural than the monsters of the Lulu dramas. A girl has succumbed to love for her music teacher. The female quack to whom she resorts when the intrigue threatens consequences is seized by the police, and Klara herself is imprisoned. But the indulgent wife of her lover, out of sympathy, exerts such

influence that Klara is released and enters the musician's house to work as his favorite pupil. A family acquaintance, thinking to assist the wife to be rid of her rival, writes to the papers, reflecting by innuendo upon Josef's domestic situation. Josef himself is distressed. He begs his Klara to be more cheerful. Although he has used up her little inheritance confided to his care, she must never forget that he has benefited her art. And she must be considerate, inasmuch as her gloom affects his nerves and imperils his work. Klara, so chidden, confesses that again she is to bear him a child, a child which she will do her utmost to save, since now she believes in life rather than art. "There will be at least one creature in the world," she says, "with whom I can forget my wonderful voice, my art, and all the earthly glory that once I hoped for from my gift."

In the last act, Josef and his wife stand by Klara's bedside in the garret where her child has been born and has died. "Music, music!" she moans, "what for your sake have I not already endured?" When her mother, knowing nothing of the case, turns to Josef and thanks him for all that he has done for her daughter, Klara can suffer no more. Her mind gives way. "Laughter over me! Laughter under me! Laughter, laughter!" she cries. "Convulsions of laughter seize those who hear the story of my woes!"

The contrast here drawn between the claims of art and of life, a contrast pointed to by d'Annunzio, Ibsen, and Schnitzler, is again struck out in Wedekind's "The Tenor" ("Der Kammersänger") wherein an opera singer, for the sake of his career, rides rough shod over those in his way,—an old composer and two women who adore him. When the second of these women takes her life because he has disdained her, he glances at her body and remarks that he must hurry away to rehearsal; on the morrow he is cast for the part of Tristan.

The egoism of this opera singer and of the Conservatory teacher in "Music" finds a parallel in the love-assertiveness of the men in Wedekind's Wetterstein trilogy. In each of the three one-act plays embraced by this work, a man, through sheer will, rules a woman. The hero of the first of the group—"In allen Sätteln gerecht"—compels a woman to

marry him, although he is the slayer of the husband she has loved. The hero of the second play—"Mit allen Hunden gehetzt"—compels a woman to yield to him, although she regards him with loathing; and the hero of the third piece—"In allen Wassern gewaschen"—compels a courtesan who glories in her conquests to take her own life.

In these three duels of sex, as in his "Marquis von Keith," Wedekind repeats the favorite doctrine of Strindberg. Each must seek his own good. Society is but the result of the play of individualistic forces. Religion itself is no more than a veiled egoism, a symbolic device for expressing love of one's self. "Life," declares Keith," is a toboggan slide." Human beings, once launched upon a certain track, must sweep to the end of their course or else be overset. To Wedekind, all is so futile and fearful that he can well afford to be fearless. Existence, for him, is brutal and bad, and that which affords joy inflicts pain in larger measure. Men and women are pitiful creatures, the slaves of instinct, and the business of art is to show them convulsed by desire and battling one with another.

III

Whereas, for Schnitzler, the tyranny of love is almost sweet, and whereas, for Wedekind, it is fascinating though gruesome; for August Strindberg, it is only horrible—enslavement to a force that grips men relentlessly and engenders in them hatred out of attraction. In the presentation of love, neither Schnitzler nor Wedekind shows any marked intellectual bias; but Strindberg writes of it with a preconceived mental animus. He fears and detests the domination of love, and makes his antagonism to it the basis of his general philosophy.

Strindberg's philosophy is most succinctly expressed in his fantasy, "The Dream Play" ("Et Drömspel"). Here he offers an explanation of the origin of evil. He professes a Platonic dualism, recognizing in earthly life the material perversion of a spiritual something. There has been a fall of spirit into matter. Mundane existence is a spoiled copy, a

distorted image of the spiritual life. This world—as Shaw's Father Keegan also maintains—is a kind of hell. But how came about the fall? The divine force—Brahma—was prevailed upon by the world-mother—Maya—to propagate himself. Spirit thus mated with Matter, the Idea with Sense. When Heaven thus fell into sin, a world of phantasms was born. The creatures of this world struggle to free themselves from matter; they suffer, and yet yearn to enjoy. Their life is therefore a perpetual struggle as they are tossed between pleasure and pain.

Now just as it was the female principle which brought sin and death into the cosmos by conquering spirit, so, in society, it is the female principle that wars with seductive weapons upon the peace of man. Woman, in short, for Strindberg, is the source and essence of evil, because the chief instrument of love. To love is to submit oneself to a baneful power that tortures by alternate attractions and repulsions. Woman lures man on to his destruction. She is more elemental, less scrupulous than he, and therefore the more dangerous. Yet, as the goddess points out, it is conflict between opposites that produces energy, just as fire and water in conjunction give the power of steam; and this conflict will continue so long as life itself.

Strindberg's antipathy to woman, although duly rationalized, is really temperamental. Some have sought to explain it as a result of his own bitter experience in matrimony. Not only was he the child of an irregular union and an unhappy home; he was also thrice married and thrice divorced. Each wife he accused of seeking to flourish at his expense. Each induced in him a hatred sprung out of passion. Having experienced so much of unhappiness, he assumed his peculiar situation to be universal. Nevertheless, it must be said, that five years before he broke with his first wife, when his personal fortunes would as yet warrant no such misogyny, we find him studying the women boarders at a Swiss pension as so many parasites supported in ease by toiling men. From this period, also, date his two volumes of stories collected under the title "Marriage," as well as his terrible play, "The Father." Evidently, external expe-

rience alone cannot explain Strindberg's misogyny. It was due primarily, as has been said, to his temperament.

For Strindberg's sensibilities—and especially those of sex—were hypertrophied. He responded more readily than others to sex-stimuli. Thus he loved and hated more intensely than most. Moreover, he was peculiarly susceptible to fear. In the women he met, he recognized a dangerous power, something at once delicious and dreadful. Drawn to women more powerfully than most, he was also driven to shrink from them with a greater loathing; and that fear which was stirred in his breast by individual women he extended to include the whole sex. At first, he had spoken with faith of the emancipation of women as something to hope for the future; but he grew to resent their awakening from the long sleep of bondage, and to hate, because he feared, such champions of the feminist movement as Ellen Key. Naturally, too, he was alarmed to observe in contemporary literature a tendency to exalt the free modern woman: and, instinctively, he reacted against such pro-feminist radicalism as appeared in the plays of Ibsen.

Small wonder, then, that Strindberg became a misogynist, depicting his women as the insidious foes of his men. As one critic—Horace B. Samuel—has remarked: "The typical Strindberg woman is a fiend with the physique of a Madonna and the soul of a vampire, who sucks dry the life blood of her heroic victim. The typical Strindberg man is a Samson shorn of his strength, writhing in the toils of some Delilah, protesting vociferously, and yet taking a morbid delight in his own bondage."

Needless to say, this cynical philosophy of love finds expression in Strindberg's works of prose fiction. It is the soul of each story in "Marriage," the collection already referred to. It is the purport of Strindberg's autobiographical novel—"The Confession of a Fool"—, written to set his first wife in the pillory in retaliation for her jealousy of his literary achievements and her disloyalty to him in love. That philosophy is the core of another novel—"By the Open Sea"—, which depicts a Nietzschean hero, self-dependent and masterful, ensnared by a temptress and voyaging to

sea in chagrin to drown himself. That philosophy, also, is at the heart of the later novel—"Black Flags"—, wherein is shown the feminist enthusiast with her banner bearing the legend "Revenge on Man," and the couple yoked by habit and passion yet engaged in an undying struggle, the wife inciting her children to assail their father, and the husband contemplating with pained satisfaction the increasing ugliness of the woman—his mortal enemy.

In Strindberg's work for the stage may be seen, more vividly still, his revolt against the tyranny of love. Thus, in his early drama, "Master Olof," he portrays a courtesan, with the avowed purpose of showing how little such a creature differs from her sisters of superior rank; and in his later pieces—"The Father," "Comrades," "The Dance of Death"—, he develops even more powerfully, his anti-feminist attack. Let us review his principal plays, disagreeable though they be, to the end that we may fully understand both the strength and the weakness of "the terrible Swede."

In "The Father" ("Fadren"), a cavalry captain has, for twenty years, been engaged with his wife in the duel of sex. They would have parted long before, had their child not bound them together. Now the conservative mother wishes to train this daughter at home; but the radical father would send her away to the school of a free-thinker. When the captain asserts his right to shape Bertha's future, his wife retorts by darkly hinting that Bertha is not his daughter. The situation is thus analogous to that employed later by Hervieu, in "Les Tenailles." But, whereas, with Hervieu, the wife speaks the truth, with Strindberg, she lies. Not only does she inspire in her husband false doubts of his paternity; she also takes measures to make him seem insane. Having set an alienist to observe him in the mental distress due to her revelation concerning the child, she accumulates proofs of his madness to be sent to the board of lunacy: "Now that you have fulfilled your function as father and breadwinner," she tells him, "you are no longer needed, and must go."

The captain, goaded to desperation by her taunts, hurls at

his wife a lighted lamp, thereby confirming his friends in their belief that he is insane. As the captain raves on, controlled by the notion that he is not the father of Bertha, he drives the girl violently from him, and then falls to caressing her roughly. His old nurse, thinking to save the child, wheedles the supposed madman into a strait-jacket, where, captured and held fast, he can do no more than rail against women—his mother, who brought him forth unwillingly; his sister, who ruled him in childhood; the first woman he embraced, who repaid his love with disease; his daughter, who has preferred her mother to him; and his wife, who from the day of their marriage has been his arch enemy. As the captain concludes these anathemas, he chokes with rage, suffers a stroke of apoplexy, and expires, while the wife clasps her daughter in triumph.

The imputed insanity of the captain reminds one of the supposed madness of Don Lorenzo, in Echegaray's "Folly or Saintliness;" but here there is nothing involuntary in the supposition; it is rather the result of a definite plot on the part of the wife. Strindberg, indeed, would have us see, in this wife, woman the vampire. Love between the sexes is strife. "Do not think," says the wife to her husband, "that I gave myself; I did not give, but I took—what I wanted." As for the husband, he maintains that their enmity resembles race hatred. They are doubtless descended from two different species of ape that warred in the jungle. But he is the weaker—why? Because his parents, in fighting against his birth, atrophied his will, prenatally.

Less terrible, but no less significant as an expression of Strindberg's misogyny, is his play "Comrades" ("Kamraterna"), sub-titled, ironically, a comedy. Here the antagonism between husband and wife is largely professional. Both are artists. But the woman preys upon the man, draws her strength and inspiration from him, and then treacherously seeks to displace and defeat him. He, on the other hand, is long-suffering and generous. He paints 'pot-boilers' on panels of wood that she may have the money she needs and the leisure to toil at a masterpiece. He gladly subdues his nature to hers, becoming effeminate in appearance as she

grows more masculine. Finally, he labels his own picture for the salon with her name, in order that she may enjoy the satisfaction of being accepted there. But, in the meantime, the ungrateful wife has arranged to humiliate her husband by having his picture (which she hears is rejected) returned to him before a party of guests. What is her grief to find, when the picture comes back, that it is really her own, and that she has but made public her disgrace, and not his! At length, she would propitiate the husband who has sacrificed all for her sake, but Axel believing that she will never desist until she has sucked out his very life-blood, dismisses her, and goes forth to greet another woman—not a "comrade" this time, but a sweet-heart. "I want to meet my comrades at the café," he remarks; "but at home I want a wife." When Bertha asks if they are never to meet, Axel answers blithely, "Yes, of course! But at the café."

The motto of this piece might be the old proverb—"Rule a wife and have a wife." In support of that doctrine, one of Axel's female admirers declares that what she yearns for is a man who can govern a woman; and a male friend of Axel affirms that, in his own household, he has ruled from the first with an iron hand. When Axel, in revolt at his wife's attempt to master him, forces her to her knees, she weeps and appeals to his masculine chivalry. But he is inflexible. "You see!" he cries, "I was your strength. When I took what was mine, you had nothing left. You were a rubber ball that I blew up; when I let go of you, you fell together like an empty bag."

Obviously, Axel, like his creator, is prepared to war to the death upon the emancipated woman of Ibsen. "I feel myself stirred by an angry need of resisting this enemy," says Axel, "inferior in intellect, but superior by her complete absence of moral sense." Yet the use of force is no certain weapon against woman, since, as one of the minor characters reflects, "Women are terrible tyrants, especially when they submit."

In "Creditors," "The Link," and "The Dance of Death," —plays by Strindberg discussed more in detail elsewhere,— the same sex duel is set forth. In "Creditors," a woman

twice married has preyed upon her husbands, exhausting them each in body and mind. The first takes revenge upon her by exposing her true nature to the second; and incidentally, also, he gratifies his jealous hatred of the second by destroying that rival through the power of hypnotic suggestion. As for the second husband, he is the weaker of the two. Of his efforts to aid his wife in her writing, he declares: "I gave, I gave, I gave—until I had nothing left for myself! . . . When my successes as an artist were about to obscure hers and her name, I sought to instil courage into her by belittling myself and by subordinating my art to hers." This is precisely the situation already developed in "Comrades." Now the first and stronger husband, though he, too, has suffered from the tyranny of love,—being made public sport of by Thekla in her novel—, frees himself from her dangerous domination and laughs sardonically at his successor, who professes reverence for women—those anæmic creatures of arrested mental and physical growth.

In "The Link," too, Strindberg exhibits marital misery in the case of a couple united by their common passion and by the child which that passion has called into being, yet hating and mangling each other in their efforts to separate. Nature blindly forces them together, yet as blindly tears them asunder. Frantically, the wife declaims against God, "who has put this infernal love into the world as a torment for us human creatures."

In the two parts of "The Dance of Death," Strindberg again exploits the horrors of a marriage in which hatred has succeeded to love as its necessary complement. The attitude of the wife to the husband is just that described in "The Father," and the conclusion of "The Dance of Death" is identical with that of the earlier play—, the husband expiring from apoplexy, while his wife gloats over his downfall. But whereas, in "The Father," the husband is merely a victim, in "The Dance of Death," he is both a victim and an avenger, one even more detestable than his wife. It is he, indeed, who is the vampire, at least according to his wife. She calls him a wood-borer, a man-thief. "You see," she affirms, "he has no interests of his own, no personality, no initiative. But

if he can only get hold of some other person, he hangs on to him, sends down roots into him, and begins to flourish and blossom."

Woman's enmity toward man, which is more often insisted upon by Strindberg than man's enmity toward woman, occasions the catastrophe in "Facing Death" ("Inför Döden) a play in one act. An old Frenchman, in order to please his wife, has evaded military service and deserted his native country to become the keeper of a Swiss pension. As a result of his wife's mismanagement, he has gone from bad to worse, yet he has taken upon himself every mischance. "'Blame it on me!' I used to say, when she had become terribly involved in some tangle. And she blamed, and I bore! But the more she became indebted to me, the more she hated me, with the limitless hatred of her indebtedness." The wife, having ruined him, has died, leaving her three daughters to regard their father as the source of all their woes. When the old man is forced to turn out his last lodger in order to protect the honor of his youngest daughter, he confides to his eldest daughter the fact that he is now bankrupt. He tells her that, as a final resort, he has set a candle alight where it will burn down the ramshackle house. With the insurance money, Adèle and her sisters may stave off starvation. Even as he speaks, the smoke from the conflagration eddies into the room. In vain Adèle seeks to drag him to safety. Already he has taken poison. His head drops upon his hands where he sits at the table, and the flames crackle near. Woman once more has claimed her victim.

But if woman destroys the thing she loves, she also fiercely attacks that which stands in the way of her love. In "Simoom" ("Samum"), accordingly, a beautiful Algerine slays by suggestion a French soldier, whose brain has already been addled by the blasts of the desert. She does this, not only in revenge for the killing of her lover by the French; but also because another lover now demands that she prove herself worthy of him by some act of masterful cruelty. So Biskra hypnotizes the Frenchman, who has come to her tent seeking refuge from the simoom. When he asks for water, she serves him sand; when he cannot drink the sand, she makes him

believe that he has been bitten by a dog suffering from rabies. Then she forces him to write his wife a curse as his last legacy, and to think himself a deserter about to be beheaded. As the Frenchman dies, raving, the woman's lover emerges from concealment to congratulate her. "Strong Biskra!" he cries, "stronger than the simoom!"

The glory of mere strength, in love as in hate, is again dwelt upon by Strindberg in his curious and clever monologue entitled "The Stronger" ("Den Starkare"). In a café, on Christmas eve, sits dejectedly the former mistress of one whose wife now enters to taunt her rival. Both women are actresses. The first, saying nothing, indicates her feelings in pantomime. The second, who talks, has captured the man; she holds him fast in the bonds of marriage; yet, although she boasts of being the stronger, she admits that she has been forced by her husband to ape the fashions of her rival. She has had to conform to what the other woman once liked. "That's the reason," she says rancorously, "why I had to embroider tulips, which I hate, on his slippers; because you are fond of them; that's why we go to the mountains in the summer, because you don't like the sea air; that's why my boy is named Eskil, because it's your father's name—Oh, my God! it's fearful when I think about it! Everything came from you to me, even your passion. Your soul crept into mine, like a worm into an apple, and ate and ate, until nothing was left but the rind."

Once again, it will be observed, the vampire stands to the fore. Which of these two women is really the stronger—she who has conquered and holds the man by process of law, or she who has imposed upon him and his wife her every taste and desire?

For Strindberg generally, as for Shaw in a comedy sense, woman is the active agent in love, but love itself, as a cosmic force, is stronger than the individuals through whom it works. Whereas Shaw regards love optimistically, however, as an expression of the Life Force which is striving to produce more and more perfect individuals, Strindberg regards love pessimistically as a brute instinct that tortures after promising delights, that destroys as well as creates, and that vic-

timizes both the high and the low. In love, the weaker will go to the wall. Such ideas Strindberg displays most luridly in "Countess Julie" ("Fröken Julie"), a play first written in three acts, in 1888, but in its more striking version of 1902, reduced to one act.

Julie is a hoyden of family who has dismissed her suitor of rank because he objected to being lashed on failing to jump over her riding whip. She is romantic enough to believe that by passing the boundaries of class she may escape from the tedium of conventional life. On Saint John's Eve, she flirts in the kitchen with her father's lackey, who warns her not to play with fire, but, as rustic revellers rush in, profits by the confusion to carry her off to his room.

When Julie and he emerge after the revellers have gone, the lackey's manner has changed. He is now the master, Julie is his slave. In the duel of sex, she has succumbed. As Jean tells her that they will flee to Switzerland and open a hotel, she listens to him dazedly. In vain, she begs a word of love. The lackey bids her steal her father's cash, and be quick about it, too. When she asks to carry along her pet canary, the brutal fellow retorts by chopping off its head. Then, in his arrogance, he decides to leave her behind. When she pleads with him, he puts into her hand the razor with which he has been shaving, and suggests by his eyes and gestures that she use it. Julie obeys by cutting her throat in the stable. Here, as in "Comrades," the woman is beaten. But Julie, though defeated, remains a typical Strindberg heroine. Her mother, we learn, was strong-minded, an advocate of feminism, who brought Julie up to do the work of a man and to wear a man's garments. From this mother, who, in her freedom, proved disloyal to her husband, Julie has imbibed her hatred of men, except, as she says, when the weakness of sex comes upon her. It is lust alone that draws her to Jean; whereas reason drives her away from him.

Julie's passion is seasoned with loathing. As she stares at the blood of her bird on the chopping block, she turns to her conqueror, saying: "Oh! I'd like to see your blood, your brains on a wooden block—I'd like to see all your sex swimming in a sea like this. I believe I'd drink out of your skull;

I'd wash my feet in your chest cavity; I'd eat your heart fried. Yet you think that I'm weak. You think that I love you, because I longed for the male of you!" Notwithstanding her defiance, Julie loses her will and yields on the instant to the lackey's hypnotic suggestion.

This stress on the power of hypnosis has been ascribed to Strindberg's reading of Poe and his dabblings in pseudo-science. Whatever its source, the idea is one that haunts him, as witness "Simoom," "The Father," and "Creditors." He is also impressed by the power of the will to affect, not alone other wills, but other fates, by telepathy. Just as Ibsen's Solness, in merely wishing that the house of his wife might burn to the ground, sees that wish transformed into fact, so Strindberg's heroine, in "There are Crimes and Crimes" ("Brott och Brott"), confesses that with her sisters and mother she has virtually slain her father by willing his death. The hero, too, on falling in love with her and deserting his mistress, wishes his child out of existence, whereupon the child expires. Though its death is demonstrably due to natural causes, and Maurice is acquitted in court of the charge of killing it, he holds himself guilty. A tolerant friend admits that he has committed a similar crime of the will, and maintains that his indulgence toward others arises from his consciousness of such guilt. In a statement that echoes a speech by Sudermann's Magda, Adolph declares that: "Nobody is really good who has not erred. In order to know how to forgive, one must have been in need of forgiveness."

Now Strindberg's philosophy of love is connected with ideas of this sort only in so far as love may enthrall its victims, or destroy the obstacles to its gratification through the force of suggestion. Thus, Henriette, the heartless coquette of "There are Crimes and Crimes," turns Maurice against his sweetheart, wishes his child out of life, and boasts that on this occasion, as on others, she has sinned through the will alone,—the safest of sins because most likely to defy detection and punishment. If Strindberg, in the main was accustomed to deal with love as a force destructive, yet, on those rare occasions when his personal affairs were not

utterly distressing, he could write of it in a vein of laudation. In "Easter" ("Påsk"), for example, peace and good will and the efficacy of beneficent suggestion are the themes. A creditor, long feared by the family of an imprisoned defaulter, proves, after all, forgiving and grateful for an earlier benefit. In "Advent," also, though much of the play is devoted to tracing the machinations of a wicked judge and his wife against two children, the innocent finally conquer by the aid of a supernatural playmate—Love or the Christ Child personified—; and the judge and his wife, when consigned to hell, and forced, in that abode of reality, to behold themselves as they truly are, give promise of reform. In "Swanwhite" ("Svanehvit") moreover, he, who so often has denounced love as a thing meretricious, sings its praises, moved thereto by his passion of the moment for the actress Harriet Bosse, and by his literary admiration of the moment for the mystical dramas of Maeterlinck.

Deep at heart, Strindberg possessed a certain fund of idealism, a certain respect for love and the old-fashioned woman; but he lacked sufficient of either to tide him over the reefs of shocking experience. For the most part, therefore, he remains a defamer of the affections, portraying them in atrabilious humor as the instruments of a natural tyranny employed by the strong to delude and master the weak. Thus, in "Motherlove" ("Moderskärlek"), he sardonically pictures a woman of light virtue robbing her daughter of friends, of professional advancement, and of marital prospects merely to gratify her own wicked desires. Such, says the dramatist, is the motherlove of which we make vaunt. With similar animus, he displays, in "Debit and Credit" ("Debet och Kredit") the worldly success of a scientist as established by his deliberate trampling underfoot of the devotion of a brother, a friend, a mistress, and a youth whose sweetheart he would boldly appropriate. Doctor Axel, in short, is a Master Builder at the apex of power, an unprincipled superman.

Self-assertion, pessimism, sex-aversion—these are three notes which Strindberg, with nerve-racking frequency, strikes into jangling dissonance. His favorite figures are egoists or else the victims of egoists. His favorite scenes are such as

expose the delusions of life. This is the case in "The Dream Play," "The Spook Sonata," and "After the Fire" ("Brända Tomten")—the last a sketch for the stage describing the rending of the veil from the face of hypocrisy when a house, outwardly respectable, burns down and discloses the hidden corruption of its tenants. Here Strindberg registers his misanthropy in terms fairly Swiftian, one of his characters remarking with regard to humanity, "It's a disgusting race; ugly, sweating, ill-smelling; its linen dirty, its stockings full of holes; with chilblains and corns—ugh!"

Enough has already been said of the sex-aversion of Strindberg. He was ever the new woman's outspoken enemy. He assailed her early and late, from "Margit," wherein he flings at the type as prefigured in the sixteenth century, to "The Thunderstorm" ("Oväder"), wherein he rages at woman the trouble-breeder, depicting a wife who divorces her husband through evil scheming and remarries, yet returns to the man she had maligned to perturb his hard-won peace by invoking his aid against his own successor. Here, as always with Strindberg, sex-attraction and sex-aversion go hand in hand. As the hero of "To Damascus" remarks to his wife: "We love. Yes, and we hate. We hate each other, because we love each other; we hate each other because we are linked together. We hate the link, we hate love; we hate what is most lovable because it is also most bitter; we hate the very best which gives us life."

Poor Strindberg! thirsting for love, yet gnawing his fingers with hate; his breast the wrestling ground of forces titanic, agonized by their conflict and exclaiming, "My hate is boundless as the wastes, burning as the sun, and stronger than my love!" The fact remains, however, that Strindberg despised the affections only because he feared them, because he felt that love was the most drastic of tyrants.

IV

Love as sentiment, love as lust, and love as an instinct inciting to alternate attractions and repulsions—such are the typical themes of Schnitzler, Wedekind, and Strindberg,

respectively. Each in his own particular field stands supreme. Wedekind, indeed, is so violently strange, so brutally frank and individual, that no one as yet has ventured to follow his lead. As for Strindberg, he, too, is fairly inimitable in his use of black magic, although his conception of the duel of sex appears in the comedy of George Bernard Shaw. Schnitzler, however, is less unapproachable, for if Vienna excel in the delicate treatment of what is indelicate, Paris lags but little behind. Yet such plays as those by Capus or "The June Bugs," by Brieux, approximate, if they do not attain, to the mood and art of Schnitzler.

In Russia, the conception of love as a tyrant appears to be but one phase of the general conviction that life is hard and delusive. The Slav, in his melancholy, looks with despair rather than rage upon the havoc wrought by love, regarding it as only one among many evidences of the futility of existence as a whole. In Tchekhov's "The Sea Gull," for example, the hero suffers, not merely from a passion that plagues him, but also from ambitions unfulfilled. In England, with greater sanity and humor, Granville Barker, taking his cue from Shaw, now laughs at the domination of sex, as in "The Madras House," and now, as in "Waste," laments it with tragic effect.

In concluding the present discussion, let us glance at these three or four plays—French, Russian, and English—, and note how they vary the world-old theme. First, for "The June Bugs" ("Les Hannetons") of Brieux, the playwright of purpose, who here drops for once his stage-pamphleteering to toss off a light-hearted trifle.

Brieux's heroine is a piquante grisette, the mistress of a middle-aged schoolmaster. Despite her seeming naïveté, Charlotte is a terrible despot. After the last of many quarrels, she leaves her Pierre, but, on finding that he merely revels in his bachelor freedom, she leaps into the Seine, taking care that a rescuer shall be ready at hand to save her. When a crowd bears the dripping girl back to her lover, he is just setting forth on a hunting trip. The money which he has long been hoarding for this vacation, he is forced to dispense as a reward to the rescuer; and with Charlotte he is obliged

to make peace. "I wanted to play the strong woman," she tells him. "If I had known that you wouldn't call me back, I would never have thought of leaving you." Pierre can only retort, "But, my dear child, would you begin all over our life of misery? . . . You make me suffer . . ., and you suffer yourself." Charlotte, however, is a second Mrs. Micawber; she will never desert him. Ruefully, therefore, the school-master bends his neck once more to the yoke, and, at the fall of the curtain, is being rated, as of old, for daring to sit on the table. The play takes its title from a sentence in Pierre's zoölogy lesson: "The habits in love of the June Bugs are especially cruel." Cruel indeed, he reflects, and what else are Charlotte and he but June Bugs?

The dominion of love so satirically carped at in this frivolous piece is no matter of jest to Tchekhov, the lachrymose Russian. In his first serious drama, "The Sea Gull" ("Chaika"), a sensitive poet adores an actress who, finding no prospect of success in experimenting on the stage with her Constantine's symbolic plays, turns from them and from him to an older and better known writer. Constantine is embittered by his failure in love as in art. He challenges his rival to a duel, makes a bungling attempt at suicide, and by the end of the third act presents the spectacle of a man overwhelmed by defeat. By the fourth act, however, he has somehow mastered himself and achieved renown, though still tortured by the pangs of his hopeless love. In the meantime, his rival, the reprobate Trigorin, has deserted Irina and returned to his earlier alliance with Constantine's mother, herself an actress. As these two, with their friends, are at supper one night, there comes to the house the forlorn Irina. Her child by Trigorin has died; her father in wrath has turned her from his door; and now, as an outcast, she will go forth with a third-rate theatrical troupe into the provinces.

Constantine offers to forget her disloyalty and share her fate. But Irina replies that she is only a wounded sea gull, destined to fly away alone. She still loves her betrayer, whose voice she can hear at this moment raised in merriment in the room adjoining. As Irina disappears into the night,

Constantine, freshly assailed by despair, shoots himself, dying a slave to love,—that passion which, in Tchekhov's opinion, shares the honors with other weaknesses in making man miserable.

If there is something depressing in Tchekhov's outlook upon life, his Weltschmerz is very Russian, the result, in part of the period of national discouragement in which he wrote. Of this sentimental despair under the tyranny of love, Granville Barker knows nothing. He is self-contained and cool in facing the facts, grim or cynical as the case may be. In "Waste," he traces the effect of love as lust in destroying the career of his hero, one who sees the result of years of effort ruined by the passion of an hour. In "The Madras House," such passion is allowed for in the scheme of things, but the dramatist is chiefly intent upon laying bare with cynical jocularity the common cloaking of a common instinct. Love in its lower manifestations may still be a tyrant, but it loses half its power when we learn to discern its true nature beneath polite trappings—fine clothes or fine phrases.

Constantine Madras has withdrawn from active management of his London drapery business, and retired to live in the East as a Mohammedan convert. He regards European men as softened, sentimentalized, rotted, by being lapped in the cotton wool of prettiness and pettiness. He upholds the Mohammedan view of woman because he believes it to be franker and more manly. The Mohammedan does not spend his time in glozing over matters of sex; he recognizes their importance and relegates them to a place of their own. The Christian European, on the other hand, is absurdly hypocritical. He devotes three-fourths of his energies to disguising in himself and in others what is natural; he is forever striving to provide a sauce for sensuality that shall make it seem something else.

The spokesman for the old-fashioned attitude toward woman and love is Constantine's brother-in-law, the respectable Huxtable. Huxtable is the father of six maiden daughters, rendered miserable by the conventions that have kept them from the society of men. To each suitor, in turn, Huxtable and his wife have raised objections until even the

youngest of the girls has abandoned hope and sought consolation instead in a man's collar.

To the captain of industry, in this play, still another view of sex is ascribed. He regards the world as a conspiracy of buyers and sellers to make the most out of bargaining with each other, and proposes to sexualize the department store so that men may be served by women, and women by men,—an arrangement, he argues, which will double the sales. At the Madras house he attends a private display of gowns freshly imported from Paris, and worn by pretty models, who are put through their paces by a tailor-made man-milliner with the walk of a water-wagtail.

The emancipated view of love and woman is expressed in part by Miss Yates, one of Huxtable's saleswomen. Miss Yates, on being implicated in a scandal, is questioned by her employers, but boasts, with Shavian perversity, of her incipient maternity. Still more intellectual is the attitude toward these things of Philip Madras, son and heir to Mohammedan Constantine. From conducting a fashion-shop, Philip falls to detesting the sexuality which he assists others in draping with civilized gear. "I do so hate this farm-yard world of sex," he tells his wife.

In his passion for truth, he decides to forsake his comfortable trade and go into philanthropic politics. He will strive to teach humanity to come of age. "Finery sits so well on children, and they strut and make love absurdly. . . . But I don't see," he adds to his wife, "why we men and women should not find all happiness, and beauty, too, in soberer purposes. And with each other, why not always some touch of the tranquil understanding which is yours and mine, dear, at the best of moments." Thus the tyranny of love may best be endured in a marriage of frank, mutual comprehension, a marriage which will build upon sexual satisfaction something higher. Barker, it will be observed, comes to no novel conclusion in this strange, chaotic play; yet his is a counsel of sanity, and among his incoherent scenes there may be discerned a certain unity, if not of plot, at least of *motif*.

Much more powerful as a drama is Barker's "Waste."

Here, in a simple and consistent story, the playwright sets forth the disaster wrought in the life of an intellectualist by the lust of an hour. Henry Trebell is a politician of the best type, deeply concerned in a scheme for Church disestablishment in the interests of public education. When he is picked for Lord Horsham's cabinet and has practically secured the coöperation of the members of that body for his great design, his hopes are blasted by a personal indiscretion. In a mad moment, the first and last of the sort in his life, Trebell yields to the seductive spell of a siren, a mere chance acquaintance. He cares nothing for Amy O'Connell, and they part at once; yet he finds that she is to bear him a child. When, later, she comes to him in her trouble, he happens to be engaged in affairs of state. He puts her off with promises of assistance, but she loses her head, consults a quack, and dies of his malpractice. The scandal goes no farther than the cabinet; even the lady's husband, from whom she had long been separated, consents to keep silent at the inquest. But the ministers refuse to sit with the guilty man. On receiving notice that he has been dropped from the cabinet, Trebell shoots himself. His secretary states the moral: "I'm angry . . . just angry at the waste of a good man. Look at the work undone . . . think of it! Who is to do it! Oh . . . the waste!"

Barker, as an intellectualist, endeavors through the four acts of the play to engage the spectator's sympathy for his intellectual hero, betrayed by a fleeting passion. Instead of condemning the man, we are expected to understand, pity, and excuse him. But Barker has rendered this task difficult by making his hero a cad.

Trebell regrets Amy's death but feels no responsibility for it. Rather, he rages against what she has been able to do to him. "She was a nothingness . . . silly . . . vain. And I gave her this power over me!" he laments. Amy's husband assents: "Yes, if I wanted revenge, I have it. She was a worthless woman. First my life and now yours! Dead because she was afraid to bear your child, isn't she. . . . Not the shame, not the wrong she had done me . . . but just fear—fear of the burden of her womanhood."

One feels that the dramatist is a trifle too severe upon

his heroine and too lenient with his hero, yet we are meant to perceive that both alike are the victims of lust, and to exclaim, "O the pity of it!"

Aside from the study of Trebell's character and the lighter sketching of several others, "Waste" presents elaborate and wearisome political discussions, some satire at the expense of the respectable statesmen who refuse to sit with the hero when scandal touches his name, and one brilliant love scene that recalls the episode of the hero's fall in Meredith's "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." This scene is perfect as a representation of the workings of passion, and by reason of its restraint in expression. Barker would have us understand that the woman in his play is not so much consciously luring the man to destruction as yielding, like him, to a power despotic in control.

Whereas Oscar Wilde has playfully ascribed the enslavement of man to woman herself, Barker—like Shaw—ascribes it to the Life Force. "The history of women is the history of the worst form of tyranny the world has ever known," says Wilde's Lord Illingworth; "the tyranny of the weak over the strong. It is the only tyranny that lasts." Barker, however, views love as itself the tyrant. Thus, in "Waste," the man who despises passion as an unworthy weakness, and the woman who has separated from her husband in order to evade the responsibility of bearing him children, both succumb to the Life Force, flying in the face of what hitherto they have either feared or despised. The true tyrant, then, is love, and from its tyranny woman suffers equally with man.

CHAPTER XIV

IDEALS OF HONOR

I. Honor less frequently the theme in the modern drama than in that of the seventeenth century. The ideal of honor as less external to-day than formerly. The old external ideal surviving in Echegaray's "Mariana,"—a woman separated by scruples of honor from the man she loves and marrying one she does not love because she can rely upon his sense of honor to fortify her own. The new and subjective ideal exploited in Echegaray's "Folly or Saintliness,"—a man so sensitive to honor that in adhering to what he conceives to be his duty he wrecks the happiness of his family and is regarded as insane. Galdos's "The Grandfather," an allied study in subjective honor.

II. The old and the new ideal of honor combined in Echegaray's "The Great Galeto,"—the power of calumny in the crowd, the great go-between, to separate an honorable wife from her husband, and to force her to love one she has not before loved. A comedy version of the same idea in Jones's "Joseph Entangled." The claims of humanity as superior to those of personal honor, in Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," —the power of suspicion in the husband to separate from him his honorable wife, and to force her to love the one unjustly suspected.

III. Modern protests against the older conception of healing the wound to a woman's honor by marriage: Wilde's Mrs. Arbuthnot, in "A Woman of No Importance," and Sudermann's Magda, in "Die Heimat," as women who reject this remedy. Other refusals of the sort made the crux of drama in Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son" and Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," plays to be contrasted in this respect with Jones's "The Hypocrites."

IV. Modern protests against the conception of healing the wound to a man's honor by the duel; the view of Doctor Johnson in favor of the duel opposed by recent playwrights: Schnitzler's "Fair Game" and Sudermann's "The Joy of Living" and "Honor;" the theory, in this last, of various social levels of honor—lower-class, middle-class, and military and aristocratic, as differentiated from the ethical honor of the free, rational individual. The folly of the military ideal of honor exposed in Hartleben's "Rosenmontag."

I

In the Spanish and the French theatre of the seventeenth century few notions were more often used for the motive power of drama than the ideal of honor. To portray an injury inflicted upon the hero's sense of honor, to show his resentment and his method of securing vengeance was a sure recipe for the making of a play. The Spaniards in particular rang the changes upon this type of plot. From the conflict of honor with other sentiments—notably love and loyalty to a superior—, there arose many variations of the honor play, but the ideal itself was scarcely questioned. In France, with the success of Corneille's "Cid," honor as a motive came to the fore, and in England, with Beaumont and Fletcher, it was made of great moment.

The use of honor as a theme is less common in the modern drama, partly because the old romantic situations dependent upon this ideal have been worn to shreds in the course of centuries; partly, also, because our conceptions of honor have become less rigorous. Although the code of the duel still prevails among certain classes on the Continent, especially in military and aristocratic circles, the vast majority of intelligent persons reject it as an absurd feudal survival. In America, especially in the South and West, there remains a sentiment favorable to the old ideal of honor, a sentiment that prompts the injured husband, for example, to take into his own hands the punishment of his rival, if not of his wife. But, even in such localities, he who is injured does not usually feel as did the Spaniard two centuries ago; that is to say, he does not feel himself deprived of all virtue in the eyes of others until the injury against him be washed out in blood. Revenge, rather than honor pure and simple, actuates the husband who slays the betrayer of his wife, or the Kentucky feudist who slays from ambush the enemy of his clan.

For the most part, the world over, the sense of honor has become more subjective. Those who think refuse to believe that the deeds of any save themselves can morally compromise them. The man whose wife proves unfaithful to him is not thereby morally disgraced. Only his own misdeeds can

affect his ethical standing. He may be socially humiliated by the actions of those near and dear to him, but he cannot be dishonored. Signs of the breaking up of the traditional conception of honor appear on all sides in the contemporary drama, and yet, here and there, honor in the older sense survives as a dramatic theme. One of the best examples of this use of it is to be found in the "Mariana" of the Spanish dramatist, José Echegaray.

A coquette, loving one man, marries another on discovering that the first is the son of her mother's betrayer. Although Daniel cannot be held accountable for his father's perfidy, she casts him off because all that he is derives from a corrupt source. Then she marries his unloved rival as one certain to slay her should she ever yield to Daniel. Here, accordingly, the ideal of honor interposes to forbid her marriage to her lover and to dictate her choice of a husband whose sense of honor is so acute that he will kill her should she fail to keep her own honor intact. But Mariana's ideal is less sensible than that of her husband, for ethically she dishonors herself by marrying without affection merely to support a fantastic notion of honor.

As Mariana sits pensive on her wedding night, through the window steals Daniel. He has come to bid her farewell or to prevail upon her to flee with him. When he promises to go if she will but admit her love, she confesses it, as well as her reason for having jilted him. But Daniel, emboldened by her avowal, grows insistent, and it is only by summoning her husband that she saves herself from yielding. "Pablo, help!" she cries; "Your honor calls you!"

When General Pablo, revolver in hand, rushes in, Mariana draws down upon her his vengeance. "Listen! I always loved him," she says, pointing to Daniel. "I married you through jealousy! . . . I was going to run away with him! Do you understand? If you let me go, I shall run away. . . . It is now your turn. What will you do?"

"That which you desired of me," answers Pablo, firing at Mariana, who reels to the ground. Then, to Daniel, who has thrown himself upon her body, the general continues, "I am waiting for you." The two men go forth to duel, Daniel

with the presentiment that he will be joined to Mariana in death.

The play is powerful in its closing scene, although weak in exposition. Its ideal of honor is external and extravagant, yet essentially Spanish. Such a piece might have been composed by Calderón or Lope de Vega. Had Echegaray done nothing else in the drama of honor, he would have ranked as a mere imitator. But another piece of his, and one better known, is more original.

In "Folly or Saintliness" ("Ó Locura ó santidad"), it is not the honor of the sex relation that is involved, but the honor of an idealist determined to be true to his convictions. Don Lorenzo Avendaña learns from an old woman, formerly his nurse, that he is in reality her child, that his supposed parents secretly adopted him in order to secure an inheritance, and that this inheritance and his very name are not rightfully his. Now Don Lorenzo's daughter is in love with a duke, whose mother has been won over to consent to the match only with difficulty. When the dowager duchess comes to ask of Don Lorenzo the hand of the girl, she is surprised and relieved by his refusal. Yet, for her son's sake, she agrees still to sanction the marriage, provided that Lorenzo keep silent. He may, however, bestow his fortune upon the true heirs. But Lorenzo is too much the man of honor to retain even his borrowed name. He feels that he must not only renounce his fortune but say why he renounces it.

At this point, Lorenzo's wife turns upon him his own logic, showing him that if he makes public the matter, Juana, the nurse, will be liable to imprisonment. The apostle of honor is now bewildered. "How can I know what I ought to do?" he asks. "Darkness envelops me. What is truth? What is falsehood?" His conduct takes on forthwith the air of frenzy. Even the dying Juana cannot understand him. Perceiving, however, the misfortune she has wrought, she burns the only evidence of his parentage, and denies ever having spoken to him on the subject. His scruples, therefore, seem indeed like those of a madman. If proofs can be adduced showing that his belief is well based, he may be exempted from the charge of insanity. Yet such proofs will dishonor the family and, by

rendering the match of Ines impossible, destroy her happiness and perhaps her life.

A medical friend, already convinced of the hero's madness, has secured the services of an alienist, whose presence renders Lorenzo the more distraught. As he endeavors to embrace his daughter, the alienist interposes, and she, rallying to her father's defence, begs him to produce the proof of his alleged parentage. Lorenzo unlocks the desk where the letter given him by Juana is presumably concealed, and draws forth the paper which Juana had substituted for the tell-tale letter, now destroyed. But, since the paper is only a blank, his friends are confirmed in their opinion that his mind is unsettled. When the alienist would lead him away, his daughter intervenes; but the others, fearing lest Lorenzo injure her, separate them forcibly. "Adieu, father; I will save you yet!" she cries; but, in despair, he responds, "What can you do, child, when God Himself has not seen fit to save me?"

Now the conception of one unjustly suspected of insanity is by no means uncommon in farce, but the tragic possibilities of the situation have seldom before been wrought out so effectively. What gives the play its significance is the fact that the suspicion of insanity here attaches to one with a high sense of honor. Whereas honor, in the plays of Calderón, is for the most part artificial and external, it is here subjective and natural. Lorenzo, like the hero of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," is a man who, learning clearly his duty, resolves to do it to the utmost, without compromise.

The title of the piece suggests the question as to whether Lorenzo is really mad or merely moral, and the answer seems to be that he who would too nicely observe the dictates of honor will ever run the risk of being deemed no better than a madman. Don Lorenzo's prototype in literature is confessedly Don Quixote, who in the pursuit of the ideal wore to others the aspect of folly. In this modern reworking of the ancient motive, Lorenzo, in the first scene, is represented as reading from the novel of Cervantes and commenting upon it. He thus prepares for his conduct later in the play and for the estimate of him framed by his friends. In this drama there is a certain resemblance, also, to "Hamlet," although a

resemblance with a difference. Whereas Hamlet deliberately feigns madness, Don Lorenzo is involuntarily suspected of it. But, in showing the indefinite border line that separates madness from sanity, Echegaray follows afar off the method of Shakespeare; and the actor who assumes the task of interpreting the play does well to accentuate neither the morality nor the lunacy of the hero over much; he should rather leave in the minds of the spectators some doubt as to Lorenzo's folly or saintliness.

In a piece partially allied to "Ő Locura ó santidad." Benito Pérez Galdôs has emphasized, like Echegaray, the new conception of honor as subjective. His drama "The Grandfather" ("El Abuelo") follows the fortunes of a nobleman who loses his property and learns that one of the two girls he had supposed to be his granddaughters is not, after all, the offspring of his son. Henceforth, to ascertain which of these two is his legitimate grandchild, to discard the other, and wipe out the blot on the family name, becomes the old man's ruling passion. Over this problem, indeed, he fairly forfeits his sanity, and is about to be committed to an asylum, his true granddaughter consenting to his confinement. At this juncture, however, a village priest with whom he has sought refuge assures him that his conception of family honor and of nobility as a matter of blood and heredity is absurd. Honor, says the priest, consists in "pure living, neighborly love, and wishing no evil even to our enemies." The count, who has been shocked to discover that it is his favorite who is in fact the illegitimate child of his son's wife, is now comforted by this girl in his distress. At last, he understands that love and not honor is supreme. "That which is within is that which endures!" he exclaims. "My child, God has brought you to me; love is eternal truth."

II

The old conception of honor, exploited in "Mariana," and the new and subjective conception of honor, exploited in "Folly or Saintliness" and "The Grandfather," are curiously combined in a third play by Echegaray. His "Great Galeoto"

("El gran Galeoto") shows a wife unjustly suspected of infidelity to her husband. At first, the husband defies the breath of scandal, but on hearing that his wife has been lightly spoken of in public, Julian feels himself dishonored and, duelling with the traducer, falls mortally wounded. By chance, he is brought in to the apartments of the suspected lover, his adopted son, only to find there Teodora, his wife. She had come to dissuade Ernest from duelling, also, with the calumniator, and has had no time to escape. Julian, recognizing his wife thus hidden in the room of the man with whom scandal has linked her name, struggles to his feet to chastise her, and then falls in a swoon.

This effective, though well-worn, situation concludes the second act. At the opening of the third, Ernest has fought and laid low the antagonist of Don Julian and has come to bid the latter farewell. But, on being rebuffed, he asks in despair, "What is the use of loyalty?" Since no one will credit his virtue and that of Teodora, why be virtuous? "Let nobody touch this woman!" he cries. "She is mine! The world has so desired it, and its decision I accept. . . . Come, Teodora. You cast her forth from here? We obey you."

The lesson of the play is obvious. Calumny tends to make real whatever it assumes. Talk scandal concerning an innocent man and woman, and you go far toward making them guilty. The scandalmongering crowd is the great go-between, the 'great Galeoto,' forcing together those whom it chances to bind in suspicion. An ingenious prologue develops this idea. Ernest, the poet, has contemplated writing a drama in which the crowd shall be the hero. He opens Dante's "Inferno" to the incident of Paolo and Francesca, who, reading together of Lancelot enthralled by love, were themselves tempted to yield to love:

> "Galeotto was the book and he who wrote it.
> That day no farther did we read therein."

Galeotto, in the old story, was the go-between who united Lancelot and Guinevere in their guilty love; this book and its author have proved for Paolo and Francesca another Galeotto. Forthwith, Ernest perceives his theme prepared for

him. He, too, will deal with a Galeotto, the great Galeotto, which in his view is the crowd, the gossiping many. "Francesca and Paolo!" he exclaims, "Assist me with the story of your loves. The play—the play begins.—First page—there, 'tis no longer white. It has a name,—'El Gran Galeoto!'"

An English play which offers a comedy version of Echegaray's idea is the "Joseph Entangled" of Henry Arthur Jones. Sir Joseph Lacy, a notorious lady killer, by the merest chance, spends an August night in Lady Verona Mayne's town-house, being invited in by the butler, his former servant. By chance, also, Lady Verona herself has come to town that day, and she too spends the night at the house, without knowing of the presence of Sir Joseph. At breakfast they meet, exchange a few courtesies touched with coquetry, for they have once been lovers, and then separate. But gossiping friends and a neighbor get wind of the affair and swell it into a scandal.

The audience, from the first, understands that there is no real foundation for this scandal, but through two acts Lady Verona and Sir Joseph are engaged in combatting the false imputations of their acquaintances and the wrath of Hardolph Mayne, the lady's husband. At length, exasperated beyond measure, Sir Joseph offers to take Lady Verona away. "Through no fault of yours and mine everybody believes us guilty," he says. "Whatever I do, whatever I say, even if you pacify Hardolph, there will always be a suspicion attaching to us. Would it be so very horrible to trust your life to the care of the man who has always loved you, who never loved you so devotedly as now?"

At this point the situation runs tangent to that in "The Great Galeoto," but Jones, although he would have us understand that scandal tends to make real a fancied wrong, is too much the moralist to countenance an elopement of the pair so unjustly suspected. Instead, he shows the wife as still unshaken in virtue by her husband's incredulity and as putting even the less rigorous Sir Joseph on his mettle to defend her. That defense proves successful, and all ends happily.

Where Jones and Echegaray have dealt with honor and

love as affected by suspicion on the part of the crowd, Maeterlinck has dealt even more powerfully with honor and love as affected by suspicion on the part of the husband alone. In his striking play, "Monna Vanna," so different in quality from the other pieces in his theatre, Maeterlinck has exhibited the force of a husband's suspicion to bind a wife to the man suspected. So far, he has developed, by different means, one theory underlying "The Great Galeoto." But he has not considered the effect of scandal upon those supposed to be lovers. Instead, he has posed a new question concerning honor, namely, Under what circumstances, if any, a woman may honorably sell her honor? To this question he gives no absolute answer, since the man in the play who thus bargains for his victim's honor refuses to take it. But the implication remains that the woman who would sell her honor to save a starving city does a noble deed, and is not thereby dishonored.

Pisa, at the end of the fifteenth century, is besieged by the Florentines. The inhabitants are without food or resources. Prinzivalle, the mercenary chief of the besiegers, sends word of the condition on which alone he will succor his enemies. Monna Vanna, wife of the lord of Pisa, accepts his condition. Guido, her husband, takes consolation in the thought that at least she will kill Prinzivalle, but she points out that, were she to kill him, the city could not be saved. Then Guido threatens her with imprisonment and death, but in the hands of the people he is powerless. Unable to understand her heroism, he spurns her from him.

Now Prinzivalle is far from being the barbarian he might seem. Though outwardly a rough soldier of fortune, he is inwardly a romantic lover. As a boy he had seen and been enamored of Vanna. Ever since, he has borne in his heart her image. When she wonders that he should have wrecked his future and only to bring her for an hour beneath his tent, Prinzivalle tells her that in truth he has sacrificed nothing. The Florentines have turned against him; his arrest is ordered.

At this point comes a messenger warning Prinzivalle to flee. Then Vanna begs him to return with her to Pisa; her husband will treat him as a guest. "Will he believe you when you tell him?" asks Prinzivalle. "Yes,—If he did not be-

lieve me—but he will," she answers. So Vanna conducts to her agonized lord the soldier of fortune, explaining: "He saved me, he spared me, respected me.—He comes here under my protection." Guido, deeming that Vanna has but lured her ravisher hither to kill him in public, summons in the crowd to witness her revenge. He asks if they have not even kissed, and Vanna confesses,—"I gave him one kiss on the brow, which he returned." The husband now offers to free his wife and her paramour if she will speak the truth. "I have told you the truth," she persists. But, when Guido calls the guard, Vanna flings herself before them. "No, no! I have lied! . . . . Go, you must not take what is mine!" To Prinzivalle, who seeks to interpose, she whispers: "He has joined us. I belong to you. . . . I put these chains upon you, but I shall . . . free you!"

Thus the curtain falls upon the evil-minded husband forcing his wife to an alliance with one she had not loved before. Her honor, Maeterlinck would have us believe, was not compromised, either by her first determination to save the city, or by her last resolve to cleave to the lover for whose life she had given her word of honor as surety, and who, out of respect for her honor, had spared her. To some, the ethics of this play may seem repugnant. Certainly, the moral problem it presents admits of more than one answer. But that Maeterlinck has here distinguished the new subjective honor from the old objective conception must be evident. Honor for him, as for most moderns, does not consist in the observance of outward prescriptions alone. It is rather a matter of one's adherence to inner convictions. As Pope wrote:

> "True, conscious honor is to feel no sin:
> He's arm'd without that's innocent within."

III

A favorite phase of the older conception of honor that still lingers in plays of the present deserves a few words. This phase of the old external ideal of honor concerns the world's view of the duty devolving upon the man who has wronged a

woman to repair that wrong by marriage. In Jane Austen's delightful novel, "Pride and Prejudice," a giddy girl is silly enough to run away with a worthless young soldier. He is a rascal beyond hope of amendment, and yet every effort on the part of the virtuous persons of the novel is bent toward making him marry the girl he has wronged. The law of honor demands that Lydia shall for life be bound to Wickham merely because in her inexperience she once fell his victim. When Wickham is finally both lured and driven into actual marriage, the girl and her mother are quite at their ease, and everyone else is gratified to find a snarl in the family honor so easily smoothed out.

Similar situations on the stage, with a similar prescription for healing the wound to honor, have always been common since Shakespeare, in writing "Measure for Measure," made the deserted Mariana happy by fast tying her to the base Angelo. In the modern drama, however, appear protests here and there against so lightly huddling up an error. In Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance," for example, Mrs. Arbuthnot, who discovers in Lord Illingworth the father of her son, is urged by that son to marry his wicked and cynical lordship and thus retrieve her past. The boy, too, would threaten Illingworth with a duel if he refuse to consent to this marriage. Illingworth, who has taken a fancy to the young fellow before knowing his identity, is willing to please him. But Mrs. Arbuthnot, wronged so long ago and forced through the years to suffer in silence, rejects the offer with scorn.

Still more vigorous is the protest against marriage as a cure for injured honor in Sudermann's "Heimat." Here, Magda, who encounters her betrayer on returning home after long absence, is at first willing to accept his proffer of marriage, even though she knows it to be made partly out of fear, partly out of ambition. Although she despises von Keller, she consents to his belated proposal for the sake of her father, whose orthodox conception of honor it will satisfy, and for the sake of her child, whom in one sense it may legitimatize. But von Keller demands too much. He tells her that she must give up her career on the stage, since her pretensions

as an opera singer will prove a handicap to his political ambitions. Instead, she shall be the ideal modern wife, "the consort, the true, self-sacrificing helper of her husband." As for the child, it must remain the deepest secret between them.

For Magda this is the last straw. She breaks into hysterical laughter, talks caressingly as though to her child, and then, turning on von Keller, orders him out. Her father intervenes and commands her to consent, as she values her life. He will even shoot her rather than fail to see her honor repaired by marriage. Only a stroke of apoplexy prevents his fulfilling this threat, so strong is the middle-class faith in a formal reparation of honor.

The protest against considering a woman's honor as made whole by marriage to her seducer is again heard in two recent English plays,—Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes" and John Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son." In both, the woman in the case, who is of lower station than the man, refuses the atonement that he proffers her. In both, accordingly, a new note is struck, a note discordant with that sounded so recently as "The Hypocrites" of Jones. For, whereas, in "The Hypocrites," the author's whole effort is directed toward converting the seducer and his family from neglect of the girl to acceptance of her, that effort, in "The Eldest Son" and in "Hindle Wakes," is expended upon calling attention to the girl's own rejection of the belated offer of marriage.

Freda Studdenham, the heroine of Galsworthy's play, is the daughter of a gamekeeper on the estates of Sir William Cheshire. Misled by Sir William's eldest son, she is to bear him a child. On learning this fact, Bill Cheshire announces to his family that he will marry her. His father has just been fulminating against an under-keeper for precisely the same offense and demanding that the fellow wed his victim or suffer dismissal; but when the situation is duplicated in the baronet's family, the good man is scandalized. He scoffs at the notion that Bill must sacrifice his career to any such Quixotic scruples.

Bill cheerfully admits that he cares nothing for Freda or for the conventional morality that demands such a sacrifice; but he protests that he cannot feel decent to leave the girl

in the lurch, with everyone knowing. At this juncture, Freda herself cuts the Gordian knot by declining to accept the Honorable Bill as a husband. In this decision, she is confirmed by her father. "Don't be afraid, Sir William," says the sturdy gamekeeper. "We want none of you! She'll not force herself where she's not wanted. She may ha' slipped her good name, but she'll keep her proper pride. I'll have no charity marriage in my family." Sir William is troubled at heart by this unexpected turn of affairs, especially since the other couple, at his instigation, have settled their difficulty in the traditional way. "Damn it, Studdenham!" he complains. "Give us credit for something!" But, if the baronet be left ashamed at the superior generosity and sense of honor displayed by the Studdenhams, his daughter is filled with admiration for Freda,—a woman, she says, who "has really had the pluck" to assert her personal freedom.

This conclusion is in one sense rather weak; for it offers no guide for social conduct in general, and it leaves too much to be conjectured as to the future of Bill and of Freda and her child. Were the three better or happier than they would have been with marriage? Galsworthy, here and elsewhere, does not deem it his business to prepare ready answers to the questions of life. Having stated certain problems, he leaves us to think them out.

Somewhat similar to this piece in plot and idea is Stanley Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," a play less carefully considered in construction, yet one of sheer power and rare realism. Fanny, a mill-worker, runs away on a holiday lark with the mill-master's son. Having had her one fling, she comes home unrepentant. But her parents by chance discover the truth and appeal to the canny, pious old mill-master to right the wrong done to their child. Now old Jeffcote differs from the fathers of erring sons in the plays of Jones and Galsworthy just considered. He is no purse-proud aristocrat, no truckler in sophistries. He believes that marriage alone can heal the wound to a woman's honor. Not only does he consent to Alan's marrying Fanny; he demands it.

Alan's fiancée, also, approves his marriage with Fanny as an act of imperative duty. But Fanny, like Galsworthy's

heroine, asserts her independence. If Alan were to throw over his betrothed at his father's behest, she could never respect him. In any case, he is only a weakling. Of genuine love for him she knows nothing. Their lark together was a passing indulgence. For that lark she deserves no deeper condemnation than he, she maintains, since men and women are equals. Some moralists saw in this play, at its first production, dangerous doctrine. They were shocked by the heroine's seeming assertion that two wrongs make a right. It is true that Fanny is an unpleasant character,—needlessly callous and obstinate—; yet the dramatist created her, not for the purpose of justifying the sowing of wild oats by women so long as men continue to sow them, but rather to show the folly of prescribing to the new woman forced marriage as a cure for sick honor.

IV

Where the reparation of injured honor is a matter for settlement between men, the duel has always been favored in aristocratic and military circles. Even the sensible Doctor Johnson, according to Boswell, upheld duelling as consistent with moral duty. Johnson argued that as men grow refined, their honor becomes more sensitive, and that he who fights a duel does it not from passion necessarily, but in self-defense, to avert the stigma of the world and avoid being driven from society. "I could wish that there were not that superfluity of refinement," said Johnson, "but while such notions prevail, no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel." Long after, Johnson added this dictum: "I do not see, Sir, that fighting is absolutely forbidden in the Scriptures; I see revenge forbidden but not self-defense. . . . No, sir, a man may shoot the man who invades his character as he may shoot him who attempts to break into his house."

Such is the traditional view of duelling, but protests against it are common to-day. In the recent drama, Sudermann has objected to it, in "Die Ehre" and in "Es lebe das Leben," where Norbert advises the guilty Richard to take his own life rather than to duel with the man he has in-

jured. More lately still, Arthur Schnitzler, in "Fair Game" ("Freiwild"), has exposed the folly of the code, at the same time developing the notion set forth by Doctor Johnson that one may be obliged to fight in order to protect his social existence.

The scene of Schnitzler's play is a small watering place near Vienna. There the soubrette of a summer theatre is attracting the attention of various admirers. One is a dissolute lieutenant who wagers that he can bring her to a champagne-supper. When his advances are repulsed, he returns to his comrades smarting from the rebuff, and expends his ire upon Anna's lover, the civilian, Paul Rönning. Paul, a peaceable rationalist, has earlier restrained himself on being insulted by the lieutenant; but now, when the latter attacks Anna's reputation in public, Paul strikes the slanderer a blow in the face. Had the lieutenant been wearing his sabre, he would have cut Paul down without mercy, for already he has done as much to another. Being weaponless, he challenges his assailant to a duel.

Paul declines the challenge. He regards duelling in general as unreasonable, and this particular affair as childish. When a friend expostulates, declaring that, according to the code, he must consent to fight if he be a gentleman, Paul denies that any man's honor can rest in the hands of another. He laughs at the argument, too, of an officer that he is in duty bound to allow himself to be fought by the man who first insulted him, lest that enemy lose his commission.

As for Karinski, Paul's refusal to duel makes him an outlaw. Henceforth, unfit for the career of arms, he is fit for nothing else. Accordingly, moved by no passionate jealousy, but rather by the instinct of self-preservation referred to by Doctor Johnson, Karinski lies in wait for the civilian; and the latter, warned that Karinski will shoot him at sight, goes prepared to retaliate. When the two chance to meet, Karinski, more expert, slays his enemy. Thus the rational denouncer of duelling falls in an irrational scuffle that lacks even the safe-guards of fair play that the duel provides. Schnitzler's drama is therefore both a satire upon the duel as an institution, and a satire upon those who blindly oppose it. The

duel is silly, no doubt, says Schnitzler, but is it not better than private revenge unregulated? After all, the individual can never hope to alter the *mores* of society, those traditions of slow growth which Professor Sumner has termed the "folkways."

That such customs do change, however, and that modern ideals of honor differ from ancient is the thesis of Sudermann's "Honor" ("Die Ehre"). Whereas, in Sudermann's "Die Heimat," the conflict between Magda and her father regarding honor is but part and parcel of the conflict between them in all their conceptions, in "Die Ehre," honor is the whole theme. Moreover, several conflicting ideals of honor are here exhibited. Two families, socially far apart, live side by side,—the well-to-do Mühlingks in the Vorderhaus, the poor and sponging Heinickes in the Hinterhaus. The careless son of the merchant prince in the front house is amusing himself with the frivolous girl in the house in the courtyard, and she and her parents are glad to get from one so rich whatever they can. No scruples of honor prevent their making the most of their situation. But one day there comes home to these vulgarians their son, who has long been absent in the East Indies.

Robert Heinicke has outgrown the tastes and ideals of his family. He is a self-made man of fine character, shocked to discover the nature of his relatives and the danger of his sister. He wishes to save Alma from ruin, and to open the eyes of his parents to their dishonor. The mother maintains that Alma ought to be allowed to enjoy herself; the father, offers to give her his paternal curse, as if that would do any good. Then Robert puts the case to the girl. She agrees to reform but after the morrow. That evening she must accompany Kurt Mühlingk to a masquerade.

Robert, grown desperate, warns the family to pack up and go back with him to the tropics. At first, old Heinicke and his wife, as they think of the palms, parrots, monkeys, and servants they may have, are charmed at the prospect. But, when Robert has withdrawn to sleep after his troubled vigils, and his rascally brother-in-law comes in to tipple with the old man, the latter's tune changes. Why must he emigrate

just because Alma has wished to attend a masquerade? So the thing presents itself to his mind.

At this point, the merchant prince of the front house calls upon the Heinickes to offer them a large sum to move out and away. He is displeased at his son's intrigue, and wishes to end it by striking this bargain. Old Heinicke is overjoyed. He takes the bribe as wealth well won. The Indies may now go hang. Alma is no longer to be cursed; she is their savior. Glasses are brought, and a toast is drunk to the house of Mühlingk. Robert, awakened by the noise, bursts in upon this scene, and learns that his father has sold their honor. He implores, threatens, rages. The brother-in-law orders him out of the house, and old Heinicke slips away to cash his check.

What shall Robert do? He cannot engraft his ideal of honor upon such wretched stock. He can do no more than go to Herr Mühlingk, for whose firm he has served as agent in the East, turn in his accounts, and pay back from his own pocket the bribe of forty thousand marks. When the insolent Kurt implies that this money has been unlawfully gained, Robert is only restrained from killing him by the intervention of Kurt's sister. She and Robert have long been in love. Her father has sought to separate them by discharging Robert from his employ; but now the girl asserts her independence. "Robert," she says, "let us make for ourselves a new home and a new duty!" To this he adds, "And a new honor!"

The merchant heaps anathemas upon his daughter, but Robert's wealthy friend, Count Trast, interposes. The girl, he explains to her father, is not making a bad match. Robert shall be his partner and his heir. At once Mühlingk relents. "But why didn't you tell me all this before?" he asks, pleased and surprised.

To Count Trast, the *raisonneur*, is here confided the chief discussion of honor. According to him, every caste has its own standard, as it has its own language. The types of honor are as many as the strata of society, for honor is at best but relative. In Tibet, says Trast, he was once condemned to death for insulting the honor of his host merely by

refusing to accept the proffer of that gentleman's wife. What would have been dishonor in Europe was honor in Asia. When Robert protests that his honor has been lost by the baseness of his relatives, Trast laughs at the notion. How is it possible that the honor of one should be affected by the knavery of others? Moreover, the honor of Robert's family is necessarily remote from his own ideal of honor. The honor of his sister has been returned to her, so far as she can use or understand it. "For everything on earth," says Trast, "has its price of exchange. The honor of the front house must perhaps be paid with blood—perhaps, I say—; the honor of the rear house is already restored *in integrum* with a little capital."

Robert is shocked at this reasoning, and then half convinced. But, at least, he must have personal satisfaction from Kurt. His mentor, however, shows him the folly even of this. What! he would be so old-fashioned as to desire to slay the brother of the woman he loves. Then Trast cites himself as the example of one emancipated from the tyranny of the old code of honor. As a youth, he had gambled and lost money, and according to that code had been in duty bound to kill himself; but reason prevailed, he accepted the dishonor, such as it was, and fled from his card debts to become truly honorable. He can now afford to mock at the punctilio which, because of this early affair, prevents Kurt from resenting with the sword an insult thrown at him of set purpose by the count.

It will be seen that in this play three or four levels of honor are indicated. The honor of the Hinterhaus stands lowest, an honor whose wounds are readily salved with gold. The honor of the Vorderhaus stands somewhat higher, an honor that may allow an intrigue with a social inferior but never a marriage without compensating wealth. The honor of the military world stands still higher, an honor represented here by Kurt Mühlingk's fine friends, who assure him that blood alone can heal an injury to honor but blood that is shed only according to certain arbitrary regulations. Now these levels, referred to as lower and higher, are in reality all of them low levels, without any moral distinction. They differ

socially, not ethically. The only high level of honor is that attained to by the individual who is rational and free.

With a play so enlightened in its conception of honor as Sudermann's "Die Ehre" may be contrasted the "Rosenmontag" of Otto Erich Hartleben, a drama setting forth the traditional notion of honor as it still survives in Prussian military circles. Here an officer sincerely loves a girl whom he cannot marry so long as he observes the rules of his caste. Two friends see to it that he shall not demean himself or dishonor his regiment by an alliance with the daughter of a simple burgher. Having secured his transfer to a distant garrison, they proceed to convince him that the girl has been false to him, and to convince her that he is about to marry another. Finally, the officer, yielding to pressure, does abandon himself to betrothal with a woman of wealth for whom he cares nothing. But when, by chance, he learns how completely he has been tricked by his soldier friends, he casts personal and military honor to the winds, and after a brief period of dissipation indulged in with the girl whom he might have married honorably, takes her life and his own. Of course, a real hero would have defied military convention with impunity, instead of feeling that in having shown such defiance he must blow out his brains. But the play, in its tragic conclusion, is both a protest and an admission,—a protest against a foolish code of honor and an admission that such a code still determines the fate of soldiers.

CHAPTER XV

PLAYS OF SOCIAL CRITICISM

I. The rise of the drama of social criticism. Ibsen's part in developing it limited by his interest in the individual soul. Björnson's greater stress upon social conditions. Three of Björnson's plays as typical: "The Editor," assailing the press; "The King," assailing the monarchy; "The New System," assailing vested interests in business. The drama of more highly specialized social propaganda illustrated by Tolstoy's "The Cause of It All," and "The Man Who Was Dead," and by Brieux's "The Consequences of Racing," "Cogwheels," and "The French Woman,"—tracts directed respectively against drink, the law courts, gambling, political corruption, and national self-depreciation.

II. Three principal subjects of the plays of social criticism: relations of the rich and the poor, before the law, in philanthropy, and in industry; antagonisms of race; and problems of sex. Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," satirizing the failure of the law to administer justice to the poor; Galsworthy's "Justice," displaying with dispassionate fidelity the failure of the law to assist the morally weak; and Brieux's "The Red Robe," assailing with vigor and animus defects in the French system of criminal law.

III. Philanthropic relations of the rich and the poor: Brieux's "The Philanthropists," a satire upon organized charity; Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," a humorous plea for sympathy toward the erring; Shaw's "Major Barbara," a satire upon organized charity and its use of tainted money; Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," a satire on the assumption of charitable motives by a tenement landlord.

IV. Industrial relations of the rich and the poor: capital and labor at war in four plays: Moore's "The Strike at Arlingford," a study in personal ethics; Björnson's "Beyond Human Power" (Second Part) a study in general ethics; Bergström's "Lynggaard and Company" and Galsworthy's "Strife," studies in a social condition; Galsworthy's play the fullest statement in the theatre of an industrial problem.

V. Antagonisms of race: such conflicts the basis of Sheldon's "The Nigger," and of three plays exhibiting a clash between Jew and Gentile; —Bernstein's "Israël," a Christian son about to duel with his Jewish father; Heijermans's "The Ghetto," a Jewish lover forsaking his family

for a Christian sweetheart; and Zangwill's "The Melting Pot," a Jewish lover in devotion to his Christian sweetheart rising above race prejudice and motives of personal hatred.

VI. Problems of sex: Björnson's "A Gauntlet," a plea for male morality; Wedekind's "Awakening of Spring," a tragedy of adolescence; the subjects of other plays of the kind: Wedekind's "Hidalla," Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Brieux's "Maternity," "Woman Alone," and "Damaged Goods." The legitimacy of such plays, the moral argument against them, and the esthetic argument; Tolstoy's defence of the drama of social reform as quickening our consciousness of human brotherhood.

I

The democratic trend of art in the nineteenth century found expression, first, in poetry, next, in prose fiction, and, last of all, in the drama. Plays of the earlier half of the century were, in the main, romantic and artificial—mere escapes from reality. But when, in response to the scientific and humanitarian movement, the drama became conscious of its new opportunities, social themes began to suggest themselves. In France, the romanticists were followed by the devotees of "*l'école du bon sens*," the efforts of Augier and Dumas *fils* being directed, with increasing zeal, toward displaying upon the boards social conditions that demanded reform. It is Ibsen, however, more than any other, who has made the drama of social criticism a living fact; and since the day of his first contribution to the discussion of problems in this field, the theatre has tended more and more to supplement the forum and the public press. Matters of every kind affecting social welfare have come to be regarded as legitimate subjects for dramatic treatment, just as in fiction, somewhat earlier, abuses in the workhouses, schools, factories, law-courts, and prisons were successfully utilized by novelists like Dickens and Reade.

With Ibsen, however, the drama of social criticism was never merely social. In all his dealings with institutions, Ibsen kept his eyes fixed upon the individual. In writing "An Enemy of the People," for example, it was not his purpose to expose the mismanagement responsible for the infection of the water-pipes at a bathing resort. He desired,

rather, to show the need, everywhere and always, for individual integrity in combating the selfish majority. Any other instance might have served his purpose as well. So, in his treatment of commercial and political hypocrisy and of marital infelicity, Ibsen was intent upon declaring the need for regeneration in the individual soul, rather than upon assailing or proposing to alter laws for marriage, government, or business. The universal element is therefore predominant in his work, in spite of its seeming provincialism, and this preponderance of the universal will preserve that work when the more highly specialized social plays of others have been forgotten. Most of Ibsen's contemporaries and successors in the cultivation of this drama have cared less about the individual soul than some specific outward cause—divorce, race-suicide, corruption among the police and the magistracy, labor wars, the social evil, 'tainted money,' and a dozen other themes of the sort. Such plays, however, are likely to be as ephemeral as the older novels with a purpose.

Ibsen's countryman, Björnson, was among the first to begin shifting the focus of drama from the individual soul or career over to the social condition. But he carried the process to no great extreme. With Björnson, the individual still remains important, whereas with Brieux, for instance, he is quite lost to view. Plays by Brieux and the later dramatists of this school are little more than pamphlets of reform arranged for convenience in dialogue. Plays by Björnson, however, still attempt to interest us in the fortunes of a hero or a heroine. Thus Björnson, in "A Gauntlet," writes in advocacy of male chastity, intending us to respond, not only to his demand for reform in this respect, but also to the emotional and artistic appeal of his characters. Brieux, on the other hand, in "Maternity" and "Damaged Goods," employs his personages only as dramatic 'sandwich-men' to attract attention to the manifestoes with which they are engaged to parade.

Since Björnson is a noteworthy transitional figure in this movement from individualism to collectivism, three of his plays may be touched upon here. In "The Editor," he assails the tyrannical power of the press; in "The King," the

tyrannical power of the monarchy and its upholders; and in "The New System," the tyrannical power of vested interests in business.

Radicals and conservatives are at war in "The Editor" ("Redaktören"). A fearless radical is being assisted by a wealthy conservative, the distiller Evje, to whose daughter he is betrothed. But the distiller is urged by his friend, the editor of a conservative paper, to break off the match. When the distiller refuses, the editor grows threatening. He will crush Evje with the power of the press. After due hesitancy, the distiller consents to cashier Harold, but presently he learns the folly of compromise, for a scurrilous attack upon him, written to be used in case he opposed the editor, is printed notwithstanding, through the malice of a disgruntled employee of the paper. Harold's brother, having worn himself out in the fight for reform, dies of shock on reading in the same issue a more violent attack upon himself. Then the editor, beholding the havoc he has wrought, repents and announces his retirement from so nefarious a profession. Although this change of heart enforces the dramatist's moral, it is quite as improbable as the sudden death of Halfdan Rein. Politicians, even in a state of nervous breakdown, do not perish from newspaper criticisms.

In "The King," ("Kongen"), Björnson introduces a frail youth, who, on ascending the throne, is troubled by the thought that monarchy as an institution is unjust. To democratize his sovereignty, he marries the daughter of a socialist professor, but the queen's father, hating even the most advanced of kings, renounces her, and dies in exile, and she expires of remorse at having disappointed his hopes. As for the king, he loses not only the queen, but also a cabinet minister, his friend and adviser, who is slain by a radical zealot. Against him rise those instinctive conservatives—the people—together with the more consciously selfish powers of Church and State. So the king, frenzied by the misunderstanding and inertia of all about him, commits suicide. His courtiers shake their heads, and declare him to have been a madman.

When this play aroused angry criticism, Björnson replied

that it was not meant to incite to revolution but rather to point the way to the peaceful and gradual substitution of republicanism for monarchy, especially in small states. It was the spirit of compromise peculiar to such states that he would oppose. That spirit, accordingly, he exhibited in its obstructionist influence upon commercial life in "The New System" ("Det ny System").

A system of railway management for which the supervisor general of a certain line is responsible suffers attack in a book written by a young engineer, in love with the supervisor's daughter. Riis retaliates by forbidding the girl to have anything more to do with Hans Kampe, and by requiring the auditing of the accounts of Hans's father, who has recently withdrawn from the railway. It will therefore appear that the elder Kampe has resigned under a cloud, and that the younger, in his book, is but trying to get even. Then Riis gives a dinner to the civil engineers of the district, intending to discount, to a high parliamentary official, the theories of his critic. When Hans attends the dinner, and by his eloquence wins favor, Riis plays upon the elder Kampe's one weakness. The old man, with his tongue loosened by wine, talks so freely as to imperil the cause of his son. Yet the parliamentary official grasps the situation, and Hans wins at least a partial victory.

If Björnson, like Ibsen, hates compromise, he is less inflexible in his antagonism to it. His heart is too warm to permit his being as logical as his great and cold compatriot. He inclines to reconcile those forces which Ibsen would have carried in conflict to a finish. Whereas Ibsen objects to institutions in the name of the individual, Björnson believes in institutions as well as individuals. Whereas Ibsen exalts only the great lonely souls, Björnson exalts the oppressed and insignificant many. To this extent, then, he is more purely a social dramatist than Ibsen.

Following in the wake of these Norwegians, yet outrunning them in devotion to the cause of social reform, have come other dramatists—Tolstoy, Shaw, Galsworthy, Wedekind, Brieux, to name but a few. It will be convenient to discuss such plays in connection with three major problems dear to

the hearts of their authors, but before taking up these problems we may glance for a moment at the first and last terms in this series of social dramatists,—Tolstoy and Brieux.

Tolstoy, in turning from art to life, was in duty bound to decry the drama, like Rousseau, his great forerunner, yet, in time, he perceived that it might serve as a vehicle for the easy carriage of social doctrines. Late in life, accordingly, he began to make such use of it, writing for the stage pieces marked by the zeal of the propagandist and by the propagandist's indifference to the canons of art. "The Power of Darkness," already referred to, describes the decline from crime to crime of the reprobate Nikita, betraying those who trust him, committing the most dastardly of murders, then overwhelmed by remorse and attempting suicide, next confessing his sins, and finding peace in submitting to imprisonment. Drink is assailed in "The Cause of It All" and "The First Distiller," spiritualism and luxury in "The Fruits of Enlightenment," and the inadequacy of the law to deal with crime or civil relationships in "Resurrection" and "The Man Who Was Dead."

The simplest social drama by Tolstoy is "The Cause of it All" ("Ot Nei Vsye Kachestva"). Here a drunken peasant refrains from beating his wife at the instance of a tramp, who preaches a lay sermon against intoxicants as 'the cause of it all,' yet himself drinks up the peasant's vodka and steals his food. The peasant deliberates as to whether he will thrash the fellow or let him go. Kinder counsels prevail, and the tramp is moved to tears and repentance. So the Russian caps a temperance lecture with a lesson applying his favorite tenet of non-resistance to evil.

More complex is Tolstoy's "The Man Who Was Dead" (Zhivoi Trup), a drama exposing the futility of the law when it steps in from outside to arrange the affairs of three people—husband, wife, and lover. The worthless husband has deserted his wife, who turns for aid to a friend. This friend, after vainly endeavoring to win Fedia back to his duty, wishes that it were possible to marry and protect Lisa with whom he has earlier been in love. The husband is willing, for he recognizes his own short-comings and the merit of

his rival. Accordingly, at the suggestion of a gypsy girl, his new fancy, Fedia writes Lisa a letter of farewell and disappears, leaving his coat on a river bank. The wife, on learning of her husband's suicide, feels her affection for him reawakened, but ere long she turns to the virtuous Victor, marries him, and is happy.

One day, however, the supposed dead man is overheard in his cups tattling his story. A rogue advises him to improve his condition by blackmail, but, being rated for the suggestion, discloses the affair to the authorities. Lisa and Victor are thereupon dragged into court before a stupid magistrate. When Fedia learns that their marriage will be annulled and that they will be imprisoned for fraud and bigamy, he shoots himself. "Forgive me," he whispers to Lisa, in dying; "I could not make you free before. . . . Now it is not for you, it is for my own sake."

Brieux exhibits the same preoccupation with social issues as Tolstoy, but the issues are more highly specialized, and his plays are more perfectly adjusted in technic for accomplishing his purpose. Brieux, indeed, is the journalist playwright *par excellence*, a theatrical counterpart of the modern magazine 'muck-raker,' ready to turn to account in a drama the arguments against any abuse or the factors in any social condition. Several of his feuilletonist plays are elsewhere examined. At this point it will suffice to speak briefly of three.

In "The Consequences of Racing," ("Le Résultat des courses"), Brieux moralizes on the danger to the proletariat of gambling. A bronze worker loses at the races funds that belong to his employer, and being dismissed, goes to the devil. Eventually, he is saved by his virtuous son, who, in the meantime has secured the place forfeited by his father, and the hand of his master's daughter. In "Cogwheels" ("l'Engrenage"), Brieux moralizes on the evils of legislative corruption, showing an honest fellow from the provinces drawn into politics by a rascally senator, and ruined by accepting a bribe. Remoussin, on realizing the nature of his deed, sends the money to the attorney general. Unfortunately, his restitution is made at a moment when the government wishes to hush up the affair. He is assailed, therefore, by the offi-

cials, as well as the public, caught in the cogwheels of the political machine, and destroyed.

Even more characteristic of Brieux is the special pleading contained in the third of these plays. During a visit to Norway he was besought by the French consul at Bergen to exert his influence to deter Parisian publishers from flooding foreign countries with pornographic literature. In response to that request, he wrote "The French Woman" ("La Française"), with its every personage, turn of plot, and speech designed to reinforce a plea for patriotism. A French youth, reared in America, visits the land of his ancestors, and opens his eyes to the glory of a country which he had been led to suppose decadent. He refuses to return to America, despite an appointment to a professorship at Harvard, marries his pretty cousin, and settles down in his uncle's business, content to be a Frenchman. With him, on his journey to Europe, has gone a ranchman from Wyoming, whose French—*mirabile dictu*—proves superior to his English. The ranchman finds the journey equally illuminating, for he discovers that the notions of life which he has derived from reading Parisian novels are false. He has supposed every Frenchman to be devoted to intrigue, and every Frenchwoman to be ready to deceive her husband. When the astonished ranchman, checked in attempting to flirt with the wife of his host, asks why it is that Frenchmen speak so lightly of their virtues, he is told that native modesty accounts for the self-disparagement.

II

Aside from the subjects for social plays incidentally noticed already, and aside from the pieces that consider specifically marriage and divorce (treated elsewhere), three chief groups of the social drama may be distinguished. One comprises the plays that deal with sex; another, the plays that deal with racial antagonisms; and the most considerable, the plays that deal with relations between the rich and the poor, in industry, in philanthropy, and before the law.*

* That other groups, as well as other plays illustrative of these, might be added must be evident to any student of the contemporary drama.

The undiscriminating interference of the law with private concerns is assailed lightly in John Galsworthy's "The Silver Box" and more seriously in his "Justice." The satire of "The Silver Box" is directed at the difference in treatment accorded by the courts to the rich and the poor. A gilded fool and a laboring man do the same things. The gilded fool is protected from legal punishment by his father, whereas the laborer is haled to court, reprimanded by the judge, and sent to jail. In the course of the laborer's trial, the gay youth saves himself by lying, with the connivance of his counsel and his moral father, a member of parliament. The laborer, not so assisted, tells the truth, and suffers for it. "Call this justice?" he cries: "What about 'im? 'E got drunk! 'E took the purse . . . but it's 'is money got 'im off—justice!"

The accusatory cry of the wretch improperly condemned becomes the title of Galsworthy's more ambitious drama. In "Justice," he traces the career of a youth who steals from his employers under stress of temptation. Falder's sympathies are engaged by the misfortunes of a woman married to a drunken brute. When crazed by anxiety for her safety, Falder raises a check from nine pounds to ninety, and plans to use the difference to enable the woman to escape from her

For example, such pieces as "An Englishman's Home" and Galsworthy's "The Mob" consider, from opposite points of view, the militaristic tendency that has resulted in the European conflict of 1914. In the French theatre alone social themes in the widest variety are developed, as witness Fresquet's "Les Vautours" and Bernède's "La Soutane," on the tyranny of the Church; Bruyère's "En Paix," on the private sanitarium; de Curel's "La nouvelle Idole," on the scientific cruelty of the physician; Jullien's "L'Écolière" and Trarieux's "La Guerre au village," on the trials of the country schoolmistress; Adam's "Le Cuivre, on commercialism as the cause of war between states; Landay's "La Loi de pardon," on the condition of the released convict; Sardou's "Daniel Rochat," on religious marriage; Donnay's "Le Torrent," on divorce; and Prévost's, "La plus faible" on free love; Mirbeau's "Les mauvais Bergers" and de Curel's "Le Repas du lion," on the socialistic problem; de Curel's "La Fille Sauvage," Jullien's "L'Oasis," and Donnay's "Le Retour de Jérusalem," on the relations of race with race; and Boniface's "La Crise" and Fabre's "La Vie publique," on political evils.

husband to South America. Detected by his employers, he is arrested and brought to trial.

After an elaborate court scene, there follows a purely pictorial act, effective chiefly in dumb show. Falder is in prison, going silly from solitary confinement. He sits in his white-washed cell, trying to sew button holes on his shirt, or paces about in his stocking-feet like a caged animal, jumping from nervousness at the sound of a falling sauce-pan lid, or suddenly responding with furious blows to the clamor made by the other convicts in beating on their gratings. Yet the doctor pronounces him sound in body and mind, and the chaplain regards him with favor as peculiarly susceptible to religious impressions.

Two years later, when Falder is released as a ticket-of-leave man, he can find no one to trust him except as he forges testimonials of character. The woman for whose sake he fell into crime has gone from bad to worse, and, after working at skirts in a sweat-shop, has succumbed to an easier way of life.

Having met Falder by chance, Ruth comes to his first employers to beg his reinstatement. He follows her in, admitting that he has lost the few jobs that he could get. "The fact is," he says hopelessly, "I seem to be struggling against a thing that's all round me. I can't explain it: it's as if I was in a net; as fast as I cut it here, it grows up there. . . . I'm afraid all the time now." Falder's fears are justified, for, at this juncture, the detective who had arrested him in the first place enters to claim him for having forged a reference. His old employers attempt to shield him, but in vain. As he is dragged down the stairs, he makes a desperate leap, falls, and breaks his neck.

This matter-of-fact play is the more effective in that it tells its story dispassionately. No character is overdrawn. The criminal is not a villain; nor is he an innocent, abused and sentimentalized. The men who send him to jail are not stony-hearted capitalists. Even the prison officials are well-intentioned and compassionate. Indeed, what differentiates this piece from the old-style melodrama of crime is its temperate tone, its absence of heat and hysterics. The situations

and the personages are presented on the stage as George Gissing was wont to show them in the novel. They are of the stuff of which newspaper reports are daily manufactured. Galsworthy indulges in no loud invective against the criminal law; instead, he offers a common instance of the inability of that law to cope intelligently with individual delinquency.

Very different is the animus displayed by Brieux, when, in his drama, "The Red Robe" ("La Robe rouge"), he assails defects in the French system of criminal justice. Here the dramatist employs every weapon in his armory of satire against the self-seeking men of the law who scramble one over the other, and all of them over their chance victims, in the endeavor to secure popular approval and professional advancement.

A crime is committed; its author is unknown. The public press condemns the indolence and stupidity of the law in failing to find the criminal. Those in power must provide a victim, even the wrong one, in order to quiet the general clamor. Those out of power, but seeking it, perceive that whoever can definitely fix the guilt will make a name for himself. The road to legal success lies through the prosecution of somebody, no matter whom, and, of course, a victim is forthcoming. Two lawyers, in particular, are depicted by Brieux,—the one too conscientious to succeed,—the other unscrupulous, grasping victory even in defeat, yet finally slain by the wife of his victim.

The first is Vagret, *procureur* in a tribunal of the third class, who time and again has seen lesser men promoted over his head because they have friends at court, and who begins to despair of securing what has so long been promised him. His wife, too, is discouraged, for she has a daughter to marry off and two growing boys, and the red robe which she has bought, anticipating her husband's promotion, appears likely to go unworn. When finally Vagret gets his one great chance, and, as prosecutor in a notorious case, is making a violent speech in court against the accused, suddenly he realizes that he has been carried away from consideration of the truth by his blind desire to overwhelm his adversary, the counsel for the defense. So, asking a recess, he solicits the advice of

the *procureur général.* The latter interprets his appeal as only a ruse to shift responsibility, but honest Vagret takes upon himself the burden of his change of front, with the result that the accused goes free, and Vagret's chances of promotion are forever gone.

The other lawyer is Mouzon, the chief prosecutor, who prides himself upon the number of his convictions. He is intent, not upon ascertaining the truth of his accusation against a Basque peasant—Etchepare—but rather upon weaving a web of circumstantial evidence that will entrap the fellow. In examining witnesses, Mouzon is a bully, lying right and left in order to confuse those who testify. He plays off the wife of Etchepare against her husband, unearthing a scandal concerning her youth of which the husband has never heard, and holding this knowledge over the wife's head as a club to make her confess to what she does not know. Then, because she offends him personally, he arrests her and causes her past to be revealed to her husband.

Mouzon, too, stands in with a member of the Chamber of Deputies, who, for political reasons, wishes to believe that Etchepare is guilty, and therefore approves of his prosecution. This deputy reciprocates when Mouzon, because of a spree in which he has indulged, is about to be degraded in rank by the *procureur général.* The latter is acting only because he fears a newspaper attack upon his administration, and he promptly changes tactics at the instance of the deputy. Mouzon, in consequence, instead of being degraded, is actually promoted to the very position long promised to the more deserving Vagret. Only by thus advancing Mouzon, says the deputy, can the *procureur général* hope for his own promotion.

The other men of the law are described with the same satirical purpose, from the president of the assizes who hastens the trial in order to go hunting on the morrow, to a magistrate of the old school, so harried by the press that he makes arrests at random to appease the popular demand for action. The lawyer for the defense offers himself for the task only because he wishes to gain sufficient prominence to become a candidate for office at the next election. La Bouzoule,

an elderly magistrate who has resigned in disgust, heaves a sigh of relief, since he feels himself for the first time a free man, who can cease being rude to inferiors and unjust to all the world.

It is to La Bouzoule that the mother of the accused comes for advice, complaining that a manufacturer has taken advantage of her son's imprisonment to divert the water from his mill into a brook that has poisoned Etchepare's cattle. She wishes to secure an injunction against the manufacturer, but La Bouzoule explains that the process will cost her time and money, that experts will be hired, and red tape unrolled. "Justice is free," he says, "but the means of attaining it are not." For the poor, the only acquaintanceship with justice is that which they gain in falling beneath its iron hand. Etchepare is acquitted, after suffering financial and domestic ruin. When his deserted wife demands reparation of Mouzon, the latter laughs, warning her that she cannot sue a magistrate. Roused to rage, she stabs him. "Yes, see your work, yours, you bad judges!" she cries. "Of an innocent man, you have well nigh made a convict, and of an honest woman, a mother, you have made a criminal!"

III

The treatment of the poor by the courts of justice, thus powerfully satirized by Brieux and Galsworthy, finds its counterpart as a theme for social drama in the treatment accorded the poor by other classes of the more fortunate,—philanthropists, landlords, and captains of industry. The relation between the industrial capitalist and his laborers is displayed in Galsworthy's "Strife," that between the tenement landlord and his tenants in Shaw's "Widowers' Houses," and that between the dispensers of charity and their dependents in Shaw's "Major Barbara," Galsworthy's "The Pigeon," and Brieux's "The Philanthropists."

The last-named play may be briefly dismissed. A factory owner and his wife are charitably inclined. When a wealthy relative turns up, they enlist his interest in their schemes of benevolence. But dissensions break out in the committees in

charge of the work; and, among the applicants for assistance, the rogues fare better than the deserving. When a professional philanthropist is hired to straighten out matters, he only confuses them the more, veering from prodigality to niggardliness. The factory workmen go on strike. Then the owner, in despair, abandons his cumbrous machine for doing good, and, in extending personal sympathy to the man whose discharge has caused the strike, learns the difference between alms-giving and true charity. Let the well-to-do give, but give with discernment and love; such is the over obvious moral of "Les Bienfaiteurs."

Less ambitious as a play, but much more original in conception and treatment is "The Pigeon," by Galsworthy. This fantasy is not without serious purport as a criticism upon the failure of scientific charity to take account of the irresponsible giver and the irresponsible vagabond. Wellwyn, a sympathetic artist, is the irresponsible giver. He regards the vagabonds he meets as "awfully human," and, despite his daughter's protests, invites them to his studio by distributing to them his cards. His daughter appeals to three representatives of professional charity to discourage her father's indiscriminate giving. The three specialists attempt to pronounce upon the cases of three particular outcasts and to deal with them in a truly scientific manner. But, needless to say, the efforts of the specialists prove ludicrously unsuccessful. After all, Wellwyn, their dupe, their 'pigeon,' by his individual human kindness, has done more for the unfortunates than the specialists. But no one can do much.

Ferrand, the spokesman for the three vagabonds, is a Frenchman, whimsical and philosophic. Of the theorists upon delinquency he declares: "Those sirs, with their theories, they can clean our skins and chain our 'abits—that soothes for them the aesthetic sense; it gives them too their good little importance. But our spirits they cannot touch, for they nevare understand. Without that, Monsieur, all is dry as a parched skin of orange."

The reformers are amusingly portrayed. One is an optimistic canon who relies upon appeals to the moral sense in men; the second is an explosive justice-of-the-peace, who

believes in rigorous punitive measures and in privately organized philanthropy; and the third is a professor of sociology, who considers state control to be the only salvation for the criminal classes.

Galsworthy's "The Pigeon" is his most agreeable play, artistic and genial, sweetening with comedy its criticism upon the professional uplifters of the wayward, and apologizing for old-fashioned loving-kindness in the spirit of Charles Lamb's "Complaint on the Decay of Beggars." This good-natured fantasy is at a far remove from the no less fantastic but bitter and cynical satire "Major Barbara," in which Shaw shows up the kind of support accorded organized charity and the readiness of the organizers to accept donations from those they regard as immoral.

Major Barbara is a girl of good family who has joined the Salvation Army out of a genuine desire to uplift the unfortunate. At first, she cannot understand that the West Ham Salvation Shelter is a place where hypocrites come to eat the bread and treacle of charity, and to help swell the collections by patching up lying confessions of their past misdeeds. When a bully, moved to repentance by Barbara's gentleness, offers a sovereign to pay a young woman for the bruised mouth he has given her, Barbara rejects his gift, declaring that it is not his money but his soul that she would have; the Army cannot be bought.

At this juncture, however, Barbara's wealthy father, who happens to have witnessed these proceedings, urges her to quiet Bill's conscience at any price, and agrees that if she will accept the bully's sovereign, he—the great manufacturer of fire-arms—will give to the cause ninety-nine pounds. Still Major Barbara stands firm in her refusal. Now comes the glorious news that the Army has been promised five thousand pounds by a noble lord if an equal sum be forthcoming from other subscribers. Barbara's father, piqued by her rejection of his offer, promptly writes out a check for the required five thousand, and is hailed as a great philanthropist. But Barbara argues that her father is only purchasing fame with the money he has made in dispensing the instruments of destruction, just as is the other benefactor of

the Army, Lord Saxmundham, once plain Bodger, the whiskey distiller.

Needless to say, Barbara's view is not that of her fellow Salvationists. They are willing to admit that the money is 'tainted,' but they are only too glad to lay hands on it. As Barbara's father, grasping a trombone, is forced into line in a parade that will march to a hallelujah meeting, the Greek professor, who has joined the army merely in order to study this religious cult, cries gaily, "Blow, Machiavelli, blow!" Barbara, disillusioned, pins her silver badge on Machiavelli's coat, saying, "There! It's not much for five thousand pounds, is it?" The procession moves out, and she is left to murmur, "Drunkenness and murder! My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Bill Walker, whose soul she had been on the point of winning for the Army, taunts her: "You wanted my soul, did you? Well, you ain't got it!" To this Barbara replies sadly: "I nearly got it, Bill. But we've sold it back to you for ten thousand pounds."

Now Barbara and her lover, the professor, resign their commissions in the Army, accepting the dictum of Barbara's father that it is "cheap work converting starving men with a Bible in one hand and a slice of bread in the other."—"Try your hand on *my* men," says Undershaft; "their souls are hungry because their bodies are full." So Barbara and her lover visit Undershaft's great factory of torpedoes and cannon, and marvel at the model community he has created—a community dignified with libraries and schools, and a nursing home, an ethical society, and a William Morris labor church.

When her lover accepts her father's invitation to enter the factory as manager, Barbara grows ecstatically hopeful once more. "Then the way of life lies through the factory of death?" asks the professor. "Yes," answers Barbara, "through the raising of hell to heaven and of man to God, through the unveiling of an eternal light in the Valley of the Shadow." Such words sound cheerfully idealistic, but one is left to suspect that, after all, Barbara merely covets the pleasure of managing souls, whether in the Salvation Army or out of it, just as her mother covets the pleasure of managing

the material furniture, houses, orchards, and gardens on her husband's property.

Although Shaw, in this play is notoriously unfair to the Salvation Army, he is stimulating in his criticism of certain tendencies in modern philanthropy, and consistent with his own individualistic philosophy in declaiming against all who make a virtue of poverty, starvation, and humility. He announces his preference for the avowed egoism of Undershaft as opposed to the masked egoism of the converters and the converted. Yet, while proposing Undershaft as a fair example of the philanthropic captain of industry, Shaw jibes at those who would accept his benefactions and condemn, in secret, his morality.

This question as to whether a stigma should attach to money earned immorally is raised by Shaw in an earlier play involving the relations between landlord and tenant. How far is the respectable landlord responsible for oppressing the poor when the tenements which he owns and operates are unsanitary? Should the lover of such a man's daughter refuse to accept any part of the wealth derived from this source? Should he even give up his own income on discovering it to depend upon similar holdings? These are some of the problems in practical ethics posed by Shaw in "Widowers' Houses."

The tenement landlord, Sartorius, desires to make happy his daughter by marrying her to a man of family. Such a man is Dr. Trench; but his conscience is tender and rebels when he learns that the Sartorius fortune is derived from the rental of unspeakable dwellings for the lowest of the low. His bride, says Trench, must not touch 'tainted money;' she must live upon his own modest income. When, however, it emerges that this income is also bound up with the same disgraceful business, then Trench's attitude toward the tenements is so altered that he even opposes as uneconomic Sartorius's proposal to improve them. But the scheme of Sartorius is less charitable than it might appear upon the surface since his only desire is to furbish up Robbins Row in the hope of securing from the city higher compensation when the Row is condemned to allow the passage of a street. Thus,

Sartorius's philanthropy is selfish, and Trench's nobility in refusing to touch 'tainted money' is merely theoretical and theatric.

Where personal interests are concerned, says Shaw, the practice of social justice will go by the board. Sartorius may be affectionate toward his daughter, but he is hard as a flint toward the poor. His excuses for grinding them down are windy sophisms. Although he carefully shuns all contact with them, he is none the less at fault for their condition. Indeed, he is the more reprehensible for letting his agent, Lickcheese, fight them for the rents through storms of abuse, while he, patting his pockets, basks in the sunshine of prosperity. Sordid as is the theme of this play, and contemptible as are all of its characters, it is so lightened by flashes of satire that it proves far from ineffective, either as an entertainment or as a protest against snobbery, the cruelty of business, and the oppression of the poor by the rich.

IV

For a dramatic exposition of the relations between the rich and the poor, where industry instead of landlordism is concerned, we must turn from "Widowers' Houses" and "Major Barbara" to such plays as Moore's "The Strike at Arlingford," Björnson's "Beyond Human Power," in its Second Part, Hjalmar Bergström's "Lynggaard and Company," and Galsworthy's "Strife."

The least of these is the piece by George Moore. It pictures the temptation and fall of a leader of labor. John Reid, the poet and socialist, is engaged in fomenting a strike in a coal mine belonging to the daughter of the man he had earlier served as private secretary. With that daughter, Reid had once been in love, but Lady Anne has married and lost her husband, and is being courted again by a baron, who offers to provide the capital for fighting the strikers. Reid himself is now betrothed to a fiery little socialist schoolmistress, Ella Sands. No sooner, however, do he and Lady Anne meet than their old romance revives.

Reid is divided henceforth between his duty to Ellen and

his love for Lady Anne, between his duty to the workingmen, also, and his pity for his former sweetheart. The conflict in his soul grows sharpest when there comes to him from an anonymous friend of labor a very large check. Before receiving this gift, Reid had been on the point of advising the strikers to yield; but now, with the check in hand, he knows that he ought to urge their continued resistance. Lady Anne appeals to him to conceal the fact that he has received the check, and threatens, unless he does so, to give herself to the baron. Under this stress, the moral courage of Reid succumbs.

So much for the first two acts. In the last, Reid is in the toils. His attempts to call off the strike have been fruitless; for the men have discovered his earlier relations with Lady Anne and his suppression of the money contributed to their cause. Under their new leader, Ellen Sands, they storm the house of Lady Anne. Reid, in attempting to appease them, barely escapes with his life, only to find that in the meantime Lady Anne has consented to accept the baron, who in return has taken measures that will crush the strikers. Thus Reid has lost all, proving a traitor to the people, his betrothed, and himself. Left without class or convictions, he proceeds, with the approval of Ellen Sands, to cap his confession of failure by swallowing poison.

In this play, George Moore has been interested primarily in depicting a compromiser. The individual has claimed his attention rather than the social condition. As he writes in a preface to the piece: "The labor dispute is an externality to which I attach little importance. What I applied myself to . . . was the development of a moral idea."

Another of these dramas of industrial conflict is the second part of Björnson's "Beyond Human Power." It may be remembered that in the first part of that work, Björnson displayed the fatal consequences of attempting to exceed human limitations in matters of religion. The good Pastor Sang, in his desire to heal his wife supernaturally, caused both his death and hers from overstrain. In the sequel to that play, Sang's son and daughter are the central figures, but their aim is less transcendental than that of their father. They

would establish a social millenium; not a spiritual kingdom. They have inherited a fortune. Rachel, with her share, has established a hospital, but Elias, with his, is supporting the cause of workingmen engaged in a strike. They have risen in revolt against the tyranny of Holger, a capitalist, who in turn has summoned to his castle for a meeting other capitalists. Together they will form a manufacturer's protective association that shall rule with iron hand the sons of labor.

Holger is a ruthless superman, indifferent to his employees. As he is at the top notch of success, and his guests are acclaiming him, the doors of the hall are discovered to be locked, and an attendant, none other than Elias Sang, announces to the plutocrats that their last hour has struck. The castle has been mined with dynamite; they will all be blown to eternity as soon as Elias gives the signal. At these words, the ready Holger shoots down the anarchical enthusiast; but it is already too late, and the explosion occurs.

The last act of the play exhibits the results of attempting to exceed the bounds of the humanly possible. Sang, the fanatical labor leader, has perished. Holger, the fanatical capitalist, is maimed for life and deprived of his faith in the superman. Bratt, a religious enthusiast, responsible for the strike, has lost his reason in brooding over the useless sacrifice which he has prompted. The architect, who had conspired with Sang to produce the explosion, has lost his peace of mind and the love of Sang's sister. Even the workingmen perceive the futility of the violence to which they had pinned faith. They suffer so grievously from the antagonism aroused by their act that all they can do is to beg the crippled Holger for a chance to work as before.

But Björnson, because he is never merely negative or pessimistic, does not leave his parable at so inconclusive a point. Instead, he gives it a positive turn at the close; for a nephew and a niece of the capitalist unite with the temperate Rachel in devising a social community to be moulded to perfection through self-abnegation and love rather than self-assertion. Intense individualism defeats itself, says Björnson, with even clearer voice than Ibsen. The Christian ideal is nobler. Like Browning, too, he here proclaims that the strong man is he

who sets bounds to himself, and works within those limits. Moderation, restraint, altruism,—such are the virtues commended by Björnson.

The problem in Björnson's play is one of general ethics. The problem in Moore's play is one of personal ethics: but in Galsworthy's "Strife" and Bergstrom's "Lynggaard and Company," as in Hauptmann's "The Weavers," the problem is essentially social. Let us display without favoritism, say these dramatists, the forces necessarily involved in every battle between labor and capital. So the Dane, the German, and the Englishman depict various typical groups and personages differing in their attitudes toward labor, and allow these forces to clash, without pronouncing upon the result or suggesting a definite program for peace. The fullest statement of the industrial situation, and the best example of artistic detachment from the industrial problem is to be found in Galsworthy's "Strife." This drama, in its three acts of sober realism, presents a condition, not a theory. Yet, by inference, it laments the waste of what is best in the forces of capital and labor when these are arrayed against each other.

Concretely, "Strife" unfolds the situation created by a protracted strike in the Tremartha Tin Plate Works. The directors have come down from London to negotiate with the men, who have long been urging their demands in vain. Roberts, their leader, is intelligent and determined. Having been underpaid for an invention that has benefited the company, he is embittered. His chief antagonist is the chairman of the board, old John Anthony, whose genius has founded and carried the company to success, and who, after having stood out against four risings of the men, will not hear now of defeat.

The progress of the action shows a series of conferences at which the claims of the men are pressed by Roberts and resisted by Anthony. Between the two stands an official of the trades union, endeavoring to arbitrate in order that he may win an advantage for his cause from the situation.

As for the board, most of its members, in view of the losses which the strike has already entailed, are willing to make concessions; but Anthony refuses. In the same way, most

of the workmen are ready to yield but are kept from doing so by the grim determination of Roberts. The nice equilibrium between these opposing forces is finally upset when the misery among the non-combatants—the women and children—reaches its culmination in the death of Roberts's wife. She succumbs to starvation rather than accept charity from Anthony's daughter, whose maid she has been before marriage. When Roberts is called away from the conference by the report of this domestic affliction, the men, relieved of his stiffening influence, vote for conciliation. The board responds by voting to leave the whole matter to the adjustment of the union leader. Anthony, as the chairman, is forced to put the fatal motion, but, seeing it carried over his protest, he resigns, feeling himself forever disgraced by the surrender.

Roberts, hastening back from the death-bed of his wife, discovers that her life has been sacrificed in vain. When he cries out against those who have betrayed him, he is loftily rebuked by the union leader. Of the results of the struggle this leader makes appraisal—"A woman dead, and the two best men both broken!" "Yes, nothing has been gained," says the secretary of the board. "Do you know, sir—these terms, they're the very same as we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this—all this—and—and what for?"

"That's where the fun comes in," retorts the leader.

Although Galsworthy emphasizes the futility of the conflict between capital and labor, he admits also its inevitability under existing conditions. He suggests no remedy for these conditions, but allows each side in the struggle free expression of its views. Anthony denies that masters and men are equal. Their interests, he says, are wide asunder as the poles. "Masters are masters, men are men! Yield one demand, and they'll make it six. . . . If I were in their place, I should be the same. But I'm not in their place." He asserts that he is thinking, not of the present only, but of the future of the country threatened with mob government. Roberts, with equal fervor, maintains that he too is warring for the future against its great menace—the blood-sucker, Capital—"A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and

the torture o' their brains, at its own price. . . . 'Tis not for this little moment of time that we're fighting, not for ourselves, . . . 'tis for all those that come after throughout all time. Oh! men—for the love o' them, don't roll up another stone upon their heads. . . . They're welcome to the worst that can happen to me, to the worst that can happen to us all . . . if we can shake that white-faced monster with the bloody lips, that has sucked the life out of ourselves, our wives and children, since the world began."

As compared with Galsworthy's other plays, "Strife" shows more fire, more intensity. All the elements of a large drama are here, but the piece is static rather than dynamic. It deploys the opposing forces of its central conflict with care and skill, but instead of bringing them into sharp action, sends them back to camp after a parade. Its characters, moreover, are less individual than typical, pawns in the great game of capital against labor, lay figures representing certain economic strains and stresses. In some respects, "Strife" resembles "The Weavers" of Hauptmann in picturing an industrial crisis through the interrelations of many characters,—here there are thirty speaking parts. But unlike "The Weavers," this play in its crisis turns not to violence but to conciliation,—a triumph for the union leader, relief for directors, shareholders, and men, and tranquil tragedy for only two persons,—the chief laborer and the chief capitalist.

But if "Strife" fail to meet the requirements of great drama, according to our older conceptions of that form, it is notable, nevertheless, as the best statement on the English stage of a social problem. That it gives no explicit answer to the problem matters little. Galsworthy does not pretend to be a reformer in the ordinary sense of that term. He seeks merely to demonstrate the need for reform by presenting, without fear or favor, certain wrongs in our social system.

V

Thus far we have found the drama of social criticism concerned, in a considerable group of plays, with questions affecting the relations of the rich and the poor—questions of

capital and labor, landlordism, philanthropy, and criminal justice. But two other groups, already referred to, may also be considered,—plays which display the clash of race antagonisms, and those which set forth the problems of sex. The former pit whites against blacks, and Gentiles against Jews. In Edward Sheldon's "The Nigger," the hero who feels the strongest antipathy to the black race discovers that he himself is of negro blood. In the same way, the anti-Semite in Henry Bernstein's "Israël" discovers that he is himself the son of a Jew, the very man whom he has insulted and must meet in a duel. Sheldon's play introduces as issues connected with the negro question in America, lynch law, prohibition, and political disfranchisement. Bernstein's play, with its scene laid in France, avoids special issues in order to fix attention upon the motives that animate both parties to its central conflict. With this exposition by Bernstein of race prejudice where Jew and Gentile are concerned, may be classed, also, "The Ghetto," by Heijermans, and "The Melting Pot," by Zangwill. All three may be briefly noticed.

In "Israël," a fiery young prince, leader of the anti-Semitic party, demands that the banker, Justin Gutlieb, shall resign from a club. On the banker's refusal, Thibault insults him in public. When Thibault's mother intercedes with Gutlieb, once her lover, in the endeavor to prevent his duelling with the youth, the elder man, although he is aware that the younger is his son, affirms that, as a Jew, his every action will be scrutinized, and that his very existence in society is now at stake. He must fight Thibault, whether or no. Then the mother appeals from Gutlieb to her son, who agrees that he will do no more than scratch his opponent. Yet, suddenly, he is struck by the strangeness of her interest in the Jew. As he plies her with questions, and threatens to slay Gutlieb, he is arrested by her cry.—"You cannot fight that man!" she exclaims, and at last he understands.

What now shall Thibault do? He must not duel with his father. Nor can he apologize and retain his self-respect or the respect of his fellow partisans. He will die then. But when he asks his confessor to aid him in making that death

appear natural, the priest shows him his folly. He may retire to a cloister, but he must live. Just as Thibault is persuaded to accept the advice of Father Silvain, Gutlieb argues him out of it, for the Jew hates the priest as the man who, years before, had separated him from Thibault's mother. Thibault must understand, says Gutlieb, that he is in reality a Jew. Has he been fanatical in his persecution of the Jews? That is but evidence of his own Jewish passion and ambition. Thibault, in despair, takes his life. "It is not I who killed my child!" cries Gutlieb to the mother. "It is your God!"

This play is monotonous, prolix, and none too plausible. Gutlieb, knowing Thibault to be his son, would scarcely have challenged him to a duel: Thibault, on discovering his semi-Jewish parentage, would scarcely have slain himself. Both situations are artificial. That a man of cultivation and force, in love with a white woman, might be tempted to commit suicide on discovering himself to be of negro blood is dramatically plausible. But in "Israël," the love-motive is lacking, and the basis of racial antipathy is so slight and unreasonable as to constitute no adequate excuse for the catastrophe. Bernstein, himself a Jew, has endeavored to be impartial, but his Christian is too extreme a bigot.

In "The Ghetto" of the Dutch dramatist, Hermann Heijermans, Jr., it is intermarriage between a Jew and a Gentile that makes the play. The scene is Amsterdam, and the characters stand much lower in the social scale than do those of "Israël." Blind old Sachel is a greedy merchant, who schemes a marriage for his son with the daughter of a well-to-do neighbor. But Rafael, the dreamer and musician, cares nothing for Rebecca and her dowry. Indeed, he is already secretly married to his father's Christian servant-maid, Rosa. As one of the emancipated, he resents the fact that he has been taught to despise all Christians, and to regard his own folk as the chosen people. He has concealed his marriage in the hope of first completing a symphony; but the neighbors find him out, and drive him from the Ghetto.

Rosa, assailed by a rabbi, who would change her faith, and by the father of her rival, who would convince her that she

is deserted, throws herself into a canal. She is saved from drowning, however, and Rafael, who returns in the nick of time, carries her away, after denouncing his father. The old man is left sobbing, a second Shylock, forsaken by his son instead of his daughter. Manifestly, Heijermans is less sympathetic to the Jew than Bernstein, his attack being levelled at Jewish rather than Gentile prejudice. Yet "The Ghetto" is not a program piece; it is intended merely as a survey of the counter currents set up when Jew and Christian love.

The suggestion contained here of the breaking down of Jewish clannishness and the eventual merging of Jew and Gentile through intermarriage is still further developed in Israel Zangwill's "The Melting Pot." Again the hero is a Jewish musician in love with a Christian. David Quixano has fled from the massacres of Kishenev to New York, where he toils at a symphony that shall voice his conception of the New World as a Melting Pot for the racial hatreds of the Old. But the Christian settlement-worker with whom David falls in love proves to be the daughter of the Russian officer who had slain David's family at Kishenev.

The barrier between the lovers is not so insuperable as it might seem. When David's symphony is performed, as he had wished, to the masses in the New York settlement-house, on a Fourth of July, he laments that he has been false to the music. "I preached of God's crucible, this great new continent that could melt up all race-differences and vendettas, that could purge and recreate," he tells Vera: "and God tried me with this supreme test. He gave me a heritage from the Old World, hate and vengeance and blood, and said, 'Cast it all into My Crucible.' And I said, 'Even Thy Crucible cannot melt this hate, cannot drink up this blood.'" But Vera soothes him, and they are reconciled. As they stand together looking over the city touched with sunset gleams, David sees in them the fires of God round His Crucible. "Ah, what a stirring and a seething! Celt and Latin, Slav and Teuton, Greek and Syrian, black and yellow, Jew and Gentile . . . how the great Alchemist melts and fuses them with his purging flame!"

VI

So much for the plays of social criticism which deal with race antagonisms. The third and last group, dealing with matters of sex, includes such pieces as Björnson's "A Gauntlet," Wedekind's "Awakening of Spring" and "Hidalla," Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and Brieux's "Woman Alone," "Maternity," and "Damaged Goods." Taken together, these plays offer the clearest proof of the change that of late has come over the serious drama in extending the scope of its subjects to include anything and everything affecting the welfare of man. All the old reticences are gone, together with the old conventions. For such writers, art is a kind of laboratory experiment to demonstrate the operation of certain laws in the social body, or to point to certain evils and to urge the means for their cure.

One of the first dramas of sex to breathe the new spirit was Björnson's "A Gauntlet" ("En Hanske"), a plea for male continence. In marriage the man should bring to the woman, said Björnson, the virtue which he expects her to bring to him; if brides will insist upon this condition, the world will be happier and better. Thus, his heroine, Svava Ries, when she learns that her lover has had a past, jilts him, slapping his face with her glove—a gauntlet of challenge flung down for all women. In the first version of the play, written in 1883, a reconciliation is suggested, provided that Alf sincerely repent; but, in the second version of four years later, the protest against male immorality is accentuated, and the curtain falls upon Svava's defiance. Her contempt for the man who would exact purity of her past and yet give her only his future is confirmed by three cases that have fallen under her personal observation. Her mother has been rendered unhappy by the conduct of her loose-living father; her girl friend, married to a libertine, has been forced to leave him; and an aunt of Svava's lover has grown old in single blessedness rather than wed one of whose past she has learned the truth.

In "A Gauntlet," Björnson declared that it is never the business of a woman to act as the moral laundress of her

husband. The same doctrine he delivered at the same time in "Polygamy and Monogamy," a lecture given in sixty Scandinavian towns, and it appeared as well in his novel, "Flags are Flying in City and Harbor" (translated into English as "The Heritage of the Kurts").

In discussing the views of Björnson, Professor Boyesen has remarked that, "A husband's infidelity, though morally as reprehensible as that of his wife, does not entail quite such monstrous consequences," referring to the fact that the lives of children are more intimately linked with the life of the mother than with that of the father. It is for this reason, Boyesen continues, that "Society from remote ages has watched over the chastity of women far more jealously than over that of men. It is as a result of this vigilance of centuries that women have, among civilized nations, a finer sense of modesty than men, and a higher standard of personal purity." Probably, to the establishment of such a double standard of sex morality there has contributed, also, the mere egotistic desire on the part of the male for exclusive ownership of the female. To-day, however, the double standard is being assailed on every side, and it is recognized, as in Brieux's "Damaged Goods," that the husband's immorality before marriage may quite as radically affect the offspring as that of the wife.

One suggestion made by Björnson, in the novel just referred to, constitutes the central theme of a remarkable social drama by Frank Wedekind. Just as Björnson's Thomas Kurt inaugurates a campaign for sexual education in his school, so Wedekind's school-children, in his "Awakening of Spring" ("Frühlings Erwachen"), illustrate, by their tragic ignorance, the need of such enlightenment. Two boys, the sensitive Moritz and the assertive Melchior, are troubled by the first strong stirrings of an instinct that they cannot understand. Repressed rather than assisted by their parents and school-masters, they blunder helplessly along, until the weaker takes his life, and the stronger, having unwittingly brought death to others, is hounded by society, and fortified in rebellion.

Wedekind's satire upon an inefficient school-system recalls

that of Dickens. "We go to school that we may be examined," laments Moritz. "And why do they examine us? That we may fail, since the upper class-room holds only sixty." This thought haunts the little fellow, who studies and prays until he is half distracted. When Melchior endeavors to explain to Moritz such mysteries as their parents and teachers should have made clear to them, he is looked upon by his elders as a degenerate. In vain he protests that he has written for Moritz only what they all know. The teachers in conclave expel him, and off he is sent to a reform school to be hardened by association with the really delinquent.

What kind of education is this, Wedekind asks, that forces children to memorize lines from Homer and facts regarding Central America and Louis XV, yet leaves them in ignorance concerning the most vital issues? The delicately organized Moritz, failing in his examinations, and shocked through all his nature by the crude revelations of Melchior, meditates suicide. He feels that life and sex-in-life are horrible. He has read his friend's treatise like a frightened owl skimming through a burning wood, and now the climax of his woe is reached when an artist's model offers to give him herself, after having described her career of debauchery. He can only repel her with loathing, and then, since the world is so hideous, leave it.

For the death of Moritz, the other boy is remotely responsible. He has also more directly caused the death of little Wendla, whom, he protests, he did not love, but to whom one day in a thunder storm he was drawn by instinct. And Wendla serves here as still another instance of the victim of the parental conspiracy of silence. When her ignorance bears bitter fruit, she says reproachfully, "O mother, why didn't you tell me all?" To which the mother replies, "I have done to you only as my own dear mother did to me." Even so, Wendla might yet be happy with her child, but she dies from the bungling of a quack called in to save her from scandal. Now to the graveyard in which Wendla and Moritz are interred comes Melchior, escaped from his reform school. As the panting fugitive surveys by moonlight the tombstones

of his schoolmates, he repeats, "I am not bad; I was not bad!" yet feels himself their murderer.

So far, the strange drama, with its score of disconnected scenes and its realistic subject-matter, has seemed a work of crass naturalism; but at this juncture the action veers all at once to the supernatural, and what follows is sheer romanticism. For the ghost of dead Moritz appears, carrying his head beneath his arm, and engaging in a wordy duel with a certain Masked Man for possession of the person of Melchior. The Masked Man is a symbol of Life, just as the ghost is a symbol of Death; and the contest between the two externalizes the conflict that goes on in the soul of Melchior as to whether or no he shall continue to live. Each apparition begs for his hand, and each bids against the other for his favor.

He is too thoroughly alive, however, to succumb to the allurements of Death. Hence it is the Masked Man who conquers. Since Moritz finds himself worsted in the debate, he confesses that he has sought to lure his former friend to the grave merely out of longing for companionship. With a touch of spectral humor, he remarks that the evening is chilly, even for a ghost. Although his parents dressed him for the grave in his Sunday suit, they gave him no underclothes; he must go, then, and get warm. To Melchior, about to depart into the world with Life, he bids farewell, and having sat a moment in silence with his head beneath his arm, he concludes the play by saying, "Now I'll return to my little place, put up my cross that the stupid fellow so carelessly upset, and when all is tidied, I'll lie down on my back, warm myself in putrefaction, and laugh." Whereas Melchior, the masculine, assertive, selfish soul will live; Moritz, the feminine, passive, selfless soul has died.

A strange and terrible play, this, unlike any other ever written; a "Children's Tragedy" indeed, in which the social message is clear, although the moral counts as nothing compared with the essential truth of the situations and the searching analysis of the workings of the adolescent mind! Here fantasy and observation are oddly consorted, and a formless work that violates every critical canon somehow succeeds.

Much less striking in originality is Wedekind's reversion to the sex problem in "Hidalla," a satire upon the fate of reformers in general, rather than a plea for the special reform advocated by the hero. That hero, Karl Hetmann, establishes a society for practical eugenics intended to produce a race of beautiful supermen. He himself is sincere, but the unprincipled rally to his standard, some seeking novelty, some indulgence, and some an opportunity for financial gain. One adventurer in particular reaps a small fortune from editing the official publication of the society. When the police interfere, it is he who escapes with the profits, and Hetmann who, in poverty, goes to jail. Later, when Hetmann attempts to carry on his propaganda through lectures, he is declared insane by his audience and sent to a mad-house. On being released from this retreat, he concludes that he must indeed be crazy since all his conceptions are so at variance with those of his fellows. His cup of misfortune finally overflows when a circus manager offers him the rôle of clown. He need merely be himself, says the manager. Since the reformer can never be other than a clown or a madman for the world, he ends his life. But if the idealist dies, the materialist editor is left to lament the loss of the goose that laid the golden eggs, and to hunt for any last marketable egg by chance remaining among the suicide's papers.

Evidently, Wedekind would have us believe Hetmann a genius, but his doubtful sanity, and the more than doubtful practicality of his plan discount his value as a hero. Could society be expected to deal with a monomaniac more leniently? Is the arraignment of society, therefore, one that counts? Had Wedekind selected a social reformer less fantastic in person and purpose, this play might have enforced the thesis that great leaders are too often misjudged, and too often victimized by self-seeking disciples. Such is the moral of Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." But Wedekind has not only made his hero a fanatic; he has chosen a cause too uncertainly just or feasible to excite our sympathy.

Although the eccentric German dramatist, in one play, proposes an experiment in eugenics, and, in another, insists

upon the necessity of sexual education for the young, he is not a constructive reformer like Björnson, Tolstoy, or Brieux. Nor is he, on the other hand, despite the irony of "Hidalla," an effective satirist of social errors like Shaw.

For the present, we need glance at only one of Shaw's plays—"Mrs. Warren's Profession." Here the witty Irishman takes his fling at a world-old evil. Mrs. Warren is either self-deluded or an impostor. She declares to her virtuous daughter that she has been forced into a notorious career only by poverty; yet now that she is sleek and well-off, she declines to abandon that career.

At first, Vivie listens to her mother's confession with pity, but, in the end, she perceives that her mother is merely wicked. Necessity is her excuse, not her reason. Yet Shaw allows Mrs. Warren to indicate some of the conditions that pave the way for the progress of the social evil, exciting sympathy for her, before damning her completely. At length, her whole philosophy is seen to be insincere and pernicious. She boasts that none of her girls are treated so badly as was she in her honest employments. She maintains that "The only way for a woman to provide for herself decently is for her to be good to some man that can afford to be good to her. If she's in his own station of life, let her make him marry her; but if she's far beneath him, she can't expect it." Mrs. Warren admits that she only pretends to be ashamed of herself, since shame is considered to be good manners for women. Thus, she is altogether a conventional sinner, and it is no wonder that the strongminded Vivie should send her wicked parent off with a lecture. In general, Shaw is attacking here the individual who has made of her environment a pretext for wrong-doing, rather than the conditions of the environment itself. Moreover, as a satirist pure and simple, he offers no suggestion for remedying the evil he depicts.

For the social drama *par excellence* we must turn to the work of Brieux, who, in several of his plays, considers the problems of sex. Three of his pieces in particular treat of the place of woman in our new industrial society. In "Blanchette," Brieux points out the consequences of educating a girl beyond her position in life. Blanchette is the daughter

of an inn-keeper who reckons upon the profitableness of making her a school teacher. She pursues her studies to the point of securing a diploma, but no position offers itself, and she is forced to return to her father's cabaret, developed out of sympathy with the scenes amid which she must live henceforth. Such half-learning as she puts at her father's disposal serves merely to spoil his crops, and when he insists that she drop novel reading and become waitress to his guests, Blanchette rebels. She is turned out, finds refuge for a little with a schoolmate, is betrayed by the latter's brother, and sinks to a life of shame. A sentimentalized ending for the piece was later supplied by the author, who consented to please his audience by bringing his subdued heroine home to be wed by a complacent villager.

Whereas Blanchette aspires to engage in a business for which she is unfitted, the peasant woman, Lazarette, in Brieux's "The Substitutes" ("Les Remplaçantes"), aspires to the business that unfits her for her manifest destiny as wife and mother. In short, she deserts her husband and child in order to go to Paris as wet nurse in a fashionable family. Eventually, she learns her mistake. Her child nearly dies in her absence, and her husband makes love to another. A physician in the city household moralizes on the case. Mme. Dénisart, who refused to suckle her baby because she preferred society, and Lazarette, who left her own baby because she coveted the money she could gain in nursing the child of the lady of the salon, are both at fault. The system of 'substitutes' is a menace alike to the home of the rich and the poor. In conclusion, Doctor Richon appeals to the audience directly, like another Rousseau, urging that steps be taken forthwith to alter such conditions.

The position of the woman thrown upon her own resources for the making of a livelihood, and deprived of a husband by her lack of dowry, Brieux depicts in "Woman Alone" ("La Femme seule"). When the peculations of a lawyer leave Thérèse, at twenty-three, dependent upon the charity of friends, she endeavors to support herself by writing for a feminist journal. Early she learns, however, that men in the business world are either the rivals of women or else their

masters. As the magazine declines, its promoters stoop to chicanery in the endeavor to sell more copies. Then the husband of the editress grows pressing in his attentions, and Thérèse is forced to take refuge in flight. On finding a place in the book-bindery of a former acquaintance, she organizes a union of women, but only to excite thereby the enmity of the men. When Thérèse refuses to employ the wife of one of these workers, on the ground that her department will accept only women who must make their own way, the angry husband secures the intervention of a walking delegate, and Thérèse is obliged to leave, on pain of seeing the property of her benefactor destroyed by a mob. She has earlier advised the only man for whom she cares to leave her, since his parents will disinherit him if he offers her marriage. The curtain falls, accordingly, with the champion of feminism defeated for the moment and at bay, recalling in bitterness the words of one of her allies: "I predict to you a new form of the war of the sexes, the struggle for bread. In that struggle, man will defend himself with all his strength and all his cruelty."

Thérèse, however, nothing daunted, predicts for this conflict a different outcome. A new day has dawned, she affirms. No longer is there room for all the women at the fireside. Indeed, the very household conveniences which lighten the burdens of women in the home must be paid for by their work outside of it. Moreover, to the ranks of such workers will be added all those whom the selfish middle-class men have disdained to marry because of their lack of dowry. And the women, in their war with the men, will conquer, says Thérèse, because they toil for less money and spend less in dissipation.

Brieux, in this drama, excites our sympathy for the woman with empty hands and heart, thrown unwillingly into competition with man. Contrast his attitude with that of Jones, the English playwright, who satirizes the aspirations of the feminists in the sub-plot of "Rebellious Susan." When the militant Elaine, having incited a strike, is about to suffer arrest, her guardian preaches her an old-fashioned sermon. "There is an immense future for women as wives and moth-

ers," he says: "and a very limited future for them in any other capacity. While you ladies without passions, or with distorted and defeated passions, are raving and trumpeting all over the country, that wise, grim old grandmother of us all—Dame Nature—is simply laughing up her sleeve and snapping her fingers at you and your new epochs and new movements." As compared with Jones, Brieux is radical; for, if he hold no brief for the feminist cause in general, at least he recognizes the tremendous change wrought in the last few years in the status of woman.

In "La Femme seule," in "Les Remplaçantes," and in "Blanchette," Brieux, it will be seen, lays stress upon economic conditions as affecting the position of woman. Questions of sex, he believes, are deeply involved with questions of labor and wages. Such is the moral, as well, of Brieux's stage discussion concerning race suicide. To the national commission for combatting depopulation in France he dedicates his play, "Maternity" ("Maternité"). Is the outcry against the decrease in the birth rate rational? Is the father of the largest family perforce the best citizen? Are the very persons who demand that their neighbors shall increase and multiply, in scriptural wise, consistent in their attitude toward those who give birth to children out of wedlock?

Brignac, the sub-prefect, is zealous as a propagandist for swelling the population of France. Moreover, he practices at home what he preaches abroad. Each year makes him anew a proud parent; yet his wife complains sadly, "My consent was asked before I was given a husband, but it is not asked before I am given a child." Now this inconsiderate disciple of a strenuous American is equally pronounced in his objection to illegitimate births as scandalous. Not only does he dismiss his servant discovered to be enceinte, but he drives from his home his own sister-in-law, the victim of a wealth-hunting youth whose family scouts the idea of permitting their Jacques to repair by marriage the wrong he has done to Annette. When Brignac remains inflexible to the appeals of Annette and his wife, the latter bursts the chains of her domestic slavery. With Annette, she flees to the city, deter-

mined to see the poor girl through her trouble. But they scarce can keep body and soul together, and at last Annette, maddened by the misery that her imprudence has entailed upon her sister, resorts to a female abortionist, and dies.

The last act of this curious, ill-made play shows the trial for murder of Mme. Thomas, the quack, whose various clients are examined in turn and duly denounced by the judge. Mme. Thomas herself professes to have been moved to her work largely by pity. Then follows a salvo of speeches from the lawyers, the witnesses, and the defendant,—speeches in which the voice of the dramatist rings loud with denunciation for the seducer and for the state which demands more children, yet allows those it has to starve; with denunciation, also, for the shallow social morality which inflicts shame on the unmarried mother, and with denunciation for the folly of those who think it improper to control over-prodigal nature,—"savage nature which pours out life with culpable profusion and sees it perish with indifference." The accused Mme. Thomas herself concludes the piece by proclaiming, "The guilty are the men, all the men!"

Still more startling as a tract for the times is Brieux's "Damaged Goods" ("Les Avariés"). Just as Björnson earlier argued for the moral health of the man who would wed, so Brieux here argues for his physical health, and points to the far-reaching consequences of popular ignorance and silence with regard to this subject. His play is dedicated to Professor Fournier of the Academy of Medicine. It contains, as the author states in a prologue, "no scandalous matter, no repugnant spectacle, no obscene word, and may be heard by anyone, unless it be held that women in order to be virtuous should be kept in folly or ignorance."

Georges Dupont, having disregarded the advice of his physician by marrying, reaps the consequences. He learns, a year later, that his child has inherited the malady from which he suffers, and must now be weaned from its nurse lest the latter, in turn, be infected. When the nurse gains an inkling of the truth, she passes it on to the horrified mother, who recoils from her husband in fear and disgust. A divorce seems imminent. But in the third act, the specialist dissuades

Henriette's irate father from forcing such action, and the piece concludes with hope for the future of the afflicted Georges and with a lecture from the specialist upon the need of reform in this matter.

The reform proposed by Brieux, is in no sense moral. Georges is not ethically condemned. Instead, certain physiological facts are faced dispassionately. Be good if you can, says Brieux; but, in any event, be careful. He is far from the Utopianism of Miss Lavinia Dock, who, in her "Hygiene and Morality," expects to eliminate the social evil and its concomitants by preaching absolute chastity. He advises rather a campaign of scientific enlightenment regarding what he calls "the ferocious trinity of evils—syphilis, tuberculosis, and alcoholism." Like Job, he opposes the theory that disease of any kind is God's punishment for sin. Disease is an accident, he says; let us do what we can to avert and ameliorate it.

Obviously, a piece of this kind can have no great esthetic value. Yet it is technically interesting in so far as it succeeds in presenting in a moving way and without offense a disagreeable subject of social importance. Two dialogues compose more than half the work, and among its puppets one character alone stands out. Even that one—the physician—is no more than a mannikin constructed to utter from behind the footlights the dramatist's doctrines. "Damaged Goods" is thus too purely a pamphlet of special pleading to count for much as art. Although it descends from Ibsen's "Ghosts," it contrasts with that model in being less artistic and more highly medicated. Even two decades ago a stage entertainment of this kind would have been unthinkable.

Well may we ask whether the theatre should lend itself to the handling of such themes. "Stupid people," writes Bernard Shaw of this play, "fall back on the plea that, though the public ought to be warned, the theatre is not the proper place for the warning. When asked, 'What, then, is the proper place?' they plead that the proper place is out of hearing of the general public; that is, not in a school, not in a church, not in a newspaper, not in a public meeting, but in medical text-books which are read only by medical students."

The question, however, is larger than this. Has the drama of social criticism, when it becomes so specialized, a reason for being?

There are two objections to such drama;—one is moral, the other is esthetic. Now any play written by a competent and honest man to urge in all seriousness the reform of a social abuse should be entitled to respect. Those who fear that the public discussion of delicate subjects will exert an immoral influence are, as a rule, those who confound ignorance with virtue. In an era of free thought and free speech, truth and right may be safely left to assert their supremacy against falsehood and wrong, not only in the pulpit and on the platform, but also upon the stage. As Milton, in his "Areopagitica," said long ago: "Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter?"

On the other hand, it must be admitted that a campaign of sex education is not necessarily a campaign of moral betterment. To know the wrong is not necessarily to avoid it, although, since the day of Socrates, reformers have persisted in confusing conceptions of knowledge and conduct. Moreover, as Professor Münsterberg has recently pointed out, the discussion of such subjects upon the stage and in the school tends not infrequently to stimulate, by the operation of psychological and physiological laws, just what it professes to inhibit. This, he says, is the reason why "plays with their erotic overflow and the moral ending are crowded, and mostly by those who hardly need the warning any longer."

In the main, however, it would seem that the most earnest of these dramas of sex are sincere expressions of a new and intense interest in the issues of our social life. Morally, then, except for the objection just stated, the play which considers a question of sexual hygiene would appear to be as legitimate as that which considers the economic conditions of labor and capital.

But there remains the esthetic objection to such plays,

and this is far more telling. For it is not the business of art to teach or to warn. The function of art, as Ruskin and Milton have said, is "to furnish noble grounds for noble emotions" through a medium "simple, sensuous, and impassioned." In proportion as art becomes didactic, it declines. The great dramas of the world have not been written with a view to expounding particular theories or giving systematic advice. They have never been the documents of a propaganda. Plays in which this is the case lose both in universality and in the essential quality of all art. No doubt, the reformer may, if he choose, address the public through the speech and action of players. To do so is likely to awaken in others a stronger and more immediate response than to speak in person from the lecture platform or the printed page. But the adoption for convenience of the dramatic form cannot alone constitute the reformer a dramatist. Thus Brieux, in some of his pieces, sins not against ethics, he sins against art. He carries to an extreme the tendency inherent in all the plays of social criticism. And most of these, as has been said, are but the journalism of the stage—something below its true literature.

But if such plays travel with too much baggage, they are infinitely to be preferred to those "unconsidered trifles" which travel with too little, and cater merely to the frivolous. Moreover, although the devotees of the creed of art for art's sake may disdain the plays of social reform, those who, like Tolstoy, value art as a criticism of life must regard them with favor. Indeed, for Tolstoy "art is not a pleasure, a solace, or an amusement;" it is rather the great instrument whereby man is enabled to sympathize more largely with man, quickening his consciousness of human brotherhood. "True science," says Tolstoy, "should indicate the various methods of applying this consciousness to life; art should transform this perception into feeling." From Tolstoy's standpoint, therefore, whatever the esthetic deficiencies of the drama of social reform, its moral service is immense.

CHAPTER XVI

THE POETIC DRAMA

I. The poetic drama an idealistic contrast to the drama of social criticism; the older drama preponderantly poetic because ideal, religious, concerned with lofty personages, inclined to an art-language, lyrical in its origin, and semi-epic in its method; the Renaissance drama consciously imitating these features, and stage conditions making for the play of rhetoric. The modern drama preponderantly prosaic in mood and expression owing to the shift in all literature from poetry to prose since the eighteenth century; altered stage conditions making, first, for the Drama of Conversation and, then, for the Drama of Illusion. Modern ideals of life also developing a new type of tragedy in which the hero struggles less against Fate or himself than against his environment—the social laws and evils that confront him.

II. Historical steps in the revolt against the Drama of Rhetoric; its continuance during the nineteenth century a result of the romantic revival; distinctions between the terms 'dramatic poem,' 'closet drama,' and 'poetic drama;' the continued success of poetic drama on the Continent contrasted with its failure in England and America; opinions on this subject of Henry Arthur Jones; his own experiment, "The Tempter."

III. Stephen Phillips, the chief exponent of poetic drama in English; "Paolo and Francesca," compared with the "Francesca da Rimini" of d'Annunzio; "Herod," a lyrical tragedy reminiscent of Marlowe; "Ulysses," a panorama and a poem rather than a play; "The Sin of David," a Biblical story transposed into modern terms; "Nero," a reversion to the lyrical play in the vein of Marlowe; "Pietro of Siena," reminiscent of "Measure for Measure" and "Monna Vanna," a piece deficient in characterization, dramatic power, and poetry. The excellences of Phillips's plays; their defects.

IV. Other writers of poetic drama in English—their tendency to be either untheatrical or unpoetical; "The Piper," by Mrs. Marks, a typical American experiment; the poetic drama to be reinforced in idealistic appeal by the drama in poetic prose.

I

The drama of social criticism is the last child of the bourgeois theatre. It finds its toys, not in the gewgaws of fancy, but in the facts of utility. It is too serious ever to play for the sake of playing. Instead, it plays at work, constructing models, on the one hand, of flaws that lurk in the social structure, and, on the other, of the machinery for mending them. The drama of social criticism is scientific and moral, rather than picturesque and emotional. It frequents the gutters and slums, the factories and police courts. It knows no dalliance in the fields of asphodel or the palace hall. It regards the present only, and disdains the past; it laughs at legend and tradition. For the dream of the poet, it substitutes the concrete 'case' of the physician or the lawyer. But the social drama—busy, moral, scientific, and utilitarian—wearies; and the poet and the symbolist take their revenge.

The great dramas of antiquity are written in verse. Even in comedy, the noblest passages of Aristophanes rise to high poetic levels. With the transplanting of tragedy to Italy, France, England, and Spain, verse, as a matter of course, is transplanted, and it continues to hold sway on the serious scene until well toward the end of the eighteenth century. To-day, however, plays are composed for the most part in prose. Not that poets in the nineteenth century, from Coleridge and Shelley to Tennyson and Browning, have failed to write dramas in verse with an eye to representation; and not that others, like Arnold and Swinburne, have failed to write dramatic poems intended for reading rather than acting. Of such work there is still no dearth. But the poetic drama which succeeds has become increasingly rare, a matter to be especially prized and desired, therefore, by those of literary taste.

Now why should the poetic play have become the substance of things hoped for, rather than of things achieved? To answer that question is to ask two others:—why was the ancient drama ideal? and why is the modern so largely matter-of-fact? The older serious drama was religious in origin, both in pagan and in Christian times. In the main, therefore, it was dignified in spirit and concerned in dealing

either with the gods or with heroic men. As it grew more secular, it continued still to exhibit princes and nobles—those removed from the common lot, and therefore from the common speech. Thus, it tended to transcend the actual, and its makers sought to set off their works from the everyday life and language. This distinguishing of the language of art from the language of common intercourse had been the practice of all literature even before such works were given permanence in writing. Verse had both a mnemonic and an esthetic value; and it was only natural that those who took part in theatrical representations should employ it. The ancient drama, too, had been lyrical in its origin, and the song element persisted in it of right.

The drama of Renaissance Europe, while it dropped the chorus, as a rule, grew up in conscious imitation of the ancient, retaining lyrical verse, either in interpolated songs, or at moments of emotional tension. That drama, further, kept its epic features, the lofty narrative that had often usurped the place of dialogue and action in the classic play. Hence, in Shakespeare, the epic survives, as in "Henry V," and the lyric survives, as in "Romeo and Juliet."

The very conditions, also, of the Renaissance theatre made for a drama of rhetoric,—a circumstance which critics of the school of Professor Matthews, Mr. Walkley, and Mr. Archer have explained in detail. Plays were acted on platforms projecting into the midst of a crowd. The actor upon such a platform was perforce an orator engaged in addressing a throng. Verse was the proper accompaniment and heightening of platform acting, for, not only was it traditional—an inheritance from Seneca—, but it served as a convenient means of differentiation between actor and audience when the former was not separated from the latter, as now, by the picture-frame stage. In addition, the lack of scenery tended to emphasize the necessity for elaborate description, just as the frequent changes of scene—changes the more frequent because accomplished for the most part in the imagination—led to the necessity of including narrative to explain such transitions. In consequence, those who were poetically gifted seized upon the opportunity thus extended to them for

exercising their art. Not a few, indeed, were drawn to the theatre who, two or three centuries later, would have found there scant field for their lyric, descriptive, and narrative talents.

Such are some of the reasons that account for the ideal nature of the older drama and its predilection for verse. But to explain why the modern drama is matter-of-fact and prosaic is less easy. The question involves explaining as well why the center of gravity in all literature has shifted to prose from poetry. There is no need of discussing here a matter so considerable. Suffice it to say that the primacy of prose is to be associated with the operation of certain social forces that found expression through action in the French Revolution. The decline of royal authority meant the decline of court-patronage for letters; and the rise of the third estate meant the rise of public opinion as a factor in literature. As the masses, not the nobles or the men of letters only, became important, journalism,—in which the voice of the many could be heard—, and the novel—in which the lives of the many could be pictured—, arose to contend for popular favor with more aristocratic literary kinds. Accordingly, there was developed a practical and utilitarian literature, given to political, social, and ethical discussion, and couched in serviceable prose. Poetry itself dropped much of its artificial trappings, growing plain and democratic in Cowper, Burns, Crabbe, and Wordsworth.

As for the drama, it obeyed more reluctantly the same influences that shaped the novel, but it declined in power and popularity as the novel increased in both. For more than a century, the drama was outrivalled by the newer form, and only during the past three decades, since it has adopted the subject-matter and the phrasing of prose fiction has it again become a dominant medium of literary expression.

Already, the partial dependence of the poetical drama of the Renaissance upon the stage conditions of the time has been noted. In the same way, the altered stage conditions of the present may be held accountable in part for the prevalence of the drama in prose. Such is the notion expressed by Mr. Clayton Hamilton, in his "Theory of the Theatre." He

distinguishes three steps in dramatic evolution corresponding to three kinds of stage representation. These are the Renaissance Drama of Rhetoric, the Restoration and eighteenth-century Drama of Conversation, and the recent Drama of Illusion. In the last the mere smartness of dialogue delivered, as by parlor entertainers, on the projecting 'apron' of the stage, gives way, with improvements in stage lighting, to minimized dialogue and natural action back of a picture-frame proscenium.

There is danger, however, of over-emphasizing the material causes of spiritual phenomena, in the fashion of Taine. Such phenomena obey their own laws, and Mr. Hamilton further provides a classification of the sort for tragedy, distinguishing three principal types of the genre: that in which the individual is seen in disastrous conflict with fate; that in which the individual is seen in disastrous conflict with himself; and that in which the individual is seen in disastrous conflict with his environment. The first is exemplified by the tragedy of the Greeks, the second by the tragedy of the Elizabethans, and the third by the modern social drama, wherein is displayed "the mighty war between personal character and social conditions." In short, as the critic puts it: "The Greek hero struggles with the superhuman; the Elizabethan hero struggles with himself; the modern hero struggles with the world. . . . Obviously the modern type of tragedy is . . . less poetic than the Elizabethan, since sociological discussion demands the mood of prose."

For historical and spiritual reasons, then, as well as for reasons theatrical, the recent drama is prosaic. In England, at the end of the seventeenth century, the new attitude becomes apparent when Thomas Rymer, in his "Short View of Tragedy," assails Shakespeare for bombast. Rymer, in the age of the Drama of Conversation, is attacking the Drama of Rhetoric, and in certain of his remarks he is casting forward to the Drama of Illusion. Thus, when discussing "Othello," he complains that no man out of bedlam would indulge in such verbosity as does Cassio in stating the fact that Iago has arrived in Cyprus, accompanied by Desdemona. Says Cassio:

"He has had most favorable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona."

"Is this," asks Rymer, "the language of the exchange or the ensuring office?" By no means. It is rhetoric for the sake of rhetoric in response to the plain question, What ship is this, and who has arrived?

Nor does Rymer object only to declamation in passages that require none. He would further substitute action for rhetoric at a climax, as is now usually done in the theatre. He remarks: "Many, peradventure, of the tragical scenes in Shakespeare cried up for the action might do yet better without words. Words are a sort of heavy baggage that were better out of the way at the push of action."

The objections raised against Shakespeare by Thomas Rymer are manifestly the objections of a Philistine, with more common sense than poetry in his soul. Discount them as you will, however; they are the objections that continue to be urged against the poetic drama as a whole. Rymer may have been, as Macaulay says of him, "the worst critic in the world," but he perceived beforehand, with Philistine shrewdness, what was to be the drift of the modern drama.

II

Historically, the decline of the poetic drama in England dates from Rymer's day, notwithstanding Dryden's efforts to refurbish it. The Drama of Conversation, ushered in by Etherege, was developed by Sheridan, and still survives in the clever comedies of Wilde, abounding in smart epigrams detachable from the persons who speak them. But if, at first, it was comedy alone which employed quotidian prose, ere long the serious scene appropriated it. Experiments in prose tragedy in the eighteenth century were few in number and poor in quality, such plays being composed in a stilted,

rhythmical style that still echoes in melodrama. Most recent prose tragedy differs widely from this older form and should be classified with the Drama of Illusion. It is, in fine, an objective and impersonal representation of 'men acting,'—to use Aristotle's phrase,—a representation made as natural as possible by the use of stage settings and properties, and, above all, by the quick, unrhetorical speech of ordinary life.

Although the new Drama of Illusion be favorable to this spontaneous prose, the romantic movement of the early nineteenth century induced a revival of Elizabethan poetizing, the effects of which are still to be felt upon the stage. From the days when Coleridge and Lamb exalted the minor Elizabethans to the days when Tennyson, late in life, turned his attention to play-making, the Shakespearean tradition has persisted. On the whole, this tradition has inspired little more than copyist's work of a sort too far removed from modern conditions to be genuinely successful. The versified plays of Bulwer-Lytton and Sheridan Knowles ring hollow, as do the closet-dramas of Henry Taylor. Even Tennyson's "Becket," which Professor Hugh Walker has characterized as "the greatest literary drama of recent years," gains more than it gives of renown by virtue of the fact that it was written by the poet laureate.

Sentence upon the Elizabethan renascence was pronounced years ago by one himself a part of it. "These reanimations are vampire-cold," wrote Thomas Lovell Beddoes. "With the greatest reverence for all the antiquities of the drama, I still think that we had better beget than revive, attempt to give the literature of this age an idiosyncrasy and spirit of its own, and only raise a ghost to gaze on, not to live with." That statement might have served as a warning to many who since have striven to resuscitate the poetical drama as it was written in the days of Shakespeare. For the most part, such attempts have resulted either in dramatic poems or closet-dramas. Between these two types and the poetic drama proper a distinction must be drawn.

The dramatic poem is merely a dialogue in verse intended to be read or heard, not acted. It possesses dramatic form and may involve a dramatic story, but it falls short of being

drama. It merely develops a situation through the talk and implied actions of imagined characters. The old ballads are frequently dramatic in form. Thus, "Edward, Edward" indicates, through the conversation of a mother with her son, that the son has slain his father at her behest and that he is now about to flee from the land, and leave her his curse. Yet, although both the situation and the form are dramatic, the ballad itself is not drama. From such a simple ballad, the dramatic poem may range upward to include even the most elaborate of esoteric works—the Shelleyan "Prometheus Unbound."

The dramatic poem differs, however, from the closet-drama in that the latter assumes to rank on an equality with literature designed for presentation on the stage. It is altogether a play, but still a play not intended to be played, say its defenders. Critics who feel the histrionic sense strong within them naturally assail it; critics who are more concerned with literary questions uphold it. So Professor H. A. Beers has urged the legitimacy of the closet-drama, the play suited only to be read. It may afford, he reasons, what the acted play must forego —ornate description, passages of deep reflection, a lagging movement, and mere declamation. "In short, as the aim of the closet-dramatist is other than the playwright's, so his methods may be independent." All this is true,—Hazlitt and Lamb said it long ago—; yet the fact remains that poetic plays so constructed cease to be plays and tend to become, whether or no, dramatic poems.

It is obvious that such works, although they have their place, cannot properly be classed or judged in the same category as the drama designed for stage representation. It is certain, too, that they have exerted no considerable influence upon the acted drama. As Professor A. H. Thorndike has said: "In the past, nearly all tragedies of any effect on the drama's development have not only been planned for the stage but have succeeded when acted. This seems likely to be the case in the future. For the reader of a play is confronted by difficulties not found in other fiction; and, in general, only a play suited to presentation on the stage is likely to secure for a reader the visualization, the imper-

sonations, the illusion of actuality, similar to those experienced in the theatre."

The poetic drama, then, strictly defined, is neither the closet-drama nor the dramatic poem. It is a play poetic and dramatic as to form and content—an acting play in verse possessing the beauty and ideality which we associate with poetry at its best. The true poetic play is not one merely stuccoed with verse, it is one in which the verse is an essential and inevitable outflowering of the playwright's thought. It must also be theatric, for dramatic talent, as Pinero has pointed out, is merely "the raw material of theatrical talent; . . . it must be developed into theatrical talent by hard study, and generally by long practice." Thus, the true poetic drama must be at once theatrical, dramatic, and poetical; it must stand apart from mere dramatic poetry, on the one hand, and from mere closet-drama, on the other. Needless to say, such plays are the most difficult of all to write for the modern theatre, and the least often actually written. William Archer, a competent critic, has lately affirmed of the English theatre "an appalling fact, that for at least two centuries—from 1700 to 1900—not a single blank verse play was produced which lives or which deserves to live on the stage of to-day."

On the Continent, however, the poetic drama has found a more congenial soil. Indeed, it has never ceased to flourish there. Whereas in England, during the nineteenth century, the play in verse was either purely literary or else but shoddy stuff upon the boards, in Italy, France, and Germany, as well as in the Scandinavian north, such plays were often both drama and literature. Ibsen, Björnson, and Strindberg, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and von Hofmannsthal, Rostand and d'Annunzio are only a few of the later writers who have won laurels in poetic drama. The Scandinavians have done best with saga themes, Hauptmann and Sudermann with dreamy and imaginative symbolism, and von Hofmannsthal with the romanticising of Greek legends, as in "Electra" and "Œdipus and the Sphinx"—the first made current everywhere as the libretto for an opera by Richard Strauss. Rostand has dealt with love and adventure in light and airy verse,

always facile, and sometimes lyrical or witty, as in "Chantecler." As for d'Annunzio, he has painted passion in a poetry rich, sensuous, and decorative.

If these Continentals have continued to produce poetic drama, it is in part because they have been able to look for models to a generation close behind their own—the generation of Hugo, Hebbel, and Grillparzer. But in England no such immediate and potent masters were at hand, and men either reverted to the Elizabethans or else struck out along fresh ways not always fortunate. Browning, among those fairly freed from the Elizabethan tradition, approached success in composing poetic plays, yet failed, less from any lack of poetical or dramatic talent than from lack of the theatrical faculty. This deficiency he showed by his preference for presenting character through argument instead of action, through self-analysis instead of self-revelation, and through a difficult diction used without variation for all his personages.

Other literary dramatists in England—Swinburne, Alfred Austin, Robert Bridges, and John Davidson—have failed more completely than Browning and for similar reasons. Nor can the experiment of Thomas Hardy, the novelist, in overleaping all barriers of form with his Napoleonic panorama, "The Dynasts," be regarded as more than a curiosity. Henry Arthur Jones, one of the most popular and accomplished of playwrights in prose, has talked and written eloquently of the poetic drama, but by his own feeble effort in this genre he has reconciled us to the loss of what he praises. In a lecture, given in 1906 at Yale University, Jones declared that "the greatest examples of drama are poetic drama, and the highest schools of drama are and must ever be schools of poetic drama;" nevertheless, he confessed to seeing no hope "for a school of poetic drama in England and America to-day." The play must grow from the lives of the people, he argued, and until there is a richer poetry in our lives, there can be none on the stage.

More recently, Zangwill, Percy Mackaye, and Mrs. Marks have had their plays in verse produced; but whatever future fame the English poetic drama of the first decade of the new

century may boast will rest upon the achievements of one man—Stephen Phillips. On him, for English-speaking folk, have been hung, in Tennysonian phrase, "all the hopes of half the world,"—that half which is always yearning for the literary play in verse. Before examining Phillips's title to be regarded as the regenerator of the theatre, it may be well to look for a moment at "The Tempter" of Jones as a typical example of the costume play in verse written just before Phillips redeemed the stage poetically.

In "The Tempter," a French prince of the fourteenth century sails across the Channel to marry a god-daughter of the English king, but by the machinations of the Devil he is first shipwrecked and then induced to forget her and to fall in love instead with her cousin Isobel. Since Isobel has already taken vows as a nun, her sin in yielding to the prince is not merely treachery to Avis but treachery to God. The Devil has no sooner united Isobel and the prince than he stirs up between them a quarrel, which results in Isobel's mortally wounding her lover. As the gloating Devil taunts the dying prince with his crimes and demands his soul, the repentant Isobel contends for that soul as her own. To prove her remorse, she stabs herself, and expires beside her lover, while the Devil, inconsistently enough, promises the pair only the mild doom accorded to Paolo and Francesca by Dante. A priest, however, goes the Devil one better in clemency, declaring that evil is evanescent, a pebble barely rippling for a moment "the unfathomed ocean of God's love," hence the sins of the prince and of Isobel are already forgiven and forgotten.

This tragedy is deficient in characterization and philosophy. From the first, the Devil has sought to damn the lovers, and yet, at the last, he treats them kindly. The earthly triumph of the Devil seems assured, since his victims, devoid of will, are moved about by him like chessmen on a board. Yet this fiend is foiled without a struggle, and the sinners go to glory without a stain. Jones, instead of discussing the existence of evil as a problem to be solved, blandly dismisses it. The play is, therefore, only a parody of "Faust," its Devil meant to be a Mephistopheles, yet proving rather a weak-kneed

Iago. Perhaps, had he been a burly villain instead of a futile demon, he might have given the action the snap and interest it now lacks.

That one who has created living characters in the best of his prose dramas of contemporary life should thus have miscarried when dealing with poetic personages in the picturesque past is not strange. The attention of Jones would seem to have been so absorbed by the unaccustomed effort to clothe his story in verse that he could not display the dramaturgic skill which, as a rule, has stood him in good stead. But no verse that is merely respectable can atone for flabby motivation, since a puppet play in poetry is only a puppet play at best.

With Stephen Phillips, however, whose earliest piece was acted in 1901, the poetical inspiration came first and in a tide sufficiently strong to bear him victorious over all the difficulties of dramatic technic. That technic, moreover, he mastered through a six years' apprenticeship to the stage as actor. He became a playwright, but he was, and has remained, primarily a poet. A review of the half-dozen pieces which he has written for the theatre will do more than any airy theorizing to indicate the excellence and the limitations of the poetic drama to-day.

III

In some respects, Stephen Phillips's first play is the most dramatic and the least overlaid with mere ornament. "Paolo and Francesca" retells the old story dear to all lovers of Dante. Of course, it can do no more than vary a plot already familiar to most. Francesca, wed to Giovanni, loves his younger brother, Paolo. The husband discovers the guilty pair and slays them. That completes the action, to which only three persons are essential; but still others may be involved at the dramatist's pleasure. Thus, d'Annunzio, in his powerful treatment of the theme, has made effective use of a third brother to act as jealous spy upon the lovers and as informer to the husband, whereas Phillips, for these ends, employs a woman—the husband's cousin, Lucrezia.

It is in the creation of Lucrezia, indeed, that the English poet has shown his chief originality. She is motivated in her envy of Francesca, the young wife, by brooding upon her own widowed and childless state:

> "My thwarted woman-thoughts have inward turned,
> And that vain milk, like acid, in me eats."

Thus embittered, she conspires to wreck the happiness of Francesca. But when the latter, throwing herself upon the protection of Lucrezia, warms that cold heart, Lucrezia suffers a revulsion of feeling. It is not the least part of the tightening tension at the close of the play that this change in her should come too late, that the forces she has already set in operation should drag Francesca to her doom.

In dealing with the relations between the brothers, Phillips contrasts their earlier affection for each other with their ultimate enmity. Giovanni is bound by ties of love to Paolo, and trusts him implicitly. It is Giovanni who urges the reluctant youth to remain for the wedding, and who confides to him, directly after it, the person of the bride to care for. Paolo struggles to be true to Giovanni, absenting himself from Rimini, and even planning to take his life rather than be disloyal; yet he determines before committing suicide to seek out Francesca for a final parting. So the thread of intrigue, instead of being cut abruptly, is carried forward in the shuttle of chance to be woven into the fabric of tragedy. In the meantime, Giovanni, supposing Paolo to have fulfilled his threat and died, rides to suppress a revolt, and only on his return learns from Lucrezia that Paolo still lives, and lives to love Francesca. Thereupon Giovanni's affection for Paolo turns to hate; he will slay the guilty pair, yet wait to find them in each other's arms that he may justify his deed to all men.

Whereas d'Annunzio exhibits, in its violent action, the last conflict of the brothers when the husband, having feigned absence, unexpectedly returns to interrupt their tryst; Phillips, with a finer reticence, merely suggests the murder, according to the usage of the ancient stage. The lovers, after a crowning scene of self-surrender, pass out through swaying

curtains. Then comes Lucrezia seeking Francesca to protect her, yet thrilling with apprehension. As Lucrezia glances toward the curtains, she beholds the bloody hand of Giovanni thrust from behind them. "'Tis not my blood!" he says. "O, then ——?" she asks.

> "'O then!' is all.
> And now their love that was so secret close
> Shall be proclaimed."

Wildly, Giovanni calls for light, wine, music, to celebrate a new bridal; and at his command the bodies of the murdered pair are born in upon a litter. As Giovanni looks upon them, his madness leaves him. Quietly, he kisses the foreheads of his victims, saying:

> "I did not know the dead could have such hair.
> Hide them. They look like children fast asleep."

This mood is akin to that in which Maeterlinck concludes "Pélléas and Mélisande," rather than to the mood in which d'Annunzio concludes "Francesca da Rimini." The murder off stage, the tranquil ending, the poet's restraint, his respect for beauty, all give to Phillips's work a purer charm than that which belongs to the far more rich, complex, and sensuous tragedy of his Italian rival.

The relations of the lovers, too, if less ethereal than those of the pair in "Pélléas and Mélisande," are more spiritual than those of the pair in "Francesca da Rimini." For this reason, however, the scene of the reading together of the ancient tale of Lancelot and Guinevere, suggested by Dante, and repeated in every reworking of the fable, becomes in Phillips less effective than it is in d'Annunzio. For Phillips's guilty lovers are not so much creatures of throbbing pulse and heaving breast as pure Shelleyan idealists.

In "Herod," his second play, Stephen Phillips is lyrical rather than dramatic. Here is no vital action and interaction between several personages; the whole interest centers in the passions of one. Herod burns with love of his queen, Mariamne, and with lust for power. He is of the family of Marlowe's heroes—imaginative, emotional, intense, driven

by a few dominating instincts to strive for more than man can feel and know. His is the thirst for the infinite, as is that of Tamburlaine for empire, of the Jew of Malta for wealth, and of Doctor Faustus for knowledge, magic, and the satisfaction of desire.

Mariamne and her young brother are of the true line, whereas Herod is a low-born interloper. Herod, in order that he may retain the throne, compasses the death by treachery of the queen's brother. When the youth is found drowned in a pool, Mariamne fastens upon Herod the crime. In vain the monarch protests his innocence, and then seeks to extenuate his guilt. Driven to despair, by her resentment, he is wrought upon by the plotting of others to believe that she keeps aloof from him out of love for a rival, and that she has even sought to poison him. The people, angry at the wrong done their dead favorite, storm the palace, and are only dispersed through the king's diplomacy. Evil counsellors warn him that it is Mariamne who has stirred up this revolt, and that she, too, must die if he would hold his throne. For a time he vacillates, but when she still denies him one kiss, one touch, one word, he yields to the demands of her enemies and of his own ambition. Thus he fulfils an ancient prophecy to the effect that he will kill the thing that most he loves.

In the abandon of grief, Herod broods by the Dead Sea. By degrees he falls into the belief that Mariamne still lives. His physicians perceive that in fostering this delusion lies the sole hope for preserving his reason. He returns to Jerusalem clamoring for his queen:

> "Summon the queen,
> Or I will call not earthly vengeance down.
> I have exhausted earth, I'll fetch the lightning
> And call on thunder like an emperor!"

This is the very voice of Marlowe, a voice whose accents are heard again when Herod declares that if the queen have suffered mischance, he will re-create her by his power of love:

> "I'll re-create her out of endless yearning,
> And flesh shall cleave to bone, and blood shall run.
> Do I not know her, every vein? Can I

> Not imitate in furious ecstasy
> What God hath coldly made? I'll re-create
> With bone for bone and vein for vein.
> The eyes, the eyes again, the hands, the hair,
> And that which I have made, O that shall love me!"

As the embalmed body of Mariamne is borne in, a surge of joy sweeps over Herod, but, on touching her cold forehead, he turns rigid; and the envoys from Octavius leave him in his trance, facing the corpse of his murdered queen.

The characterization in this play is distinctly inferior to that in "Paolo and Francesca." It is no better indeed than that in Calderón's seventeenth-century treatment of the theme, the tragedy "Jealousy the Greatest Monster." Mariamne, for example, exists merely to be loved and slain. Her whole being is revealed in the speech wherein she ascribes her passion for the king to admiration of his conquests:

> "And most for this I love you, and have loved,
> That when you wooed, behind you cities crashed.
> Those eyes that dimmed for me flamed in the breach,
> And you were scorched and scarred and dressed in spoils,
> Magnificent in livery of ruin."

Herod's love, on the other hand, is a mad, unreasoning impulse; but, except for it and his desire to rule, he is nothing. So colorless a king, so credulous, so uncontrolled and uncontrolling, could never have justified the faith of his councillors who look upon him as the only force that can defer the approaching Roman doom. But if this king be absurdly futile in character, yet his passion and his imagination wear a certain splendor in the verse of Phillips.

The tendency toward the pictorial, evident in the final tableau of "Herod," is still more apparent in "Ulysses," which becomes a panorama and a poem, rather than a play. To trim down to dramatic proportions the complicated epic action of the "Odyssey" is a task by no means easy, and one in which Phillips is only half successful. In a prologue, he sets forth the contention of the gods on Olympus concerning the return of Ulysses to Ithaca. Then, in succession, the poet shows the hero's palace besieged by suitors for the hand

of his wife, Penelope; Calypso's isle where Ulysses, roused by Hermes from his lotos-eating, prepares to leave the fair enchantress; and Ithaca once more, to which the wanderer, after his descent to Hades, is finally wafted. Only in the last scene of all—the mighty fight in the banqueting hall of the palace between Ulysses and the suitors—does the shifting spectacle give place to drama.

The acceleration of the action as the suitors are put to rout well exemplifies the change necessitated by adapting epic to drama. Whereas, in the "Odyssey," this matter is developed at great length, in the play it occupies a scant six lines, and the resistance of the suitors is promptly overcome by supernatural aid.

Early in the piece, enough of Ulysses's wanderings are suggested to round out the action, although but two episodes are actually presented—his enchantment by Calypso, and his descent to Hades. The sequence of these episodes has been reversed in order to give the journey through the underworld greater significance; and that journey itself has been conceived, as the dramatist remarks, "on lines which are Virgilian rather than Homeric."

In the first two acts, the lyric and descriptive verse flows most freely. In description nothing excels Ulysses's account of Calypso's isle, although approaching it in excellence are certain lyric outbursts,—Penelope's lament for the one who does not come, and Ulysses's yearning for a merely human love after his infatuation with the goddess. In the final act, with the gradual emergence of drama from spectacle, the poetry flags. Only one rememberable thing is said to Penelope by any of the suitors:

> "Thou hast caught splendor from the sailless sea
> And mystery from the many stars outwatched."

Of the other worthy lines, we have Penelope's disdain for the lover who would buy her favor with wealth, and Ulysses's exultation as he beholds again the shore from which Penelope had waved him farewell.

Tennysonian echoes may be detected here and there in the verse, not only in the lotos-eating scene of the first

act, but also when Ulysses encourages his men as they embark:

> "Now each man to the oar
> And, leaning all together, smite the sea,
> For it is fated we shall see our homes."

If this be inferior to Tennyson's

> "Push off, and sitting well in order smite
> The sounding furrows,"

yet in another passage in this play Phillips more than vies with Tennyson in expressing the same idea. Tennyson, in "Maud," speaks of death as sweetening life, a notion common to the Cavalier poets:

> "The dusky strand of Death inwoven here
> With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear."

But Phillips develops that conception with greater force when he makes Ulysses reject Calypso's proffer of immortality:

> "I would not take life but on terms of death:
> That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast.
> To me what rapture in the ocean path
> Save in the white leap and the dance of doom?
> O death! thou hast a beckon to the brave,
> Thou last sea of the navigator, last
> Plunge of the diver, and last hunter's leap."

In the three plays already considered, Phillips has embroidered with modern verse ancient legends. In "The Sin of David," he invents a modern analogue to the story of David and Uriah, setting his scene in the fen country of England during the seventeenth century. Thus, for the first time, the poet seeks his material near at hand, and subjects his play, accordingly, to more rigorous realistic requirements. Opinions differ as to the degree of his success. It is significant, however, that even sympathetic critics have expressed regret that in this drama he had not kept to the Biblical story, instead of transposing it into modern terms.

During the war between Puritans and Cavaliers, Sir Hubert

Lisle, commander of the Parliamentary forces, falls in love with the wife of an elderly colonel in whose house he is quartered. When occasion demands that he send against a certain stronghold a leader ready to sacrifice his life, Sir Hubert despatches Miriam's husband upon the fatal mission. He thus commits the sin of David. Five years later, on the anniversary of his victim's death, he is summoned from Miriam's side to the relief of Pomfret. But his child and hers has fallen ill, and the general rides forth, feeling that the spirit of the dead is clutching at the throat of his boy, as well as urging him in vengeance down the road along which he once sped his rival. We are thus prepared for the judgment of Heaven to fall upon the sinner in accordance with a scheme of nice poetic justice. But the poet avoids an ending so trite. Sir Hubert wins the day, and gallops home unscathed. His boy, however, has died, and Miriam asks what she has done that God should take her child.

Sir Hubert, to clear her conscience and his own, makes confession. Although Miriam at first assails him as the slayer of her husband and her son, her paroxysm passes, and her resolve to leave him is softened. He speaks of their marriage as conceived in madness and born of murder, for which sins their child has been withdrawn that they might feel "the sting of flesh corruptible." In their common grief, however, they are now joined in a new and holier union. No doubt, a Puritan sinner would so have argued, but one feels the taint of sophistry in Sir Hubert. He seems to allege a theological coining of profit out of loss, in order to justify the continuance of his own comfortable relations with Miriam.

In the nature of the case, "The Sin of David" lacks the lyrical fervor of the earlier plays of its author and his purple patches of description. It is distinctly better drama, poorer poetry. Its modern setting and Puritan atmosphere afford little scope for the gorgeous descriptive effects of "Ulysses," "Herod," or even "Paolo and Francesca." Nor is there here an excuse for the unreasoned loosing of a passion glorious in its abandon. Phillips himself would appear to have realized that he was facing a dilemma. Either he must further try his wings of poetry aloft in the Marlowesque world of imagina-

tion to which his earlier flights had accustomed him, or else he must be content to travel below, along the path suggested in "The Sin of David," curbing Pegasus to a walk. In this dilemma, the poet triumphed over the playwright, and in "Nero," his next tragedy, Phillips frankly reverted to the type of piece already essayed by him in "Herod."

The Roman emperor, like the Jewish king, is a lyrical personage, intoxicated by passion, spurred to crime, and suffering a great remorse. Not love, so much as lust for power, is Nero's over-mastering desire, whereas with Herod lust for power remained less potent than love. Although Nero courts Poppæa and rids himself of her husband, his central struggle is not to win her but rather to rule unchecked by any rival, least of all by the mother who has slain her husband that her son may be enthroned. In the contention for sovereignty between mother and son lies the tragedy. Nero loves Poppæa because she hates Agrippina, and he hates and murders Britannicus because Agrippina favors his succession to the empire. When Nero has contrived a collapsible pinnace that shall drown his mother, he alternates between maleficent gloating over her fate and gusts of tender recollection.

The crime is accomplished, however, and the remainder of the play is given up to the retribution that falls upon the matricide. As he quails beneath successive blows of misfortune, Nero reads in each the dead Agrippina's vengeance directed toward him from beyond the glimpses of the moon. Poppæa dies, Rome burns, and Nero allows the fire to rage unchecked, believing that only thus may the wrath of his mother's injured spirit be appeased.

If this drama, in the transcendental passion of its protagonist, his guilt and consequent sufferings, resembles "Herod," it resembles "Ulysses" no less, in the looseness of its form. For the acts are panoramic—spectacles to please the eye, or sounding declamations to gratify the ear—as incoherent as the scenes of an Elizabethan chronicle play.

Most of the poet's pains have been spent, not in characterizing Nero, but rather in giving utterance to his uncontrollable passion. Nero's glory in self-assertion is equalled only

by his glory in self-indulgence, his proud delight in the cunning art with which he devises novel deaths for his enemies or novel dishes for his table.

But if the lyric cry of a titanic personality be the music regnant in this drama, Phillips is not a singer alone; he is also a painter. One picture may suffice to suggest the quality of all the others. This is Nero's description of his fleet left idle by the disaffection of its crew:

> "Sullen droop the sails
> Or flap in mutiny against the mast.
> Burdened with barnacles, the untarred keels
> Drowse on the tide with parching decks unswabbed,
> And anchors resting on inglorious ooze.
> All indolent the vast armada tilts,
> A leafless resurrection of dead trees."

Signs of a decline in the dramatic and poetic power of Phillips may be detected here and there in "Nero." The verse is still majestic, but, more frequently than heretofore, it is used for ends rhetorical rather than dramatic. Thus, the fine account of Agrippina's escape from the barge by swimming makes her a very athlete or a dolphin. The poet, for the sake of an effect, falsifies his picture. A sailor recounts the feat of Agrippina to Nero:

> "With white and jewelled arms she thrust
> Out through the waves and lay upon the foam.
> We heard her through the ripple breathing deep,
> And when we heard no more, we watched her still—
> Her hair behind her blowing into gold
> As she did glimmer o'er the gloomy deep;
> And all the stars swam with her through the heavens,
> The hurrying moon lighted her with a torch,
> The sea was loth to lose her and the shore
> Yearned for her; till we lost her in the dark,
> Save now and then some splendid leap of the head."

Ruskin would have had no patience with this passage, not only because of its lapse into the "pathetic fallacy," but also because of the inaccuracy of its details. The breathing of Agrippina could never have been heard, her hair by night

could never have glimmered gold, the moon in those few moments could never have seemed to hurry, and no lifting of a swimmer's head disappearing in the dark could ever show as a 'splendid leap.'

In "Pietro of Siena," however, the fall from power of Phillips is amazing. Here the decline is not a matter of dissociating rhetoric from drama. Rather, it is a matter, on the one hand, of the subsidence of rhetoric itself and, on the other, of total dramatic ineffectiveness. What renders the work ineffective is Phillips's loosened grasp on character and the improbability in his turns of plot. The story combines the fables of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" and Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." Pietro Tornielli captures Siena, and sentences to death its tyrant. But, enamored at first sight of the tyrant's sister, Pietro resolves to possess her. He sends her word that he will spare the life of her brother on condition that she yield him her honor. Gemma, fearing that her brother will be lost if called at once to the bar of Heaven with all his sins upon his head, consents. She visits Pietro, prepared to immolate herself, but by a single speech to him so alters his nature that forthwith he commands the release of her brother and offers her himself as a true and loyal husband. Joyfully, she accepts, and Luigi, her brother, who has made a proper protest at the thought of buying his life at such a price, is now delighted to take it on more comfortable terms. Could anything be flimsier or less natural?

In two minutes, and by the second speech he has ever heard the lady utter, Pietro is converted from a violent libertine to a suppliant suitor. As for Gemma, she is equally unreal in motive and in deed. That one so pious should so soon be reconciled to her shame and on so weak a pretext is incredible. Her sudden threat of suicide is unprepared for and leads nowhere. Morality and common humanity are not concerned in her plea to Pietro. Instead, she merely reminds him that he cannot expect to possess her soul,—an argument little likely to move so desperate a man. But when Pietro instantly veers from wickedness to virtue, she as instantly professes love for him, although she has seen him

but once before, and has known him only as a despicable rake. It is with far greater subtlety and truth that Maeterlinck, in "Monna Vanna," makes plausible the regeneration of Prinzivalle and Vanna's rapid growth of love for him. With Phillips, moreover, except in one speech, the poetry is as tenuous as the psychology. Only at the opening of the third act is the old poetic eloquence still heard, as Luigi, condemned to die at sunrise, laments that he must pass into darkness while all else brightens with the dawn.

Of Phillips's other plays—the one-act tragedy, "Iole," and the free rendering of the first part of Goethe's "Faust," done in collaboration with J. Comyns Carr—nothing need here be said. For the one is too slight, and the other is too unoriginal to add anything to Phillips's reputation. He must be judged, therefore, by his achievement in the dramas already described. The best of these have succeeded by reason of their spectacle, their single scenes of dramatic and theatrical power, and their passages of sweet or gorgeous poetry. In combining these three elements, Phillips has been peculiarly happy. His spectacles have satisfied a well-defined taste of the time—the liking for exotic costumes and settings by way of relief from the sober trappings of the realistic stage. His scenes of dramatic conflict have almost always compelled attention and stirred the emotions theatrically, even when proceeding from manifest prearrangement by the playwright rather than from the inevitable action of character upon character. And his verse, by its grace, color, music, and capacity for kindling the imagination, has supplied a want long felt—that yearning for a beauty now so largely banished from the boards, or else relegated to opera.

Those who have witnessed the plays of Phillips have enjoyed a sense of escape from the commonplace into a world of noble phrases and great passions. They have not been called upon to think, so much as to feel and to admire. They have been disturbed by no new ideas, no vexed problems clamoring to be solved. They have received, instead, a heightened sense of life from observing the operation of love, jealousy, and ambition in intense but simple natures. The plots of Phillips, like his people, are simple also, differing in that re-

spect from the Elizabethan. For, although he retains much of the paraphernalia of the older stage, he reduces action to its lowest terms. He cares nothing for the complications of intrigue; he is primarily intent upon the esthetic expression of a few emotions. Thus, he stands closer to the Greek than to the Elizabethan theatre, and it is no mere coincidence that the revival of poetic drama led by Phillips should also have encouraged the production of Greek tragedy in the English versions of Gilbert Murray.

Phillips's verse is often charming, especially in its lyric and descriptive reaches. He is generous in his response to the loveliness of the world of sense, and he truly sings; yet, to use the words of Professor Matthews: "he more rarely achieves the stark boldness of vital drama, when the speaker has no time and no temper for fanciful comparisons or adroit alliterations, and when his phrase ought to flash out suddenly like a sword from its scabbard. His lines have a beauty of their own, but it is a conscious and elaborate beauty out of place when the action tightens and a human soul must be bared by a word."

IV

With all his limitations, Stephen Phillips is the chief modern exponent of the poetic drama in English. Most other writers of verse for the stage are either too untheatrical, like Yeats, or too unpoetical, like Zangwill, with his exercise in measured prose, "The War God." Although, in America, Percy Mackaye has tried to follow Phillips's lead in "Fenris the Wolf," "Jeanne d'Arc," and "Sappho and Phaon," he moves upon lower levels. More distinguished is "The Piper" of Mrs. Lionel Marks (Josephine Preston Peabody), and with some notice of that play the present survey must conclude.

In "The Piper," the old legend of Hamelin town, told so lustily by Browning, is dramatized and spiritualized,—what was grotesque in it suffering a sea-change into something delicate and fair. The moral of this fantasy is pricked in with such grace that only here and there does it threaten to obscure the poetry. Material love—the love men feel for

gold and things—is weighed in the balance and found wanting as compared with human love. The burghers of Hamelin who refuse to pay the Piper for his services in luring off the rats are punished for their avarice when he pipes away their children to the Hollow Hill. Incensed that the Mayor's daughter should alone have escaped the kinder-spell, they seek to force her into a nunnery to do penance for them all. Then the Piper hastens to her rescue, and delivers her to his fellow mountebank, her lover, thus asserting the primacy of love once more.

But respect for love in others softens the Piper's own harsh purpose. When the mother of lame Jan comes ringing her herd-bell in the hope that it may catch her boy's ear and bring him limping back to her, the Piper's heart is touched. Veronika's affection has atoned for the selfishness of her fellow townsfolk. It is significant, however, that Veronika is herself no native of Hamelin but a stranger who has married a Hamelin burgher merely to provide a home for her orphaned child. She, too, like the burghers, has bartered love for gold, but her finer motive has in part redeemed her deed; besides, sooner than they, she has learned the lesson that love is the greatest thing in the world.

Love in the home, however, is not enough; men must practice love in religion. Thus, little Jan, with his devotion to the sculptured Christ by the church-door, and his desire to bring to the face of the Lonely Man a smile, knows more of true religion than his elders. It is the Lonely Man's spirit of love that finally prevails upon the Piper to restore the children to Hamelin, and sends him on his way with much piping still to do, the world over.

Despite its Puritan didacticism and the progressive slackening of its action, this play is fairly effective upon the stage. The first act, in particular, is excellent in exposition and in climax. In the quality of its verse, "The Piper" is less distinguished than the better pieces of Phillips. It knows no lurid word-painting and no wild passion; its language is simple and direct.

So the Piper pleads with the Christ upon the wayside shrine for permission to retain the children:

> "Oh, let me keep them! I will bring them to You
> Still nights and breathless mornings; they shall touch
> Your hands and feet with all their swarming hands,
> Like showering petals warm on furrowed ground,—
> All sweetness!"

Finer and more vigorous is the passage in which the Piper speaks of the sufferings of his mother, a stroller who wandered the world as an outcast:

> "And she starved and sang;
> And like the wind, she roved and lurked and shuddered
> Outside your lighted windows, and fled by,
> Storm-hunted, trying to outstrip the snow,
> South, south, and homeless as a broken bird
> Limping and hiding!—And she fled and laughed
> And kept me warm; and died! To you, a Nothing,
> Nothing forever, oh, you well-housed mothers!
> As always, always for the lighted windows
> Of all the world, the Dark outside is nothing;
> And all that limps and hides there in the dark,
> Famishing,—broken,—lost!"

Now, in view of the excellence of some of these productions, it must be evident that poetry and the drama need not, for the future, be divorced, as certain critics have predicted. For the rhetorical and descriptive elements reduced or suppressed in most modern dramas may find a refuge still in the small body of poetic plays. What these attempt to do, so long as they are wisely written, is what they alone can do to best advantage. Necessarily, they must show the defects of their qualities. They cannot yield the pleasure afforded by the realistic play; and, except as the work of a master dramatist, they are likely to be deficient in sweep and force of action. But, on the other hand, theirs will be the fervor of lyrical passion and the passive loveliness of ornament, theirs will be the appeal to visual imagination and less often to the philosophic mind.

No doubt, the main current of the theatre will flow in what Galsworthy has termed "the broad and clear-cut channel of naturalism." But there will yet remain that other current—

"a twisting and delicious stream," he calls it—, "which will bear on its breast new barks of poetry, shaped, it may be, like prose, but a prose incarnating through its fantasy and symbolism all the deeper aspirations, yearnings, doubts, and mysterious strivings of the human spirit. . . ." We may foresee, then, not only the continuance of a drama in verse, but also the growth of a poetic drama in prose—a prose either subtly suggestive, like that of Maeterlinck, or else beautifully picturesque and expressive, like that of Synge and the lesser Irish dramatists.

CHAPTER XVII

THE DRAMA OF SATIRE: SHAW

I. The satirist as a wilful exaggerator, an egoist asserting the ludicrous failure of things as they are to conform to his scheme of things as they should be. Two elements to be considered in judging any satirist—his intellectual outlook, and his temperamental sense of the comic. Difficulties of those who fail to regard Shaw as a satirist; Shaw's satire as dealing with things or else with our misconceptions of things.

II. Shaw's satire upon our misconception of things,—the hero, revenge, warfare, and duty. The hero of history as unromantic, a natural egoist, with or without pose,—witness "The Man of Destiny" and "Cæsar and Cleopatra." Revenge as silly, except in so far as instinctive,—witness "Cæsar and Cleopatra" and "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Warfare as cowardly; man as destructive, not constructive, greedy not self-sacrificing, witness "The Man of Destiny," "Arms and the Man," and "Major Barbara." Duty as self-interest masquerading under a fine name, witness "The Man of Destiny," "Man and Superman," "Candida," "Widowers' Houses," and "Mrs. Warren's Profession;" the one-sidedness of Shaw's theory; his substitution of instinct for duty, in "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet."

III. Shaw's satire, in "Man and Superman," upon our misconceptions of love and marriage. Love as instinctive and cosmic, not personal and romantic; Shaw's theories derived from Schopenhauer and Nietzsche; the doctrine of the Life Force, or Nature, as seeking through man to evolve a higher order of being, and of woman as the active agent in this process. Marriage as a social convention except when based upon love, in "Candida;" Shaw's theory of divorce as a remedy for defects in a human institution, in "Getting Married;" his satire upon those who profess but fail to practice Ibsen's free individualism in marriage, in "The Philanderer;" Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" as evidence that his bark about marriage is worse than his bite, and his tribute, in "Candida," to the wife as the natural protectress of her husband.

IV. Shaw's satire upon things in themselves and his general philosophy. His direct attack upon nationalities, the English and the Irish, in "John Bull's Other Island;" upon professions—the church, the law, the army,—and especially medicine, in "The Doctor's Dilemma;" and

upon social conditions—the evils of poverty and tainted money, in "Widowers' Houses," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and "Major Barbara." Shaw's outlook on life: his faith in individualism, instinct, and reality; his view of heaven as the home of the real, in "Man and Superman;" conceptions of heaven and earth, in "John Bull's Other Island." Shaw's defects those of the satirist.

I

The drama of satire is as old as Aristophanes and as new as Bernard Shaw. The dramatic satirist does not attempt to draw a faithful picture of life as it is. Nor, on the other hand, does he paint life as it ought to be. Strictly speaking, he is neither an idealist nor a realist; yet he has affiliations with both. He observes the world of actuality, like the realist, and he dreams of a better world, like the idealist. He is dissatisfied with life as it is just because he conceives of life as it should be, but instead of insisting upon either of these phases, he creates, with a definite purpose, a misrepresentation of life. That is, he seizes upon some defect, some abuse, some departure from the ideal norm in actual life, and isolates and exaggerates it, to the end that we may henceforth regard it as absurd.

Moreover, unlike the humorist, the satirist regards this absurdity with some degree of personal antipathy. He meets the conditions of the old definition of the comic given by Thomas Hobbes. "The passion of laughter," wrote Hobbes, in 1650, "is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the inferiority of others, or with our own formerly." Your satirist is always an egoist, asserting the ludicrous failure of things as they are to conform to his own scheme of things as they should be. In studying the work of any satirist, therefore, it is imperative to understand his outlook upon life. This it is which in part determines his satire. But another determining force is his peculiar sense of the comic, a matter temperamental. If he possess a rich fund of humor and a fertile imagination, one kind of satire will result. But another kind will follow, if he possess chiefly wit. The joyous hilarity of Rabelais is very different from the genial

humor of Cervantes or the caustic wit of Swift. In all satire, then, there is both an intellectual and an emotional factor. The emotional factor is given by the satirist's native sense of the comic. The intellectual factor is given by his acquired theory of life as it should be in contradistinction to life as it is. Thus, with Aristophanes, the intellectual factor is to be found in his conservative view of politics, art, and philosophy; whereas the emotional factor is to be found in his instinctive delight in the farcical, the grotesque, the fantastic.

Now one great obstacle to a proper appreciation of George Bernard Shaw is failure to regard him as a satirist. Consider him as an artist seeking to represent life as it is, and you must condemn his persistent distortion of the facts of life. Consider him as a serious dramatist striving to produce well-balanced, acting plays, and you will grow exasperated at his increasing abuse of dramatic form and at his confounding of burlesque with legitimate comedy. But consider him as a dramatic satirist, and his work at once becomes intelligible.

The character of Shaw's humor and of his outlook upon life, the two factors that determine his satire, may be shown by an examination of his more important plays. In the present discussion, it is his intellectual bias alone that will receive attention. What are the objects that Shaw's satire assails? And what in each play is the nature of his satirical assault?

Shaw's satire will be found to deal either with things or else with our misconceptions of things. When he satirizes nationalities, like the English and the Irish, or professions, like the medical or clerical, he is objective in attacking certain things in themselves. When, however, he satirizes our popular ideals of the soldier or the lover, he is subjective in attacking, not things external, but our romantic misconceptions of them. In such satire, Shaw is the disciple of Ibsen. Despite his protest that his admirers have merely read into his works the doctrines of Ibsen and Nietzsche, there can be no doubt that both these thinkers have greatly impressed him. Ibsen, as Shaw himself has told us in the "Quintessence of Ibsenism," is a satirist of unreal ideals that men have erected to govern their conduct, ideals of marriage, of democracy, of

religion, which men blindly uphold, yet in secret evade. Now Shaw, in just this fashion, satirizes certain sham ideals at variance with the facts. With a gaiety and a liking for caricature quite foreign to Ibsen, he ridicules our romantic misconceptions of the hero of history, of revenge, of warfare, of duty, of love, and of marriage. Let us examine his satire upon what he regards as our false idealization of each of these things, and, first, for the hero of history.

II

In "The Man of Destiny," Shaw professes to exhibit the real Napoleon as a contrast to the Napoleon of romance. Young Bonaparte, just after the battle of Lodi, is at an Italian inn, awaiting a lieutenant, the bearer of dispatches. The lieutenant arrives late and enraged, having been tricked out of his dispatches by an effeminate youth. A lady, who has just come to the inn, proves to be the thief, but begs in vain to be allowed to retain one private letter,—a letter written by a wife to a man not her husband. By degrees, Bonaparte perceives that the wife referred to is his own, and that she has compromised herself with his patron, the director Barras. He has now no wish to be warned more authoritatively of his dishonor.

Accordingly, he assumes a lofty pose, pretending that generosity moves him to restore the packet to the lady. But she spoils his attitude by refusing to accept it. Then, in order to convince the world that he has never received it, Bonaparte commands the lieutenant, on pain of being publicly degraded, to find the thief and the dispatches. Of course, the lieutenant cannot succeed, and the lady, shocked to behold Bonaparte's ready sacrifice of the poor fellow, goes to the rescue. The lieutenant is saved, and Bonaparte is outwitted. The piece closes with the lady's burning the tell-tale letter at Bonaparte's behest. Grandiloquently he declares that Cæsar's wife is above suspicion; and yet, on the sly, he has read the compromising letter. When the lady learns that he has done so, she is outspoken in her admiration of his unscrupulous self-assertion.

She assures him that she adores "a man who is not afraid to be mean and selfish." Then, as she sits with him in the gloaming, holding the letter to the candle-flame, she says coyly, "I wonder would Cæsar's wife be above suspicion if she saw us here together." And Bonaparte echoes her remark with, "I wonder."

Two ideas in particular are developed in this play. One is the notion that a great man stripped of his conventional poses is merely an instinctive egoist; the other is the complementary notion that conscientious scruples are too often a pretext for the gratification of selfish motives. The latter notion is stated in Bonaparte's explanation to the lady of the English character. "There is nothing," he says, "so bad or so good that you will not find an Englishman doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. . . . When he wants a thing, he never tells himself that he wants it. He waits patiently until there comes into his mind, no one knows how, a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants. Then he becomes irresistible. . . . When he wants a new market for his adulterated Manchester goods, he sends a missionary to teach the natives the gospel of peace. The natives kill the missionary: he flies to arms in defence of Christianity; fights for it; conquers for it, and takes the market as a reward from heaven." Like everybody else, the Englishman obeys desire, but he finds a high-sounding excuse for it in the name of duty.

The same doctrine Shaw preaches less directly through his satirical device of upsetting the poses of his great man. The lady gets Bonaparte to admit that he wished to win the battle of Lodi for himself alone. But he suddenly recollects the proper pose: "Stop: no!" he says, "I am only the servant of the French republic, following humbly in the footsteps of the heroes of classical antiquity. I win battles for humanity—for my country, not for myself."

"Oh, then you are only a womanish hero, after all," retorts the lady, disgusted with his pose.

Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" provides a second satire

upon our romantic misconception of the hero. Here, however, Cæsar does not assume melodramatic poses, as does Bonaparte. He is a plain-dealing conqueror, honest with himself and with others. When a courtier asks, "Is it possible that Cæsar, the conqueror of the world, has time to occupy himself with such a trifle as our taxes?" he replies, "My friend; taxes are the chief business of a conqueror of the world." Like Bonaparte, Cæsar is an egoist responsive to natural instinct; but, unlike Bonaparte, he is frank in confessing his egoism. He acts naturally, hence virtuously. He is not good in the British sense of exercising self-denial, which implies that "man is vicious by nature, and that supreme goodness is supreme martyrdom." He simply does what he wishes. "The really interesting question," says Shaw, in his Notes to this play, "is whether I am right in assuming that the way to produce an impression of greatness is by exhibiting a man, not as mortifying his nature by doing his duty . . . but as simply doing what he naturally wants to do."

Cæsar, moreover, can estimate the values of life "independently of convention and moral generalization," according to Shaw. Thus, when Britannus is shocked that Egyptian custom marries the royal brother to his sister, Cæsar says of Britannus, "Pardon him; he is a barbarian, and thinks that the customs of his tribe and island are the laws of nature." So, too, when Cleopatra's wicked handmaid is slain in righteous wrath by a Roman general, Cæsar approves the act, although he would have disapproved it as a process of law. Cleopatra, like Cæsar, is a creature of instinct, but no Circe. She is a wild, fearful, cruel little animal, naïve and superstitious. She hopes, when old enough, to be able to do just what she likes—that is to say, to be able to poison her slaves and see them wriggle and to kill her brother.

One marked distinction between these two personages is expressed in their antithetic views of revenge. Cleopatra lusts for revenge upon her enemies, but Cæsar exhibits imperturbable calm when affronted. He admits that he cannot feel resentment. "Do I resent the wind when it chills me or the night when it makes me stumble in the darkness?"

he asks. "Shall I resent youth when it turns from age, and ambition when it turns from servitude?" Thus, a just perception of the fact that men are governed by instinct will save us, Shaw seems to say, from futile rage. Cæsar, when the Egyptians angrily demand their freedom, "sits as comfortably as if he were at breakfast, and the cat were clamoring for a piece of finnan-haddie;" and he laments to Cleopatra that "to the end of history, murder shall breed murder, always in the name of right and honor and peace, until the gods are tired of blood and create a race that can understand."

A much fuller arraignment of the folly of vengeance is made by Shaw, in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." Brassbound is a Byronic gentleman of fortune, who long has nursed a yearning to be revenged upon his uncle. This uncle, unaware of his nephew's existence, has secured for himself the estate left by the nephew's father, and, in doing so, has permitted the nephew's mother, a dissolute Brazilian, to go adrift and drink herself to death. The adventurer, therefore, has vowed vengeance upon Sir Howard Hallam, and he finds opportunity to exact it when Sir Howard comes to Morocco, prepared to journey inland to the Atlas Mountains. Brassbound, who is captain of a smuggling schooner, offers himself and his crew of desperadoes as an escort to Sir Howard. The offer is accepted, but no sooner are the travellers ensconced in a castle in the interior than Brassbound shows his hand. He will turn Sir Howard over to a native chieftain to become a slave. Sir Howard, relying upon the conventional law of revenge, just like Brassbound, tries to frighten that rascal by telling him of the vengeance England will exact if he, the noted jurist, be harmed. But Lady Cicely, Sir Howard's venturesome sister-in-law, treats Brassbound as though he were a dear friend, showing him that what Sir Howard did was natural, and that his own set purpose of exacting revenge is folly.

Although Brassbound would gladly retract, it is too late. The chieftain to whom he has sold Sir Howard claims his purchase, and refuses to release the judge unless he may have Lady Cicely. She is willing to pay the price, being certain from the Sheik's splendid face that he will treat her

like one of nature's gentlemen. At this crisis, however, a rescue party appears, and Brassbound and his men are carried back to the coast as prisoners.

Now the law of revenge would require the punishment of the adventurer, but Lady Cicely, in whose lexicon there is no such word as vengeance, secures his acquittal. He complains that she has destroyed his purpose in life. "You have taken the old meaning out of my life; but you have put no new meaning into it," he tells her; "I want service under you, and there's no way in which that service can be done except marrying you." But Shaw will not sanction so banal an ending. At the boom of the schooner's cannon, Lady Cicely starts. "What's that?" she asks. "It is farewell," says Brassbound. "Rescue for you—safety, freedom. . . . You can do no more for me now: I have blundered somehow on the secret of command at last: thanks for that, and for a man's power and purpose restored and righted." In brief, he has learned to drop his pose as an avenger with a mission. Such, too, is the lesson mastered by the blustering youth, in "Misalliance," who, being romantically bent upon revenging a wrong once done to his mother, discovers how ridiculous is his conventional scheme of revenge conned out of books.

Just as Shaw would have men laugh at their misconceptions of the hero and of revenge, so he would have them laugh at their false ideals of heroism as associated with war. From time immemorial the soldier has been regarded as the personification of courage and patriotism. Shaw, on the other hand, draws him as a self-seeking coward. He is matter-of-fact, not romantic. He fights because he must, rather than because he would. His master passion is fear. Thus, in "The Man of Destiny," Bonaparte insists that there is one question you may never ask a soldier,—"Are you a coward?"—and yet there is but one universal passion,—fear. "It is fear," he says, "that makes men fight: it is indifference that makes them run away; fear is the mainspring of war."

Shaw's satire upon war and the soldier is sharpest in "Arms and the Man," a comedy best known in its operatic adaptation, "The Chocolate Soldier." Here the romantic Sergius

and the prosaic Bluntschli are both without illusions concerning the nature of war. Sergius admits a kind of courage on the part of those engaged in a cavalry charge, but thinks little of it. He himself wins a battle by leading such a charge into the face of machine guns; his victory is due to the fact that the guns happen to have been served with the wrong cartridges. Of his deed Sergius admits: "I won the battle the wrong way when our worthy Russian generals were losing it the right way. That upset their plans, and wounded their self-esteem. Two of their colonels got their regiments driven back on the correct principles of scientific warfare. Two major-generals got killed strictly according to military etiquette." As for soldiering in general, Sergius declares it to be: "the coward's art of attacking mercilessly when you are strong, and keeping out of harm's way when you are weak. That is the whole secret of successful fighting. Get your enemy at a disadvantage; and never, on any account, fight him on equal terms."

Bluntschli is even more frank. "I'm a professional soldier," he explains; "I fight when I have to, and am very glad to get out of it when I haven't to." On being challenged to a duel with sabres, Bluntschli, as an artilleryman, refuses to fight with anything less than cannon. He describes a cavalry charge as generally led by a fellow whose horse is running away with him. All soldiers, he says, are afraid of death, and nine out of ten are born fools. His own pistol is never loaded. In battle he carries, not cartridges, but chocolate. "You can always tell an old soldier by the inside of his holsters and cartridge boxes," he affirms. "The young ones carry pistols and cartridges; the old ones grub." Untrue as is this statement, it is typical of the extravagance of Shaw's anti-military satire, a satire that finds expression also in "Cæsar and Cleopatra," "The Devil's Disciple," and "Major Barbara."

In "Major Barbara," the most striking character is Andrew Undershaft, manufacturer of torpedoes, quick-firers, ten-inchers, disappearing rampart guns, sub-marines, and aerial battleships. He and his partner negotiate war loans and secretly rule the destinies of Europe. Although moral

in his private life, Undershaft talks immorality on business principles, so far as advocating death and destruction, money and gunpowder as supreme in this world. Yet Undershaft rails at the miseries of war and refutes contemptuously the common argument in favor of war that the more awful it is made, the sooner it will be abolished. Here, as in "The Man of Destiny," and the dream-interlude of "Man and Superman," Shaw maintains that men are naturally destructive rather than constructive, and, to prove the point, he instances, not only their death-dealing inventions, but their romantic excuses for destroying one another, such as patriotism, orthodoxy, justice, and duty.

The attack upon duty is another notable phase of Shaw's satire at the expense of what he regards as our false ideals. "Duty," he declares, "is what one should never do." This is merely a smart way of saying that civilized man, being ashamed to do what he really wishes, cloaks it under the name of duty. We have heard Bonaparte's description of the Englishman as one who, desiring a thing, invents a principle forthwith that will justify him in doing or taking it. In just this spirit, Bobby Gilbey, in "Fanny's First Play," remarks that, "No woman will deny herself the luxury of self-sacrifice when she does something agreeable;" and Bobby's father adds sententiously, "Never have a weakness; but if you have one, make a merit of it." Such is the principle of Ann Whitefield, who in "Man and Superman," excuses her secret wish to marry Tanner as her duty to her parents. Whatever she wants to do, she does on the plea that it is somebody else's desire, or at least the command of her conscience. Shaw's clergyman, in "Candida," reproves his father-in-law for pretending to be a dutiful capitalist, urging him rather "to be true to himself, even in wickedness."

Self-interest masquerading as duty is satirized, also, in the person of the tenement landlord, in Shaw's "Widowers' Houses." Sartorius compels his agent to bully the rents out of the poor, and then discharges him for spending twenty-four shillings on mending a staircase. For his methods, Sartorius offers two plausible excuses. His business is to provide homes suited to the small means of very poor people;

now to improve the houses would involve raising the rents beyond what such people could pay; it would, accordingly, render them homeless. This is the first justification for his conduct. In the second place, as Sartorius says, "these poor people do not know how to live in proper dwellings: they would wreck them in a week. No, gentlemen: when people are very poor, you cannot help them, no matter how much you may sympathize with them. It does them more harm than good in the long run."

So far, Sartorius seems sincere; he is merely doing his duty. But when he learns that it will be to his interest to improve the tenements, his logic is as plausible in favor of improvements. As a matter of fact, the tenements are to be bought by the city and demolished for the passage of a thoroughfare. The owner will be compensated, and the compensation will be handsome if the buildings are improved in time. Accordingly, Sartorius now deems it his duty to alter his rookeries into model tenements. "We live in a progressive age," he declares," and humanitarian ideas are advancing, and must be taken into account." The mortgagee on the property sneers at him: "Well, it appears that the dirtier a place is, the more rent you get, and the decenter it is, the more compensation you get. So we're to give up dirt and go in for decency."

This mortgagee has been in love with Sartorius's daughter, but upon discovering the true source of her income, he has virtuously refused to have anything more to do with her. His conscience will not allow him to profit by a marriage with one whose fortune is derived from corruption. Presently, however, when he learns that his own income flows from the same source, he forgets his scruples. Duty now obliges him to marry the lovely Blanche.

A similar satire upon self-interest in the guise of duty appears in Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The detestable Mrs. Warren at first justifies her nefarious trade as something entered upon as the result of need, and as something, after all, not so very bad. She reasons that if she didn't do it, somebody else would, and that, therefore, she does no real harm.

As the intellectual and virtuous Vivie listens to her mother's self-justification, she is filled with scorn. "If I had been you, mother," she says, "I might have done as you did; but I should not have lived one life and believed another. You are a conventional woman at heart. That is why I am bidding you good-bye now." In this speech and in others, Vivie exhibits something of Ibsen's contempt for mere conventional ideals of conduct, especially with regard to the duty of the child to honor its parents. When Mrs. Warren appeals to her daughter to pay her this sort of respect, Vivie refuses. "Don't think for a moment I set myself above you in any way," she says. "You attacked me with the conventional authority of a mother: I defended myself with the conventional superiority of a respectable woman. Frankly, I am not going to stand any of your nonsense; and when you drop it, I shall not expect you to stand any of mine. I shall always respect your right to your own opinions and your own way of life."

Shaw's theory that duty is too often a mere excuse is most explicitly stated by Sir Patrick Cullen, in "The Doctor's Dilemma:" "A blackguard's a blackguard," he says; "an honest man's an honest man; and neither of them will ever be at a loss for a religion or a morality to prove that their ways are the right ways. It's the same with nations, the same with professions, the same all the world over and always will be." What Shaw, of course, fails to admit, in his satire, is the truth that, although duty once in ten times may indeed be only an excuse for a wilful man's actions, yet for the other nine times it is not an excuse at all but rather a positive incentive or an inhibition. Men do honestly act from ideals of duty, and you cannot so readily explain away the phenomena of conscience. Shaw, however, would say, as a believer in instinct, that when a man does a good deed, he does it from natural impulse rather than from conscience or any preconceived theory of what is right. Thus, the devil-may-care hero, in "The Shewing-up of Blanco Posnet," gives a horse he has stolen to the mother whose child is dying of the croup, to the end that with it she may be able to procure medical assistance. In performing this act of kindness, he

knows that he is minimizing his own chances of escape. And when he is captured, he feels provoked at himself for having so readily yielded to virtue.

Blanco, in other words, is the natural man, for whom duty as duty does not exist, and yet he surprises himself by an act impulsively generous, and in that act grows regenerate. God made him, he now thinks, to do something which God himself could not do. "He made me because He had a job for me. He let me run loose till the job was ready; and then I had to come along and do it, hanging or no hanging." In the same way, those other rascals, Richard Dudgeon, in "The Devil's Disciple," and Captain Brassbound do single deeds of mercy, not from a sense of duty, but instinctively.

III

Now Shaw adds to his satire upon what he regards as our false ideals of duty, of military bravery, of revenge, and of self-sacrificing heroism, his satire upon our romantic notions of love. For Shaw, love is a great cosmic force. The individual fancies that he is taking the initiative in his own love affair. As a matter of fact, he is obeying the Life Force. Nature is intent upon her own ends. She is engaged in developing from the lower animals a creature of a higher order –a Superman. Man, as we know him, is but an experiment, a link in the chain between beast and Superman, and love is Nature's means for carrying out the purposes of the Life Force. In love, moreover, it is the woman who takes the lead, even when seemingly passive. Of course, such a notion is not new. As Shaw himself admits, most of Shakespeare's heroines lead in the love-chase. Further, the idea of a compelling force that utilizes the charms of woman to lure man on to the fulfilment of his destiny and hers has been exploited by Schopenhauer, as has the conception of the Superman by Nietzche. Shaw, however, in his extraordinary play, "Man and Superman," has kneaded these and other ingredients into a special dough and baked them after his own process into a special loaf, richly seasoned with wit, paradox, and philosophy.

Ann Whitefield, by the death of her father, has been left to the care of two guardians—the sedate Roebuck Ramsden and the revolutionary John Tanner. Ramsden is a sleepy conservative who thinks himself advanced; Tanner is a fluent, excitable radical who delights to assail all conventions. To Octavius, who has come to ask permission to pay his addresses to Ann, Tanner states his theory of woman as the predestined mother relentless in pursuit of the predestined father. "You think that you are Ann's suitor; that you are the pursuer and she is the pursued; that it is your part to woo, to persuade, to prevail, to overcome. Fool: it is you who are the pursued, the marked down quarry, the destined prey. . . . It is a woman's business to get married as soon as possible, and a man's to keep unmarried as long as he can."

In truth, however, Tanner, and not Octavius, is the object of Ann's affections. She does not scruple to lie in order to keep her younger sister from being thrown with him, but Tanner remains blind to her designs until his chauffeur lifts the veil. Then, in a panic, Tanner springs into his automobile and dashes off in full flight for the Continent, the Mediterranean, "any port," he says, "from which we can sail to a Mahometan country where men are protected from women."

Down among the Spanish Sierras Tanner's car is waylaid by opera-bouffe highwaymen. Tanner takes his capture philosophically, and at night enjoys a fantastic dream, in which he himself bears part as Don Juan Tenorio, while the other characters of the play fill in the other rôles of the Don Juan legend. At the conclusion of this dream-interlude, the pursuing Ann appears with her friends, and all are rescued from the brigands by Spanish soldiers, Tanner in turn rescuing the brigands by declaring them to be his escort.

Early in the play, however, a second thread of action has been spun. The sister of Octavius, having become the object of scandal, refuses to give the name of her lover. Her friends treat her like a criminal; only Tanner, with his topsy-turvy views of life, congratulates her. "I know, and the whole world really knows," he says, "that vitality and bravery are the greatest qualities a woman can have, . . . and

that the fact of your not being legally married matters not one scrap either to your own worth or to our real regard for you." The lady, however, turns upon him, virtuously. She would not, in reality, do anything unconventional. She has been quite properly married, but for private reasons has concealed the fact. In the last act, Violet's husband claims her, and Tanner succumbs to the Life Force incarnate in Ann. He learns that it was at her own instance that he was appointed her guardian. "The will is yours then!" he exclaims; "the trap was laid from the beginning!"

"From the beginning," answers Ann, "from our childhood—for both of us—by the Life Force."

In confessing their engagement to the others, Tanner declares, "What we have both done this afternoon is to renounce happiness, renounce freedom, renounce tranquillity, above all renounce the romantic possibilities of an unknown future, for the cares of a household and a family."

Shaw's general doctrine of sex and the Superman, implicit in most of this clever play, is stated explicitly in the dream-interlude of the third act. The Life Force has been engaged in countless experiments to organize itself through more fully perfected individuals into an ideal individual possessing, not beauty, but brains. The Life Force is seeking to understand itself, to know its own purposes. All we can do is to obey the laws of Nature, but consciousness of these laws enables us to obey to better advantage. "My brain is the organism by which Nature strives to understand itself," says Don Juan; and he adds that, "the philosopher, too, is in the grip of the Life Force." So the Life Force wills that the philosopher shall think for it, perceive its destination and choose its path. "'And this,' says the Life Force to the philosopher, 'must thou strive to do for me until thou diest, when I will make another brain and another philosopher to carry on the work.'" Men and women in love are, accordingly, but obeying the impulse of the Life Force. "Sexually, Woman is Nature's contrivance for perpetuating its highest achievement. Sexually, Man is Woman's contrivance for fulfilling Nature's behest in the most economical way." Civilization, however, is "an attempt on Man's part to make himself

something more than the mere instrument of Woman's purpose." As for marriage, it is "a man-trap baited with simulated accomplishments and delusive idealizations." Don Juan remarks that "The confusion of marriage with morality has done more to destroy the conscience of the human race than any other single error."

Here, as in most of his plays, Shaw mingles the grotesque with the serious. Just how much in earnest he may be, it is difficult to determine. Certainly, he is inclined to misunderstand and underrate the potency of romance. His Don Juan maintains that the great central purpose of breeding the race to superhuman heights must not be confused with "the gratification of personal fancies, the impossible realization of boys' and girls' dreams of bliss, or the need of older people for companionship or money," and he further denies that the sex relation is properly personal at all. But Don Juan, like Shaw, fails to recognize the spiritual strata that lie superimposed upon the biological basis of marriage. As Mr. Chesterton has pointed out, Shaw cannot comprehend that, "The world has kept sentimentalities simply because they are the most practical things in the world. They alone make men do things." Moreover, says Mr. Chesterton, Shaw is not consistent in his attitude toward romance. "If Nature wishes primarily to entrap us into sexual union, then all the means of sexual attraction, even the most maudlin or theatrical, are justified at one stroke. The guitar of the troubadour is as practical as the ploughshare of the husbandman. The waltz in the ballroom is as serious as the debate in the parish council:" and "All the tricks of love that he [Shaw] called artificial become natural: because they become Nature."

With regard to marriage as an institution, Shaw assumes the scientific point of view. Marriage is a convention, necessary for practical purposes, but to be regarded for just what it is worth. When love ceases to hold the parties to a marriage together, the marriage itself can count for little. Thus, the admirable Candida tells her husband, to whom she is devoted, that his confidence in her goodness and purity is misplaced. "Ah, James, how little you understand me, to talk of your confidence in my goodness and purity. I would

give them both to poor Eugene as willingly as I would give my shawl to a beggar dying of cold, if there were nothing else to restrain me. Put your trust in my love for you, James, for if that went, I should care very little for your sermons—mere phrases that you cheat yourself and others with every day." Candida, in short, is governed by love, not by respect for an abstract institution. As Shaw himself has described her, in a letter to James Huneker, "She is straight for natural reasons, not for conventional ethical ones."

In the comedy, "Getting Married," Mrs. Bridgenorth says, "But, bless me! marriage is not a question of law, is it? Have you children no affection for one another? Surely that's enough."

"If it's enough," retorts the lover; "why get married?"

And in the same play, when the solemn old general repeats, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," his brother, the enlightened bishop, retorts: "Don't be afraid, Boxer. What God hath joined together no man ever shall put asunder: God will take care of that." He then proceeds to show that it was a miserable little curate, who made this particular marriage. "And so," says the bishop, "whom Egerton Fotheringay hath joined, let Sir Gorell Barnes put asunder by all means." Divorce, in other words, is a human remedy for the defects of a human institution, and to keep together those who have ceased to love is immoral. At the same time, in this very play, Shaw satirizes divorce procured by collusion, and, in "The Philanderer," he satirizes those who denounce marriage as slavery, and yet, on falling in love, demand to be married. Here, when Charteris, the Philanderer, is pursued by a new woman, Julia Craven, he complains of her lack of consistency. "As a woman of advanced views," he tells her, "you were determined to be free. You regarded marriage as a degrading bargain, by which a woman sold herself to a man for the social status of a wife and the right to be supported and pensioned in old age out of his income. That's the advanced view—our view."

But Julia, now that Charteris has cast eyes on somebody else, has ceased to have faith in the Ibsenist theory of free individualism, and yearns to be bound to him by the ties of

marriage. Charteris, too, is satirized as a trifler with feminine hearts, content to profit by the Ibsen fad, yet unfit to understand Ibsen's real doctrine. Of this comedy Shaw has written: "I have shewn the grotesque relations between men and women which have arisen under marriage laws which represent to some of us a political necessity . . . to some a divine ordinance, to some a romantic ideal, to some a domestic profession for women, and to some that worst of blundering abominations, an institution which society has outgrown but not modified, and which 'advanced' individuals are therefore forced to evade."

On the whole, Shaw's bark is worse than his bite in regard to marriage; if he growls and howls at it occasionally, in his Prefaces, he nevertheless admits that monogamous marriage is the best institution of the sort that man can have. As Collins, the green-grocer of "Getting Married," remarks: "Marriage is tolerable enough in its way if you're easy going and don't expect too much from it. But it doesn't bear thinking about. The great thing is to get the young people tied up before they know what they're letting themselves in for." Still more genial is the view expressed by that prince of waiters, the William of "You Never Can Tell." "Every man is frightened by marriage when it comes to the point," says William; "but it often turns out very comfortable, very enjoyable, and happy indeed, sir—from time to time. I never was master in my own house, sir. . . . But if I had my life to live twice over, I'd do it again, I'd do it again, I assure you. You never can tell, sir: you never can tell."

It is to be observed, also, that Shaw has accorded the ideal wife one quality too seldom recognized. For woman is not only the pursuer of the man, the active agent of the Life Force; she is also his natural protectress. In the person of Candida, Shaw has drawn the most charming of wives, who watches over her husband as a mother might watch over her child. When that husband insists that she must be protected by a man, the poet in the play shows him his error. "It is she who wants somebody to protect, to help, to work for—somebody to give her children to protect, to help, to work for; some grown up man who has become as a little

child again." And Candida, when her husband and the poet bid against each other for her affections, is true to the poet's theory, for she chooses, not the stronger, but the weaker of the two,—her self-complacent lord. In short, every true wife mothers her husband, and loves him in proportion as he needs her love and protection. Our common ideal of woman as the helpless, clinging creature who is passive in love is contradicted by reality, says Shaw. And upon this delusive ideal, as upon those other delusive ideals of duty, revenge, warfare, and heroism, he pours out the vials of his laughter.

IV

In such satire at the expense of our misconceptions of things lies the key to any understanding of Shaw. His satire upon things themselves is much less important. His direct attack upon nationalities, professions, social conditions, the money-power, and phases of religion may, accordingly, be briefly dismissed. His satire upon nationalities finds voice above all in "John Bull's Other Island," which wittily depicts the Englishman in Ireland and the Irishman at home. The contrast suggested is the contrast between Irish dreams and regrets, on the one hand, and English Philistine efficiency, on the other. The Englishman is self-satisfied, obtuse, and unable to understand when he is beaten or ridiculous. Thus, he is invincible. The Irishman is all imagination. As Larry Doyle confesses, "An Irishman's imagination never lets him alone, never convinces him, never satisfies him; but it makes him that he can't face reality nor deal with it, nor handle it, nor conquer it: he can only sneer at them that do and 'be agreeable to strangers'. . . ."

Shaw's satire upon professions involves his rather mild gibes at men of the church and the law, his jubilant jesting at critics and the army, and his more sardonic wit at the expense of the medical profession. "The Doctor's Dilemma," for example, is wholly given over to professional satire, an assault upon the practitioners of medicine delivered with all the animus and verve of a Molière or a Le Sage, and with far greater precision.

As for Shaw's satire upon critics, it is delivered with great good nature in "Fanny's First Play." Here the Induction presents the top-lofty men of the press who have come to listen to the anonymous drama of the sweet girl graduate of Cambridge, and the Epilogue offers their verdict. All that they say is what has been said again and again of Shaw himself and his work. The play, they affirm, is made up of old-fashioned Ibsenite drivel; its situations are stale, its plot is careless, its people talk unnaturally just to set the fools giggling, and what does it all amount to? Who is its author? Barker, Pinero, Barrie? Barrie cannot have written it, for the thing is too disagreeable; nor Shaw, for its characters are distinguishable one from another and exhibit some passion, whereas Shaw, of course, is devoid of emotion. But to judge of a play without first ascertaining the name of its author is preposterous. How can the critic pronounce on a piece without knowing who wrote it? If it be by a good author, says the great Flanner Bannel, then the play is good; if it be by a bad author, then the play is bad. What merit can any piece have apart from the recognized merit of the man who made it?

Shaw's satire upon unwholesome economic and social conditions appears in such dramas as "Widowers' Houses," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and "Major Barbara," the last in particular pointing to the lack of money as the root of all evil. It is poverty, says Shaw, that poisons morally and physically, that kills happiness and induces to cruelty. So his Andrew Undershaft guarantees to save the soul of the outcast Bill Walker, "not by words and dreams; but by thirty-eight shillings a week, a sound house in a handsome street, and a permanent job." According to Undershaft, there are seven deadly sins,—"food, clothing, firing, rent, taxes, respectability, and children. Nothing can lift those seven millstones from Man's neck but money; and the spirit cannot soar until the millstones are lifted."

At the same time, Shaw does not refrain in this play from satirizing the power of wealth over those who pretend to despise it. Thus Bodger, the whisky distiller, and Undershaft, the maker of firearms, unite to support the Salvation

Army. With one hand, the dealers in death and destruction dispense their nefarious wares, and with the other, they succor a few and then reap the praise of the many. It is only on the contributions of such men as these that philanthropies thrive. But Undershaft, though his money be 'tainted,' is nevertheless a man with a definite theory of life and true to it. He holds that the world should treat its old faiths and conventions as it treats its machinery. "The world 'scraps' its obsolete steam engines and dynamos," says Undershaft; "but it won't scrap its old prejudices and its old moralities and its old religions and its old political institutions." He believes in self-assertion, not altruism. Like Nietzsche, he scorns a theory of life that would make a virtue of poverty, starvation, and humility. His is the conception of individualism—of *virtù*—that ruled the Italian Renaissance. As a boy, Undershaft was homeless and poor. "I moralized and starved," he explains, "until one day I swore that I would be a full-fed free man at all costs—that nothing should stop me except a bullet, neither reason nor morals nor the lives of other men. I said, 'Thou shalt starve ere I starve;' and with that word I became free and great. I was a dangerous man until I had my will: now I am a useful, beneficent, kindly person."

Such a statement brings us back from Shaw's merely occasional satire upon things themselves to that central doctrine which has inspired his more radical satire upon our false ideals of things. Like Undershaft, Shaw is an individualist; hence, properly speaking, he is no socialist, notwithstanding his interest in Fabianism and social reform. The individualism of his favorite characters is intense. In his theory, the artist, for example, will sacrifice everything to the satisfaction of his art instinct, just as the woman, consciously or otherwise, will sacrifice everything to the satisfaction of her mating and maternal instinct. Individualism and instinct—these are two cardinal points in Shaw's creed. Accordingly, he distrusts asceticism. The ascetic who would check every impulse of nature is neither misguided or hypocritical. For Nature is larger than the individual; in following his true instincts, the individual is but furthering the

process of Nature, the evolution of the Superman. To obey instinct intelligently is, for Shaw, to do the will of the Lord. As Major Barbara phrases it, "Let God's work be done for its own sake, the work he had to create us to do because it cannot be done except by living men and women." Don Juan expounds the idea more fully. "I tell you that as long as I can conceive something better than myself, I cannot be easy unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing the way for it. That is the law of my life."

To his faith in individualism and instinct, Shaw adds his faith in reality. In "Fanny's First Play," when a proper young lady, exhilarated by a prayer meeting, goes upon a mild spree which brings her at last to Holloway Jail, her mother remonstrates, saying, "I hope you don't think you're a heroine of romance." Thereupon Margaret retorts, "I'm a heroine of reality . . . I've made a sort of descent into hell . . . hell is as real to me now as a turnip . . . our respectability is pretending . . . I've been set free from this silly little hole of a house . . . I'm stronger than you and papa."

Sooner or later, we must all face reality, says Shaw, a truth which he states most fully in the Interlude of "Man and Superman." Here the scene is no metaphorical hell, but the actual abode of the damned. But what is hell? A palace of romantic delusions. Since, according to Dante, those who enter hell must abandon hope, hell can afford, "no duty, no work, nothing to be gained by praying, nothing to be lost by doing what you like. Hell, in short, is a place where you have nothing to do but amuse yourself." It "is the home of the unreal and of seekers for happiness." Heaven, on the contrary, "is the home of the masters of reality," and earth "is the home of the slaves of reality." On earth, our romantic aspirations are opposed by the realities of sense. In hell, our romantic aspirations are uncontradicted by hard facts; all is illusion and melodrama. But, in heaven, illusion and romance have disappeared; all is reality. In heaven, "you live and work instead of playing and pretending. You face things as they are; you escape nothing but glamor; and your steadfastness and your peril are your glory."

A slightly different development of these ideas is given by Father Keegan, the mad priest of "John Bull's Other Island." Keegan has been unfrocked because he confessed a dying Hindoo, who ascribed his earthly misfortunes to his sins in a former existence. Henceforth Keegan has regarded this world as hell; "as a place of torment and penance, a place where the fool flourishes and the good and wise are hated and persecuted, a place where men and women torture one another in the name of love; where children are scourged and enslaved in the name of parental duty and education; where the weak in body are poisoned and mutilated in the name of healing, and the weak in character are put to the horrible torture of imprisonment, not for hours, but for years, in the name of justice."

Keegan's view of earth is sufficiently dark, but his view of heaven is brighter. He states it after the matter-of-fact Englishman, Broadbent, has described his own youthful notion of heaven. "I thought of it," says Broadbent," as a sort of pale blue satin place, with all the pious old ladies in our congregation sitting as if they were at service; and there was some awful person in the study at the other side of the hall." Keegan, however, is a philosopher. Heaven, for him, is something less simple. "In my dreams," he declares, "it is a country where the State is the Church and the Church the people: three in one and one in three. It is a commonwealth in which work is play and play is life: three in one and one in three. It is a temple in which the priest is the worshipper and the worshipper the worshipped: three in one and one in three. It is a godhead in which all life is human and all humanity divine: three in one and one in three. It is, in short, the dream of a madman."

Shaw himself, it may be noted, here hugs to his breast an ideal, the ideal of a happy state in which men, as they learn to discard their romantic misconceptions of life, will contemplate and work with reality alone. But Shaw's exaltation of reality, of instinct, and of individualism may well be challenged. In every life worth living individualism must perforce be counterbalanced by altruism, instinct by rational and moral self-control, and reality by romance. Reality,

indeed, must include the romantic, for sentiment is as real as the hardest of facts in the Gradgrind philosophy. Instinct, too, must include the moral instinct, that sense of duty which Shaw unduly distrusts. And individualism must involve a certain respect for the individualism of others. Yet, if Shaw in his doctrine be far from affording us ultimate truth, and if, in his art, he be often grotesque and never poetic, he is none the less brilliant in wit and tonic in thought, a master of the drama of satire.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX

I

REPRESENTATIVE MODERN PLAYS AND THEIR ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

With few exceptions, this list includes only such pieces as are discussed in the text. The dates at the left are those of first performance. Foreign editions are indicated here and there merely for convenience.

D'Annunzio, Gabriele (1863–).

Plays published separately by Fratelli Treves, Milano.

1897 Sogno d'un mattino di primavera.

Dream of a Spring Morning: Anna Schenck, in Poet Lore, 14, 1902.

1898 Sogno d'un tramonto d'autunno.

Dream of an Autumn Sunset: Anna Schenck, in Poet Lore, 15, 1904.

1898 La Città morta.

The Dead City: Arthur Symons, Lond., 1900; N. Y., 1902.

The Dead City: Prof. G. Mantinelli, Chic., 1902.

1898 La Gioconda.

Gioconda: Arthur Symons, N. Y., 1902.

1899 Gloria.

1901 Francesca da Rimini.

Francesca da Rimini: Arthur Symons, N. Y., 1902.

1904 La Figlia di Iorio:

The Daughter of Jorio: Charlotte Porter, Pietro Isola, and Alice Henry, in Poet Lore, 18, 1907, and separately, Bost., 1907; and Bost., 1911.

1905 La Fiaccola sotto il moggio.

1906 Più che l'Amore.

1908 La Nave.

1909 Fedra.

1911 Martyre de Saint Sébastien, mystère en cinq actes: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 181, 1911. In Italian prose by Ettore Janni, Milano, 1911.

Anzengruber, Ludwig (1839–89).

1870 Der Pfarrer von Kirchfeld: in Gesammelte Werke, Cotta, Stuttgart, 1897.

BAHR, HERMANN (1863–).

1909 Das Konzert: E. Reiss, Berlin, 1910.
adapted and played in English, by Leo Ditrichstein, as The Concert.

BARKER, H. GRANVILLE (1877–).

1902 The Marrying of Ann Leete: in Three Plays, N. Y., 1909.
1905 The Voysey Inheritance: in Three Plays, etc.
1906 Prunella, or Love in a Dutch Garden (with Laurence Housman): N. Y., 1914.
1907 Waste: in Three Plays, etc.
1910 The Madras House: N. Y. and Lond., 1911.

BECQUE, HENRI (1837–1899).

Théâtre complet, Paris, 1894–1902.
1882 Les Corbeaux:
The Crows: Bénédict Papot, in The Drama, 5, 1912.
The Vultures: Freeman Tilden, in Edwin Björkman's Modern Drama Series, N. Y., 1913.

BERGSTRÖM, HJALMAR (1868–).

Plays published by Gyldendal, Kjöbenhavn.
1905 Lynggaard & Co.
Lynggaard and Co.: Edwin Björkman, in Two Plays by Hjalmar Bergström, N. Y., 1914.
1907 Karen Borneman.
Karen Borneman: Edwin Björkman, in Two Plays, etc.

BERNSTEIN, HENRY (1875–).

1908 Israël: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 102, 1908, and separately, Charpentier, Paris, 1909.

BJÖRNSON, BJÖRNSTJERNE (1832–1910).

Plays published separately by F. Hegel and by Gyldendal, Kjöbenhavn. German translations in Gesammelte Werke, herausgegeben von Julius Elias, Berlin, 1911, and in Ausgewählte Werke, herausgegeben von E. Lobedanz, Leipz. u. Wien.
1865 De Nygifte.
The Newly-Married Couple: T. Soelfeldt, 1868.
The Newly-Married Couple: S. and E. Hjerleid, 1870.
A Lesson in Marriage: Grace I. Colbron, N. Y., 1910.
The Newly-Married Couple: R. F. Sharp, in Everyman Library, Lond., 1913.
1874 Redaktören.
Der Redacteur: Chr. Schmitt, München, 1875.

1874 En Fallit.
Ein Falissement: W. Lange, Universal Bibliothek 778, Leipz.
1877 Kongen.
1879 Leonarda.
Leonarda: Daniel L. Hanson, in The Drama, 3, 1911.
Leonarda: R. F. Sharp, in Everyman Library, Lond., 1913.
1879 Det ny System.
The New System: Edwin Björkman, in Plays, N. Y., 1913.
1883 En Hanske.
A Gauntlet: H. L. Braekstad, Lond., 1890.
A Glove: Thyge Sogard, in Poet Lore, 4, 1892.
A Gauntlet: Osman Edwards, Lond., 1894.
A Gauntlet: in The Drama, 17, Athenian Soc., Lond.
A Gauntlet: R. F. Sharp, in Everyman Library, Lond., 1913.
The Gauntlet: Edwin Björkman, in Plays, N. Y., 1913.
1883 Over Ævne (1).
Pastor Sang: William Wilson, Lond., 1893.
Beyond Our Power: J. H. Paulding, in Poet Lore, 13, 1905.
Beyond Our Power: Edwin Björkman, in Plays, N. Y., 1913.
1885 Geografi og kærlighed.
Love and Geography: Edwin Björkman, in Plays, Second Series, N. Y., 1914.
1895 Over Ævne (II).
Beyond Human Might: Edwin Björkman, in Plays, Second Series, N. Y., 1914.
1898 Paul Lange og Tora Parsberg.
Paul Lange and Tora Parsberg: H. L. Braekstad, N. Y., 1899.
1901 Laboremus.
Laboremus: Anon., Lond., 1901.
Laboremus: Edwin Björkman, in Plays, Second Series, N. Y., 1914.
1909 Naar den ny Vin blomstrer.
When the New Wine Blooms: Lee Hollander, in Poet Lore, 22, 1911.

BOURGET, PAUL (1852–) and ANDRÉ CURY.
1908 Un Divorce: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 86, 1908.

BOYLE, WILLIAM (1859–).
Plays published by Gill, Dublin.
1905 The Building Fund.
1906 The Eloquent Dempsey.
1906 The Mineral Workers.
1912 Family Failings.

BRIEUX, EUGÈNE (1858–).

Plays published by P. V. Stock, Paris.

1892 Blanchette.

Blanchette: Frederick Eisemann (with The Escape), Bost., 1913.

1894 L'Engrenage.

1896 Les Bienfaiteurs.

The Philanthropists: Lucas Malet, Lond.

1896 L'Évasion.

The Escape: Frederick Eisemann (with Blanchette), Boston, 1913.

1897 Les trois Filles de M. Dupont.

The Three Daughters of M. Dupont: St. John Hankin, in Three Plays by Brieux, N. Y., 1911.

1898 Le Résultat des courses.

1898 Le Berceau.

1900 La Robe rouge.

1901 Les Remplaçantes: in L'Illustr., supplément, 3026, 1901.

1902 Les Avariés.

Damaged Goods: John Pollock, in Three Plays by Brieux, N. Y., 1911.

played in English, 1913.

1903 Maternité.

Maternity: Mrs. Bernard Shaw, in Three Plays by Brieux, N. Y., 1911.

Maternity (later version): John Pollock, in Three Plays by Brieux, N. Y., 1911.

1904 La Déserteuse (with Jean Sigaux): in L'Illustr., supplément, 3217, 1904.

1906 Les Hannetons: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 27, 1906.

played in English as The Incubus, and later as The Affinity.

1907 La Française: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 63, 1907.

1908 Simone: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 90, 1908.

1909 Suzette: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 127, 1909.

1909 La Foi: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 218, 1912.

played in English as False Gods.

1913 La Femme seule: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 233, 1913.

CAPUS, ALFRED (1858–).

Plays published separately by Charpentier et Fasquelle, Paris.

1902 Les deux Écoles: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 158, 1910.

1906 Les Passagères: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 43, 1906.

1908 L'Oiseau blessé: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 110, 1909.

ECHEGARAY, JOSÉ (1833–).

Plays published by R. Velasco and J. Rodriguez, Madrid.

1877 Ó Locura ó santidad.

Folly or Saintliness: Hannah Lynch (with The Great Galeoto), Lond., 1895.

Madman or Saint: Ruth Lansing, in Poet Lore, 23, 1912.

1881 El gran Galeoto.

The Great Galeoto: Hannah Lynch (with Folly or Saintliness), Lond., 1895; and in Drama League Series, N. Y., 1914.

The World and His Wife: C. F. Nirdlinger, N. Y., 1908, as played in English, in 1909.

1892 Mariana.

Mariana: James Graham, Boston, 1895.

Mariana: Federico Sardo and C. D. S. Wuppermann, N. Y., 1909, 1914.

played in English, N. Y., 1902.

1892 El Hijo de Don Juan.

The Son of Don Juan: James Graham, Boston, 1895.

1900 El Loco Dios.

The Madman Divine, Elizabeth H. West, in Poet Lore, 19, 1908.

GALDÓS, BENITO PÉREZ (1845–).

Obras, Viuda é Hijos de Tello, Madrid.

1901 Electra.

Electra: anon., in The Drama, 2, 1911.

1904 El Abuelo:

The Grandfather: Elizabeth Wallace, in Poet Lore, 21, 1910.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN (1867–).

1906 The Silver Box: in Plays, N. Y., 1909.

1907 Joy: in Plays, etc.

1909 Strife: in Plays, etc.

1909 The Eldest Son: N. Y., 1912; in Plays, Second Series, N. Y., 1913.

1910 Justice: N. Y. and Lond., 1910; in Plays, Second Series, etc.

1911 The Little Dream: N. Y., 1911; in Plays, Second Series, etc.

1912 The Pigeon: N. Y. and Lond., 1912; in Plays, Third Series, N. Y., 1914.

1913 The Fugitive: N. Y., 1913; in Plays, Third Series, etc.

1914 The Mob: N. Y., 1914; in Plays, Third Series, etc.

GORKY, MAXIM (PYESHKOV, ALEKSEI MAKSIMOVICH) (1868–).

1901 Myeshchane.

The Smug Citizen: Edwin Hopkins, in Poet Lore, 17, 1906.

1902 Na Dnye.
A Night's Lodging: Edwin Hopkins, in Poet Lore, 16, 1905.
In the Depths: in The Drama, 18, Athenian Soc., Lond.
The Lower Depths: Laurence Irving, N. Y., 1911.

GREGORY, LADY ISABELLA AUGUSTA (1859–)
European editions published by Maunsel, Dublin.
1904 Spreading the News: in Seven Short Plays, Bost., 1909.
1905 The White Cockade: in Irish Folk History Plays, 2 vols., N. Y., 1912.
1906 Hyacinth Halvey: in Seven Short Plays, etc.
1906 The Gaol Gate: in Seven Short Plays, etc.
1906 The Canavans: in Irish Folk History Plays, etc.
1906 Grania: in Irish Folk History Plays, etc.
1907 The Rising of the Moon: in Seven Short Plays, etc.
1907 The Jackdaw: in Seven Short Plays, etc.
1907 Devorgilla: in Irish Folk History Plays, etc.
1908 The Workhouse Ward: in Seven Short Plays, etc.
1909 Kincora: in Irish Folk History Plays, etc.
1909 The Image: Maunsel, Dublin, 1910.
1910 The Travelling Man: in Seven Short Plays, etc.
1910 The Full Moon: in New Comedies, N. Y., 1913.
1910 Coats: in New Comedies, etc.
1911 The Deliverer: in Irish Folk History Plays, etc.
1912 The Bogie Men: in New Comedies, etc.
1912 Damer's Gold: in New Comedies, etc.
1912 McDonough's Wife (originally Mac Daragh's Wife): in New Comedies, etc.

HARTLEBEN, OTTO ERICH (1864–).
Ausgewählte Werke, 3 vols., S. Fischer, Berlin, 1909.
1893 Hanna Jagert.
Hanna Jagert: S. E. Holmes, in Poet Lore, 24, 1913.
1900 Rosenmontag: in vol. 3, Ausgewählte Werke, S. Fischer, Berlin, 1909.
Love's Carnival: R. Bleichmann, Lond., 1904.

HAUPTMANN, GERHART (1862–)
Plays published singly and together by S. Fischer, Berlin.
1889 Vor Sonnenaufgang, soziales drama.
Before Dawn: Leonard Bloomfield, in Poet Lore, 20, 1909; separately, Bost., 1911.
Before Dawn: Ludwig Lewisohn, in Selected Dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann, vol. 1, N. Y., 1912.

1890 Das Friedensfest, eine familienkatastrophe.
The Coming of Peace: Janet Achurch and C. E. Wheeler, Lond., 1900.
The Reconciliation: R. T. House, in Poet Lore, 21, 1910; separately, Bost., 1911; and in Ludwig Lewisohn's Selected Dramas, vol. 3, N. Y., 1914.

1891 Einsame Menschen.
Lonely Lives: Mary Morison, Lond., 1898; and in Ludwig Lewisohn's Selected Dramas, vol. 3, N. Y., 1914.

1892 College Crampton.
Colleague Crampton: R. T. House, in Ludwig Lewisohn's Selected Dramas, vol. 3, N. Y., 1914.

1893 De Waber (revised as Die Weber).
The Weavers: Mary Morison, Lond., 1899; N. Y., 1911; and in Ludwig Lewisohn's Selected Dramas, vol. 1, N. Y., 1912.

1893 Der Biberpelz, eine diebskomödie.
The Beaver Coat: Ludwig Lewisohn, in Selected Dramas, vol. I, N. Y., 1912.

1893 Hanneles Himmelfahrt.
Hannele: William Archer, Lond., 1894, 1898.
Hannele: Charles Henry Meltzer, N. Y., 1908; and in Ludwig Lewisohn's Selected Dramas, vol. 4, N. Y., 1914.
The Assumption of Hannele: G. S. Bryan, in Poet Lore, 20, 1909, and separately, Bost., 1911.

1896 Florian Geyer.

1896 Die versunkene Glocke.
The Sunken Bell: Charles Henry Meltzer, N. Y., Lond., 1899; in Ludwig Lewisohn's Selected Dramas, vol. 4, N. Y., 1914; in Drama League Series, introd. by F. C. Brown, N. Y., 1914.
The Sunken Bell: Mary Harned, in Poet Lore, 10, 1898.

1898 Fuhrmann Henschel.
Teamster Henschel: Marian A. Redlich, Chic., 1910.
Drayman Henschel: Ludwig Lewisohn, in Selected Dramas, vol. 2, N. Y., 1913.

1899 Schluck und Jau.

1900 Michael Kramer.
Michael Kramer: Ludwig Lewisohn, in Selected Dramas, vol. 3, N. Y., 1914.

1901 Der rote Hahn.
The Conflagration: Ludwig Lewisohn, in Selected Dramas, vol. 1, N. Y., 1912.

1902 Der Arme Heinrich.
Henry of Auë: Ludwig Lewisohn, in Selected Dramas, vol. 4, N. Y., 1914.
1903 Rose Bernd.
Rose Bernd: Ludwig Lewisohn, in Selected Dramas, vol. 2, N. Y., 1913.
1905 Elga.
Elga: Mary Harned, in Poet Lore, 17, 1906; and separately, Bost., 1911; with And Pippa Dances, Bost., 1909.
1906 Und Pippa tanzt.
And Pippa Dances: Mary Harned, in Poet Lore, 18, 1907; and separately, Bost., 1911; with Elga, Bost., 1909.
1907 Die Jungfern vom Bischofsberg.
1908 Keiser Karls Geisel, ein legendenspiel.
1909 Griselda.
1911 Die Ratten.
The Rats: Ludwig Lewisohn, in Selected Dramas, vol. 2, N. Y., 1913.
1912 Gabriel Schillings Flucht.

HEIJERMANS, HERMANN (1864–).
Plays published by Van Looy, Amsterdam, 1909–11.
1899 Ghetto.
The Ghetto: C. B. Fernald, Lond., 1899, 1910.
1900 Op Hoop van Zegen.
The Good Hope: Harriet G. Higgins, in The Drama, 8, 1912.

HERVIEU, PAUL (1857–).
Plays published by Fayard and by Lemerre, Paris.
1892 Les Paroles restent.
1895 Les Tenailles.
In Chains: Ysidor Asckenasy, in Poet Lore, 20, 1909.
Enchained: Ysidor Asckenasy, in The Dramatist, 1910.
1895 La Loi de l'homme.
1901 L'Énigme: in L'Illustr., supplément, 3067, 1901.
played in English as Caesar's Wife.
1901 La Course du flambeau: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 108, 1909.
1903 Le Dédale: in L'Illustr., supplément, 3174, 1903.
The Labyrinth: B. H. Clark and L. MacClintock, N. Y., 1913.
played in English, 1905.
1905 Le Réveil: in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 25, 1906.
played in English as The Awakening.

1909 Connais-toi; in L'Illustr. théâtrale, 120, 1909.
played in English as Know Thyself, 1910.

HOFMANNSTHAL, HUGO VON (1874–).
Plays published by S. Fischer, Berlin, and several by Insel-Verlag, Leipz.
1898 Der Tor und der tod (publ. 1894).
Death and the Fool: Max Blatt, in Poet Lore, 24, 1913.
1903 Elektra.
Electra: Arthur Symons, N. Y., 1908.
played in English, N. Y., 1907.
1907 Ödipus und die Sphinx (publ. 1896).
1911 Der Rosenkavalier, komödie für musik.
The Rose-bearer: A. Kalisch, Music by Strauss, Berlin, 1912.

HOUGHTON, STANLEY (1881–1913).
1912 Hindle Wakes: N. Y., 1912; Bost., 1913.

IBSEN, HENRIK (1828–1906).
Samlede Værker, 10 vols., Gyldendal, Kjöbenhavn; Henrik Ibsen's Prose Dramas, ed. by William Archer, 5 vols., Lond. and N. Y., 1890–91; Henrik Ibsen's Works, rev. and ed. by William Archer, 11 vols., N. Y., 1906–08; Henrik Ibsen's Collected Works (Copyright Edition), ed. by William Archer, 12 vols. (the 12th From Ibsen's workshop, tr. by A. G. Chater, with introd. by Archer), N. Y., 1909–12; Ibsen's Collected Works, (Viking Edition), ed. by William Archer, 13 vols., (the 13th Gosse's Life of Ibsen), N. Y., 1913.
1873 Kærlighedens Komedie (publ. 1862).
Love's Comedy: C. H. Herford, Lond., 1890.
Love's Comedy: C. H. Herford, W. Archer, E. Gosse, in Ibsen's Works, vol. 1.
1885 Brand (publ. 1866).
Brand: W. Wilson, 1891.
Brand: F. E. Garrett, 1894.
Brand: C. H. Herford, N. Y., 1894; and in Ibsen's Works, vol. 3.
1876 Peer Gynt (publ. 1867).
Peer Gynt: William and Charles Archer, Lond., n. d., and in Ibsen's Works, vol. 4.
Peer Gynt: Richard Mansfield's Acting Version, Chic., 1906.
Peer Gynt: R. E. Roberts, in original metre, N. Y., 1914.
1869 De Unges Forbund.
The League of Youth: William Archer, in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 1, and in Ibsen's Works, vol. 6.
Young Men's League: Henry Carstarphen, Bost., 1900.

1903 Kejser og Galilæer (publ. 1873).
The Emperor and the Galilean: Catherine Ray, Lond., 1876.
Emperor and Galilean: William Archer, in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 4, in Ibsen's Works, vol. 5.
1878 Samfundets Stötter (publ. 1877).
The Pillars of Society: Havelock Ellis, in Camelot Series, Lond., n. d.
The Pillars of Society: William Archer, in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 1; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 6.
1880 Et Dukkehjem (publ. 1879).
Nora: T. Weber, 1880.
Nora: H. F. Lord, Lond., 1882; and as The Doll's House, N. Y., 1889.
A Doll's House: William Archer, in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 1; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 7.
A Doll's House: H. L. Mencken, Bost., 1908.
A Doll's House: R. F. Sharp, N. Y., 1910.
1881 Gengangere.
Ghosts: Havelock Ellis, in Camelot Series, Lond., n. d.
Ghosts: William Archer, in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 2; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 7.
1883 En Folkefiende (publ. 1882).
An Enemy of Society: Havelock Ellis, in Camelot Series, Lond., n. d.
An Enemy of the People: Mrs. E. Marx-Aveling, in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 2; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 8.
1885 Vildanden (publ. 1884).
The Wild Duck: Mrs. E. Marx-Aveling, Bost., n. d.
The Wild Duck: Mrs. F. E. Archer, in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 2; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 8; separately, Lond., 1905.
The Wild Duck: R. F. Sharp, N. Y., 1910.
1887 Rosmersholm (publ. 1886).
Rosmersholm: L. N. Parker, Bost., 1889.
Rosmersholm: M. Carmichael, Bost., n. d.
Rosmersholm: Charles Archer, in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 5; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 9.
1889 Fruen fra havet (publ. 1888).
The Lady From the Sea: Mrs. E. Marx-Aveling, Lond., 1890; N. Y., 1910.
The Lady From the Sea: Mrs. F. E. Archer, Bost., n. d., in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 5; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 9.
1891 Hedda Gabler (publ. 1890).
Hedda Gabler: Edmund Gosse, N. Y., 1891.

Hedda Gabler: William Archer, in Ibsen's Prose Dramas, vol. 5; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 10.
Hedda Gabler: Edmund Gosse and William Archer, in Ibsen's Collected Works (Copyright Edition), vol. 10.
1893 Bygmester Solness (publ. 1892).
The Master Builder: Edmund Gosse and William Archer, Lond., 1893; Bost., n. d.; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 10.
1895 Lille Eyolf (publ. 1894).
Little Eyolf: William Archer, Chic., 1894; Lond., 1895; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 11.
Little Eyolf: H. L. Mencken, Bost., 1908.
1897 John Gabriel Borkman (publ. 1894).
John Gabriel Borkman: William Archer, Chic., 1897; N. Y. and Lond., 1897, 1907; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 11.
1900 Naar vi Doede vaagner (publ. 1899).
When We Dead Awaken: William Archer, Chic., 1900; in Ibsen's Works, vol. 11.

JEROME, JEROME K. (1859–).
1908 The Passing of the Third Floor Back: Lond., 1913.

JONES, HENRY ARTHUR (1851–).
Plays published separately by Macmillan, Lond. and N. Y.; and in part, also, by Samuel French, N. Y.
1879 A Clerical Error: N. Y., 1906.
1884 Saints and Sinners: Lond., 1881.
1890 Judah: Lond., 1894.
1891 The Deacon: French's Acting Ed., 133, n. d.
1891 The Dancing Girl: N. Y., 1909.
1891 The Crusaders: Lond., 1905.
1893 The Tempter: Lond., 1898.
1894 The Case of Rebellious Susan: Lond., 1901.
1895 The Triumph of the Philistines: Lond., 1899.
1896 Michael and his Lost Angel: Lond., 1905.
1897 The Physician: Lond., 1899.
1897 The Liars: N. Y., 1909.
1899 Carnac Sahib: Lond., 1899.
1900 Mrs. Dane's Defence: Lond., 1905; N. Y., 1909.
1903 Whitewashing Julia: Lond. and N. Y., 1905.
1904 Joseph Entangled: N. Y., 1909.
1906 The Hypocrites: N. Y., 1908.
1907 The Galilean's Victory (played in America as The Evangelist).

KENNEDY, CHARLES RANN (1871–).
1907 The Servant in the House: N. Y., 1908.

1912 The Terrible Meek: N. Y., 1912.
1913 The Necessary Evil: N. Y., 1913.

LAVEDAN, HENRI (1859–).
1905 Le Duel: Paris, Soc. d'éd. litt., 1905.
played in English as The Duel, 1906.

MAETERLINCK, MAURICE (1862–).
Théâtre de M. Maeterlinck, P. Lacomblez, Bruxelles, 1910–12; also Charpentier et Fasquelles, Paris. Complete theatre translated by various authors in Dodd, Mead edition, N. Y., 1907–11. This includes a reprint of Richard Hovey's translation in The Green Tree Library—The Plays of Maurice Maeterlinck, Chic., 1894, 1895, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, containing Princess Maleine, The Intruder, The Blind, The Seven Princesses; and The Plays, etc., Second Series, Chic., 1896, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, containing Alladine and Palomides, Pélléas and Mélisande, Home, The Death of Tintagiles.
1890 Princesse Maleine (publ. 1889).
Princess Maleine: Richard Hovey, Chic., 1894, 1895, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, 1911.
Princess Maleine: Gérard Harry, Lond., 1892, 1911.
1891 L'Intruse (publ. 1890).
The Intruder: William Wilson (with Princess Maleine by Gérard Harry), Lond., 1892, 1911.
The Intruder: Richard Hovey, Chic., 1894, 1895, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, 1911.
1891 Les Aveugles (publ. 1890).
The Sightless: Charlotte Porter and Helen Clarke, in Poet Lore, 5, 1893.
The Sightless: Laurence Alma-Tadema (with Pélléas and Mélisande), Lond., n. d.
The Blind: Richard Hovey, Chic., 1894, 1895, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, 1911.
1893 Les sept Princesses (publ. 1891).
The Seven Princesses: William Metcalfe, Lond., n. d.
The Seven Princesses: Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, Poet Lore, 6, 1894.
The Seven Princesses: Richard Hovey, Chic., 1894, 1895, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, 1911.
1893 Pélléas et Mélisande (publ. 1892).
Pélléas and Mélisande: Erving Winslow, N. Y., 1894, 1908.

Pélléas and Mélisande: Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, Poet Lore, 6, 1894.
Pélléas and Mélisande; Laurence Alma-Tadema (with The Sightless), Lond., n. d.
Pélléas and Mélisande: Richard Hovey, Chic., 1896, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, 1911.
Pélléas et Mélisande; opera by Claude Achille Debussy, played, 1902.

1895 L'Intérieur (publ. 1894).
Interior: William Archer, in New Review, Lond., 1894; in Three Little Dramas for Marionettes, Lond., 1899; N. Y., 1899; in Three Plays by Maeterlinck (introd. by Granville Barker), N. Y., Lond., 1911.
Home: Richard Hovey, Chic., 1896, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, 1911.

1896 Alladine et Palomides (publ. 1894).
Alladine and Palomides: Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, in Poet Lore, 7, 1895.
Alladine and Palomides: R. R. Johnson and N. Erickson, in Modern Plays, Chic., 1899.
Alladine and Palomides: Alfred Sutro, in Three Little Dramas for Marionettes, Lond., 1899; in Three Plays by Maeterlinck (introd. by Granville Barker), N. Y., Lond., 1911.
Alladine and Palomides: Richard Hovey, Chic., 1896, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, 1911.

1899 La Mort de Tintagiles (publ. 1894).
The Death of Tintagiles: Alfred Sutro, in The Pageant, Lond., 1896; in Three Little Dramas for Marionettes, Lond., 1899; separately, Lond., 1899; in Three Plays by Maeterlinck (introd. by Granville Barker), N. Y., Lond., 1911.
The Death of Tintagiles: Richard Hovey, Chic., 1896, 1902; N. Y., 1906, 1908, 1909, 1911.

1904 Aglavaine et Sélysette (publ. 1896).
Aglavaine and Sélysette: Alfred Sutro (introd. by J. W. Mackail), Lond., 1897, 1901, 1904; (introd. by Alfred Sutro), N. Y., 1911.
Aglavaine and Sélysette: Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, in Poet Lore, 14, 1903; and separately, Bost., 1909.
played in English, 1904.

1902 Monna Vanna (publ. 1902).
Monna Vanna: Alexis Irene du Pont Coleman, N. Y., 1903.
Monna Vanna: Charlotte Porter, in Poet Lore, 15, 1904.
Monna Vanna: Alfred Sutro, N. Y., 1907.

1903 Joyzelle (publ. 1903).
Joyzelle: Clarence Stratton, in Poet Lore, 16, 1905.
Joyzelle: A. Teixeira de Mattos, N. Y., 1907.
1907 Ariane et Barbe-bleue (publ. 1901).
Ardiane [*sic*] and Barbe Bleue: Bernard Miall, (with Sister Beatrice) N. Y., Lond., 1902.
1910 Sœur Béatrice (publ. 1901).
Sister Béatrice; Bernard Miall (with Ardiane and Barbe Bleue), N. Y., Lond., 1902.
1908 L'Oiseau bleu (publ. 1908).
The Blue Bird: A. Teixeira de Mattos, N. Y., 1909; a new act introduced in 1911.
1910 Marie-Magdeleine (publ. 1910).
Mary Magdalene: A. Teixeira de Mattos, N. Y., 1910.

MARKS, MRS. LIONEL (JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY) (1874–).
1911 The Piper: Bost., 1909.

MAYNE, RUTHERFORD.
1906 The Turn of the Road: in The Drone and Other Plays, Dublin, 1912; separately, Dublin, 1912.
1908 The Drone: in The Drone, etc.
1908 The Troth: in The Drone, etc.
1911 Red Turf: in The Drone, etc.

MIRBEAU, OCTAVE (1848–).
1903 Les Affaires sont les affaires: Paris, Fasquelle, 1903, and L'Illustr., supplément, 1903.
played in English as Business is Business.

MOODY, WILLIAM VAUGHAN (1869–1910).
1909 The Faith Healer: N. Y., 1909, and in vol. 2, Poems and Plays of W. V. Moody, Bost., 1912.

MOORE, GEORGE (1857–).
1893 The Strike at Arlingford: Lond., 1893.

MURRAY, T. C.
1910 The Birthright: Dublin, 1910.
1912 Maurice Harte: Dublin, 1912.

PHILLIPS, STEPHEN (1868–).
First two plays publ. by John Lane, others by Macmillan.
1899 Paolo and Francesca: Lond. and N. Y., 1901.
1900 Herod: Lond. and N. Y., 1901.
1902 Ulysses: Lond. and N. Y., 1902.
1904 The Sin of David: Lond. and N. Y., 1904.

1906 Nero: Lond. and N. Y., 1906.
1908 Faust (freely adapted from Goethe, with Comyns Carr): Lond. and N. Y., 1908.
1910 Pietro of Siena: Lond. and N. Y., 1910.

PINERO, ARTHUR WING (1855–).

Plays publ. separately by William Heinemann, Lond., and some by Baker, Bost., and R. H. Russell, N. Y.

1889 The Profligate: Lond., 1891; Bost., 1894.
1891 Lady Bountiful: Lond., 1892.
1893 The Second Mrs. Tanqueray: Bost, 1894; Lond., 1895.
1895 The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith: Lond., 1895; Bost., 1900.
1895 The Benefit of the Doubt: Lond., 1895.
1898 Trelawney of the 'Wells': Lond., 1899.
1899 The Gay Lord Quex: Lond., 1899; N. Y., 1900.
1901 Iris: Lond., 1902; N. Y., 1902; Bost., 1905.
1903 Letty: Lond., 1904; Bost., 1905.
1906 His House in Order: Lond., 1906; Bost., 1907.
1908 The Thunderbolt: Lond., 1909.
1909 Mid-Channel: Bost., 1910.

ROBINSON, LENNOX (1884–)

Plays publ. by Maunsel, Dublin.

1908 The Clancy Name: in Two Plays, Dublin, 1911.
1909 The Cross Roads: Dublin, 1911.
1910 Harvest: in Two Plays, etc.
1912 Patriots: Dublin, 1912.

ROSTAND, EDMOND (1868–).

Plays publ. separately by Charpentier and Fasquelle, Paris, and complete in Œuvres complètes illustrées, 7 vols., Paris, 1910–11.

1894 Les Romanesques.
The Romancers: Mary Hendee, N. Y., 1899.
The Fantasticks: George Fleming, N. Y., 1900.
1895 La Princesse Lointaine.
The Princess Faraway: Charles Renauld, N. Y., 1899.
1897 La Samaritaine.
1897 Cyrano de Bergerac.
Cyrano de Bergerac: Howard T. Kingsbury, Bost., 1898.
Cyrano de Bergerac: Gladys Thomas and Mary Guillemard, Lond. and N. Y., 1898, 1900.
Cyrano de Bergerac: Gertrude Hall, N. Y., 1898.
Cyrano de Bergerac: introd. by C. F. Rideal, Lond., 1898.

Cyrano de Bergerac: Charles Renauld, introd. by Adolphe Cohn, N. Y., 1898.

Cyrano de Bergerac: Helen B. Dole, N. Y., 1899.

1900 L'Aiglon.

L'Aiglon: Louis N. Parker, N. Y., 1900.

1910 Chantecler.

Chantecler: Gertrude Hall, N. Y., 1910.

Chantecler: John S. Newberry, N. Y., 1911.

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1890 Inför Döden.

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1902 Es lebe das Leben.
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1911 Zhivoi Trup.
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II

CRITICAL AIDS FOR THE STUDY OF MODERN DRAMA

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